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MEMORIALS

OF

JAMES WOOD, LL.D., J.P.

Wood
(Wood)
AN

Yours Sincerely
James Wood

London
CHARLES H. KELLY
[illegible] CITY RD., AND 26, PATERNOSTER [illegible]
1902

MEMORIALS

OF

JAMES WOOD, LL.D., J.P.

OF GROVE HOUSE, SOUTHPORT

BY

ELIZA A. WOOD

WITH CHAPTER BY THE REV. T. COOK

"My heart is with Methodists of the old type. It has been my lot to be born and bred among them. I belong to the 'I know' and to the 'One thing I do' people. My father and his family were of this sect; my mother and her family, notably her grandfather, the Rev. John Norris."

JAMES WOOD, 1898.

London

CHARLES H. KELLY

2, CASTLE ST., CITY RD., AND 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1902

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PREFACE

IN the year 1895 my brother James requested me in the event of his death to take charge of all his religious papers, sermons, addresses, etc., with a view to publishing anything found amongst them likely to be of benefit to others. I pleaded my physical disability for undertaking this work as a reason, amongst many, why the manuscripts should be placed in other hands. But he was still urgent in his request. I have therefore endeavoured, notwithstanding the delays and interruptions of personal affliction, to fulfil the task laid upon me. I have a hope that God will use the Memoir of His servant to His glory. And to Him be all the praise of a life thus concentrated to His service!

I am indebted to many kind friends for help in the preparation of this volume; especially to the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, the Rev. T. Cook, and the Rev. G. Brown of Toronto.

E. A. WOOD.

WOODBANK, *February* 1902.

Stevens & B. - 12 June 1902. 2/8

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He is not *dead* for whom we weep,
  He hath but sooner reached the shore
Where all who now in Jesus sleep,
  Find perfect rest—life's trials o'er.

He leads the way—we follow on;
  A moment, and our griefs shall cease;
We are but ent'ring, one by one,
  Into the realms of endless peace.

His path on earth, like shining light,
  In still increasing brightness grew,
(So shines the sun to noonday height)
  Till he was lost to mortal view.

That holy walk, that look serene,
  Traced on our hearts we long shall bear;
God make our lives what his has been,
  And grant us grace to meet him *there*!

E. A. W.

MEMORIALS OF JAMES WOOD

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children.—
PROV. xiii. 22.

NO biography of James Wood could be considered complete without some notice of the godly ancestry to whose inspiration and example he owed so much. His grandparents, on both his mother's and his father's side, were persons remarkable for their piety and for their natural abilities. His grandfather, James Heald, came originally from Derbyshire. In his early life he served as a calico-printer in Manchester. After a few years he removed to Portwood, near Stockport and set up in business on his own account. He was a man of great energy, untiring industry, and so upright in his commercial dealings that he was wont to be called "honest James Heald." He

was greatly blessed in his domestic life. He married, in or about 1780, Lucy, only daughter of John Norris, one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, a saintly man, of whom it is recorded: "He died as he lived, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Mrs. Heald followed in the steps of her father, and brought up her large family in the fear and love of God. James Heald died of heart disease in May 1815, when he was only fifty-seven years of age. His latest act was to gather his household around his bed, and solemnly to commend them to God.

James Wood of Grove House, Manchester, the father of Dr. Peter Wood, was born at Bradford, Yorkshire, 3rd May 1777. He was the youngest of four brothers. The eldest of them, John Wood, served in the Peninsular War; and was promoted to be captain for his bravery and good conduct. At the time of James Wood's birth Wesley was in the midst of his great work, preaching in the towns and villages of England. As a child, in 1783, he went to hear the famous evangelist in the old church, Bradford. The church was crowded in every part; young James, finding no other seat, climbed up the framework of the screen and sat on the top of it during the whole of the service. At this date, six years of age, he was conscious of God's forgiving love. His parents, John and Hannah Wood, both of them brought up in the Established Church,

attended the services of the Methodists, and were led into the enjoyment of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. In 1790, when James was thirteen, he came to Manchester to reside with his uncle Peter Wood, a native of Cumberland, who was in the smallware business. This uncle, a man of great worth, regularly attended Oldham Street Chapel; the Central Hall Mission now occupies the site of that ancient sanctuary. His nephew accompanied him on these occasions, and was powerfully moved under the ministry of the Word, especially the heart-searching exhortations of the Rev. Joseph Benson. Thus aroused, James earnestly sought the renewed assurance of God's forgiveness and of salvation through the atoning blood of Christ. And God gave unto him his desire. Henceforth he knew that he was accepted in the Beloved. In 1794, when he was seventeen, he joined the Methodist Society; this he did not hesitatingly, but with his whole heart, "counting the cost and ready to forsake all, so that he might approve himself Christ's disciple." He was accustomed to attend a prayer-meeting in Church Street, near Tib Street. Here he first became acquainted with Jabez, afterwards Dr., Bunting, and this was the commencement of their lifelong friendship.

James Wood had now become not only a Sunday-school teacher and prayer-leader, but also an eloquent and highly esteemed local preacher.

This latter office he sustained for more than half a century; preaching in the town chapels as well as in country places. In after years, when he visited Southport with his family, he frequently preached in Dutton's Barn, popularly called the "Cathedral," and also in the building which was its immediate successor, Wesley Chapel, Eastbank Street.

Mr. Wood was a diligent student of all the learning within his range. It was said of him that he never lost an opportunity of increasing either his religious or his general knowledge. He soon won a character for energy, steadfastness, and diligence; these characteristics, combined with great business abilities and strict integrity, ensured for him success in his commercial life. He became the head and founder of the firm of Wood and Westhead, Piccadilly, smallware manufacturers, one of the leading houses in Manchester. He was honoured by being elected the first President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. He was also made Chairman of the Manchester and Leeds, now the Lancashire and Yorkshire, Railway Company. This office he resigned in 1839 on account of the resolution of the Directors to run Sunday trains. His name was placed on the roll of County Magistrates, and in this capacity for many years he administered justice impartially in the fear of God.

Unlike the other members of his family in

stature, James Wood was a small man; he was very neat in his person, full of activity, and the intelligence which beamed in his dark eye and the humour which animated his conversation made him a most agreeable companion. The service which he rendered to Methodism was invaluable; as the years advanced he ably fulfilled every office which the Church could give to one of her most devoted adherents, and one of her most generous supporters. Nevertheless he was a lover of all good men for the Master's sake. He assisted in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and became the President of the Manchester branch of that Association.

In 1803 James Wood had married Mary, third daughter of Mr. Daniel Burton of Rhodes House, Middleton, near Manchester. She was an earnest Methodist, invariably present at the five o'clock morning prayer-meetings; an accomplished lady; one whose piety, love, talent, and cheerfulness made his home a paradise on earth. Five daughters and one son were spared to them, and were watched over with loving tenderness and godly care. After forty years of close companionship with her beloved husband, Mary Wood died in the full triumph of faith, 4th May 1843, leaving him a true mourner until he joined her in the skies.

From this time his health began to fail. He was not tired of life, on the contrary, he would

willingly have lived a little longer for his family's sake, if it had been the Lord's will to spare him. When assured by his medical attendants that there was small hope of recovery, he calmly set his face heavenward. "I am going home," he said to his oldest friend. And so, with "Hallelujahs" on his lips, he departed 24th April 1849, within a few days of completing his seventy-second year. He was buried beside his wife in the vault under All Saints Church, Oxford Street; and on that day Manchester mourned not only the loss of one of her merchant princes, but also, and more especially, one of her most godly and honourable citizens.

Peter Wood, M.D., of Ardwick Lodge, Manchester, and in later years of Woodbank, Southport, was the only son of James and Mary Wood who survived infancy. He was born 19th July 1811, at Timperley Hall, near Bowdon, Cheshire, a country residence which his father had acquired for the family's recreation in the summer time. He was baptized in the Wesleyan Chapel, Altrincham, by the name of Peter, after his great-uncle, for whom his father had a high regard.

Peter Wood received the rudiments of his education at an excellent "Academy for Young Gentlemen," situated on Ardwick Green. Afterwards he was sent to a school at Congleton kept by an earnest clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Edward Wilson, a man of

high scholarship. On leaving Mr. Wilson's care, after some years spent under his roof, he entered as a scholar at the Grammar School, Leeds. He had been trained, as we know, in the fear of God, and the prayers of his parents followed him in every place where he resided. Their hearts were gladdened from time to time by the knowledge that their son regularly attended the services held in St. Peter's Methodist Chapel, and that he was in every respect securing the esteem of his masters and schoolfellows.

In 1829, when Peter Wood was eighteen, having chosen the medical profession as his pursuit in life, he commenced his studies at the Manchester School of Medicine and Surgery; and diligently attended both lectures and practice. In the winter session 1830 to 1831 he carried off the Silver Medal for "the best essay on the Circulation of the Blood"; it was considered a remarkable production for a youth in his teens. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge not being open to Nonconformists he entered his name at Trinity College, Dublin, and matriculated there in 1831. In the beginning of 1832 Mr. Wood went to Paris with his private tutor, studying at the École de Medicine, and after walking the hospitals and completing his course of study he returned to Trinity College in 1833. He there distinguished himself by his attainments, especially in Classics; at the examinations he was

one of two selected for the Gold Medal. In the autumn of this year Mr. Wood entered the Edinburgh University, which at that time and for many years subsequently, held the first rank as a college for medical students. After a brilliant examination he obtained the degree of M.D. in November 1834, being twenty-three years of age.

In June 1833 Mr. Wood was happily married to Eliza Agnes Heald, youngest sister of James Heald of Parrs Wood, Didsbury. In a little more than a year after their marriage the most important crisis in his life occurred. He had ever been sincerely desirous to serve the Lord, now he was enabled to call Him Father, by the Spirit of adoption, and lovingly to obey Him as a son. One evening, after attending as usual with his wife the week-night service at Grosvenor Street Chapel, he was deeply impressed by the earnest words to which he had listened. The preacher was a young man, the Rev. J. Bedford; the text was: "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart" (Jer. xxix. 13). Mr. Wood and his wife, on retiring to their room, pleaded with God together in prayer for several hours, until he found the Lord and was enabled to rejoice in His manifested love. As a girl of seventeen Mrs. Wood had earnestly sought the favour of God, at a prayer-meeting held at the close of an evening service she remained behind, saying, like Jacob, "I will not let Thee

go, except Thou bless me," and He blest her there with the assurance of pardon and peace. Now she and her husband, one in faith and hope and love, made a solemn agreement that in all things the Lord should have the pre-eminence in their lives. The sun of prosperity shone upon them, the world courted their company, but from all that was opposed to the spirit of Christ they turned away, resolving that they would go into no society where they could not have the smile and presence of Jesus with them. This resolution for a time cost them dear. Some of their acquaintances looked coldly upon them, and some forsook their friendship. Like St. Paul each of them could say: "None of these things move me . . . so that I may finish my course with joy."

Dr. Wood took a house in Greenheys, Manchester, on his marriage, and there his eldest daughter was born, afterwards Mrs. J. S. Sutcliffe of Bacup. The next year he removed to 42, Ardwick Green. The house is now pulled down and a street runs over the site. The young doctor immediately commenced practice; he was devoted to the duties of his profession, and as he had gifts of uncommon discernment in disease, of great firmness and sensitiveness of touch, he soon became eminent. In 1836, by a large majority, he was elected Honorary Physician to the Manchester Royal Infirmary. For seventeen years, in public among the wards of the hospitals

and the slums of the town, and in private among his friends, he laboured diligently in his calling; during the last ten years of this period he was the Chairman of the Infirmary Board. When he finally left Manchester, as a recognition of his services, he was made Consulting Physician of that Institution for life.

In the summer of 1844 the house, Ardwick Lodge, which Dr. Wood had built on the Long-sight Road, was ready for occupation; and he and his family took up their abode in it. For ten years he lived there, but as the close proximity of the town did not suit the health of Mrs. Wood and other members of his household, he rented a small house in Hoghton Street, Southport, as a second residence, and in May 1850 he settled some of the young ones in it with their faithful nurse. At length, in 1853, he decided to leave Manchester altogether. He bought a plot of ground in the sandhills adjoining what is now Mornington Road, and built Woodbank.

For many years Dr. Wood had visited Southport. He knew the place from its commencement. He had attended the Methodist services in their humble and primitive days. He was ever the welcome friend and the honoured counsellor of the Methodist ministers. Wesley Chapel, East Bank Street, being too small to accommodate the number of visitors who came to worship there, in March 1847 Dr. Wood was

requested to lay the foundation stone of a new chapel in Hoghton Street. So great was the development of Methodism in those years that the Hoghton Street Chapel became uncomfortably crowded, and the Sunday school too small to hold the children who congregated there. No suitable site within convenient distance of the old premises was available, so Dr. Wood cut off a portion of his garden and sold it at cost price to the Trustees, giving also a donation of £1000 to the Building Fund. On 27th October 1859 he laid the foundation of the present Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Mornington Road. It was opened 5th June 1861 by the Rev. William Arthur. The new Sunday schools were completed in June 1862.

Dr. Wood's retirement from his public life in Manchester, was to him only the opportunity to serve his fellow-men in another sphere. He still practised occasionally as a physician, and delighted to give his time and skill to help those who could not otherwise have obtained them. He frequently prayed with his patients; sometimes by their own request, at other times without it, when he knew, medically, that their life was in peril. He whispered encouraging words of Christ into the ear of sufferers about to undergo critical operations, and quoted precious promises to allay their fears. He himself had not inherited the robust health of his father; like his mother, he had a

nervous and delicate organization, which often, to his great regret, prevented his undertaking, or sometimes fulfilling, public engagements. But as far as his strength permitted he most cheerfully devoted his energies to assist the growth and development of the little town in which he resided. In 1853, before Dr. Wood removed to Woodbank, he was solicited to join the Board of Commissioners, the first local governing body established in Southport. He consented to do so, and in September of that year he became its elected Chairman; for ten years, until failing health compelled his resignation of the office, he successfully endeavoured to increase the prosperity of this place of his adoption. Almost as soon as he became resident in Southport he began to be actively engaged in promoting the interests of the Convalescent Hospital, Sea Bank Road. Upon the occasion of his laying the foundation stone of this building, Dr. Wood remarked that as he held the honourable office of Chairman to the Medical Committee of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, he could rightly estimate the amount of benefit which such an Institution was calculated to confer upon the surrounding districts, in the restoration of impaired health, the prevention of fatal disease, and of serious operations. The next year, 1854, when the hospital was completed, he and Dr. W. Mort were elected to be its first physicians.

PETER WOOD, M.D.

Dr. Wood laid the foundation stone of the Market Hall, Chapel Street, in 1857; his son James, a boy of thirteen, standing by his side.

In March 1858 he was made a County Magistrate. Writing at this date to one of his daughters at school, he says: "The Duke of Montrose has been pleased to appoint me a County Magistrate; so you and M. must take care how you behave yourselves when you return home!" One of the last public duties which Dr. Wood was able to discharge was that of magistrate; and he was found almost to the close of his life in his seat on the Bench. Here his kindliness of manner, his impartiality of judgment, and his sterling sense endeared him to all his colleagues.

When a Charter of Incorporation was granted to the town in June 1867, he was unanimously chosen to be the first Mayor of the Borough; and in the following November he was re-elected for a second term. Mr. Milnes, in proposing Dr. Wood as a suitable person for the office, spoke of him as an "upright, able, agreeable gentleman; greatly revered, highly respected, and possessing the goodwill of all classes in the town; he had a firm hand and a Christian spirit to carry out his duties thoroughly and well." In reply the Mayor said he thought no man could come up to the high standard to which he had been appointed to rise; he deeply shrank from the responsibilities

imposed on him, but in concluding he added, "I undertake this duty in the strength of God, on whom alone I rely, and I shall conscientiously endeavour to discharge my duties to the best of my ability."

It was during his mayoralty that most of the public works which are an attractive feature of Southport were commenced, and they were carried on by his aid and counsel. In May 1868 Dr. Wood opened Hesketh Park, a place of public resort presented to the Borough by the Rev. C. Hesketh, Rector of Churchtown. He was delighted to perform this act of service, because both as a medical professor and a townsman he took pleasure in the healthy recreation of the people. When his second term of office expired, he still gave his energy and leisure to fulfil the duties of his position as an Alderman; but in 1875, owing to his state of health, he felt compelled to retire from municipal life. The Council presented him with "a graceful and elegant tribute of respect and esteem for his long public services in Southport" in the form of an illuminated, framed address.

Dr. Wood keenly felt the loss of one of his daughters, who had married the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., late missionary in India. In March 1875 she was suddenly called home. His beloved wife, who had long been in a delicate state of health, did not survive her child many months. She

died 24th February 1876. Her dying words to her husband were, "I tread on a sure foundation." "My soul is like the sea of glass before the Throne, not a ripple disturbs the surface." These bereavements broke down his small remaining strength. Though so sorely bereft, his one remark was, "There must be no murmuring." To one of his married daughters he wrote, 11th April 1876, "The sweetest telegram I ever received from him" (his bereaved son-in-law, the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, then in India) "was, 'Jesus succour you.' Ah! there is nothing in the world like this; we have *both* felt our need of this succour, and have obtained it. Blessed be His name!"

During the few remaining months of his life his cheerful submission to the will of God was equally evident with the daily decrease of his physical vitality. He was enabled to trust in Christ for a full salvation, and to rest upon the word which had been spoken to his heart by the Divine Comforter, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." One evening in February 1877 an attack of sickness greatly enfeebled him, and he took to his bed. The next morning his son James entered the room, before leaving for business, and said, "I hope the Lord will be with you to-day; He is with you, He never leaves you." His father quietly and solemnly replied, "No, not for a moment; oh no! not for a moment." On the morrow, "Washed in the blood

of the Lamb," smiling and looking upward, he passed away to his eternal rest, 15th February 1877, aged 65 years; "leaving to his (family) the heritage of a stainless public record, and of a life spent wholly and unostentatiously in the service of the community in which he lived."[1] On the following Wednesday, 21st February, he was buried in the family vault, in the cemetery, Southport. Previous to the removal of the coffin from the house, a short service was held at Woodbank, conducted by the Rev. E. Lightwood, and Canon Clarke, D.D., of Christ Church, one of Dr. Wood's oldest friends. Then the coffin was borne along the garden path to Mornington Road Chapel, where a large concourse of people was assembled. A very impressive address was delivered by the Rev. W. B. Pope, D.D. In summing up, Dr. Pope said of his friend—

"The ground, or what I may call the secret, of the character of him whom we follow to the grave, was, I need not say, the true Christian principle that formed it. In other words, he was a regenerate man, and lived according to the rules of Christianity as he understood them. Naturally, he had the elements of what we call a fine nature; a good serviceable mind, well educated and embellished by refined tastes; a high-pitched dignity of spirit or elevation, which, if not born in a man, comes of good culture; a loving heart

[1] *Municipal News.*

and a keen sense of humour; a thoroughly trained, practical common-sense, disciplined by much familiarity with men and things; and, I may add, rather, I must add, the unfailing courtesy of an English gentleman. All these were in Dr. Wood, but they were not Dr. Wood. He was a Christian. His religion was not an external influence, giving a finish to his other qualities. It was the man. It was the life within. He was early converted, and gradually acquired a fixed Christian habit that ruled him. He knew the secret of a supernatural life. Meet him when you would, you could not surprise him without his religion. . . . It was a reality. . . .

"For myself, I used to be struck with the deep humility of the Christian man in Dr. Wood. . . . He was meek and lowly of heart. . . . There was a true devotion in him who is gone. You could not converse with him and not find that out. You could not talk with him about public affairs without perceiving that it was not a merely professional style of speaking of the interests of religion and the Redeemer's kingdom that he adopted. You could not witness his family devotions without feeling this. It may seem a small thing to say, but the very tone of his voice when he read the Scriptures was enough. He never introduced religion abruptly or unseasonably, but it could never be unseasonably, or without welcome, introduced to him. We may apply to

him the words of the 'Acts': he was 'a devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house.'"

At the conclusion of this address the mournful procession to the grave was resumed. Shops were closed on the line of route, flags were displayed half-mast high, and every evidence was given of genuine sorrow for the loss of one who had been a universal friend and counsellor, and to the town a munificent benefactor.[1]

[1] *Southport Visiter.*

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD

He who puts a Bible into the hand of a child gives him more than a kingdom; for he gives him a key to the kingdom of heaven.

JAMES WOOD was the elder son of Dr. Peter Wood and Eliza Agnes Wood. He was born in Manchester, 5th March 1844. Six little sisters, the eldest of them not yet ten years old, already occupied the comfortable nursery at 42, Ardwick Green when on that happy morning their nurse, Mary Holroyd, announced the glad tidings of the birth of a baby brother. Oh, the tumult of joy with which these words were heard! The children evidently took Mary for a prophetess, for among other questions they asked, "Will he preach from the pulpit like Grandpapa Wood?" Mary smiled in reply, and fervently hoped that he would be like his grandfather; and she lived long enough to hear her boy preach his first sermon when he was twenty years of age. In the midst of their excitement the summons came for family

prayer; at once there was a patter of little feet on the stairs, everyone eager to bid the glad father "Good-morning," and to hear from his lips all that could be told concerning the new arrival. Then thanksgivings were offered to God for the special mercies which had been vouchsafed. For there had been a time of peril during the night, when the mother's life was in great danger, but prayer was graciously answered on her behalf, and the prophet's words in Lamentations iii. 57 became her happy experience.

In June of the same year his parents publicly dedicated their infant to God. He was baptized by the Rev. Joseph Taylor in Grosvenor Street Wesleyan Chapel, Manchester, the sanctuary in which his father and his grandfather (until Oxford Road Chapel was built) worshipped.

In this summer, as we have seen, the building of "Ardwick Lodge" was completed, and henceforth, until the removal to Southport in 1853, it was the children's beloved home.

As a child James was remarkably intelligent. His countenance was an index of the inquiring mind within. Playing with his hoop one day in Hoghton Street, when he was about eight years of age, a gentleman accosted him: "Are you the little boy who is always asking his mother questions, and who is not satisfied until he receives an answer?" James, greatly surprised, said, "Yes, sir." "Ah, I thought so," the gentleman replied,

and went on his way. James, full of wonder, ran home and told his mother of the incident. "How could he know me?" he asked. His mother sat at her needlework, smiling at her boy's simplicity, as he narrated the circumstance. "But, mamma, how could a strange gentleman know me?" he again questioned.

Missed on one occasion, his sister, happening to look up at a house in building on the opposite side of the street, saw, to her amazement, James standing on the workman's scaffold, mortar board in hand, endeavouring to plaster the wall of the upper room, quite unconscious of the sight his clothes presented.

Another day, after long search, he was found on the shore, having been for a time unnoticed, questioning a fisherman how to make a boat and how to catch fish.

A workman passing down the street to his home, at the end of the day's labour, was, in James's view, a fortunate opportunity for walking with him and thus obtaining a knowledge of all the detail of his craft. Or he was discovered in the railway station, "only asking the guard and the engine-driver how they drove the train along." But this was in the primitive days of Southport's history. By all these means James increased his stock of useful information, and was enabled to employ his leisure hours to some advantage.

In 1851, when James was seven years of age,

part of the family being in Southport, he was sent as a day-boarder to a school for young boys, kept by Miss Nicholson, who lived at that time in Claremont Terrace, Lord Street. For this lady and for her two sisters James ever cherished the highest regard. He remained under her tuition until, in the summer of 1854, he was placed with Mr. Sibson of Aughton Road, Birkdale; an excellent teacher and a good disciplinarian. James was now a boarder, having only the privilege of spending the Sabbath afternoon at home. He had ever been from earliest infancy a subject of Divine grace. When he was four years old his baby sister, Clara, was taken to heaven. This event made a deep impression on his mind; his wondering thoughts followed his sister to the happy land. Death was a mystery he would fain have solved. The next year his grandfather, James Wood of Grove House, died, and the boy of five years, holding his father's hand, followed him to the grave. What a scene that funeral was! Never to be effaced from the child's memory.

The devoted nurse of the family, Mary Holroyd, of whom mention has already been made, was exactly the person to foster and cherish, as far as mortal could, the beginning of the aspiration of the soul towards God. On Sunday afternoon it was her custom to attend a class-meeting led by a deeply pious man, Mr. Ralph Shaw. James

requested, on one occasion, that he might accompany her thither. Mary willingly consented, the good leader placed his hand on the boy's head and fervently prayed that he might grow up to be a tower of strength in his day and generation. James continued his attendance, and in June 1854, when he was ten years old, the minister of the circuit, the Rev. W. H. Sargent, meeting the class for the purpose of renewing their quarterly tickets, saw the lad sitting by Mary's side. He spoke kindly and encouragingly to him, and told him of the love of Christ for young ones such as he, and having been assured by James that it was his intention to follow the Saviour, Mr. Sargent gave him a ticket, and prayed that he might know the God of his fathers and might serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind.

James now began to seek the Lord with more earnestness of purpose; on his weekly return from school on the Sunday afternoon he was wont to take his mother by the hand and lead her upstairs to her own room, where together they conversed on the way of salvation and knelt in prayer. Many a blessed hour mother and child thus enjoyed; how greatly then was her happiness increased when on one of his visits home from Birkdale, in 1855, James told her with beaming eyes that the Lord had answered his prayer, he had now peace with God through believing in Jesus. "I was consciously converted to God

when eleven years of age," he said when referring to this period.

Since the foregoing remarks were penned a fragmentary paper referring to his early Christian experience has been found. It is headed by his name, and dated July 1869.

"I have always been the subject of religious impressions and gracious visitation, in answer to my mother's prayers.

"When quite young, probably about five or six, I had a dream which greatly impressed me. I thought I was transported to heaven and heard the singing of the redeemed. Oh, how glorious it was!

"I have always had a great regard for truth, and remember running after the Rev. Mr. Bell some distance in Hoghton Street just to correct a doubtful answer I had given him.

"I once told a lie, intending merely prevarication, which I have never forgotten. . . .

"From about 1850 to 1854, when at Miss Nicholson's school, I saw evil in myself and others, but vainly strove against it in my own strength.

"About 1854 to 1855 I left Miss N.'s and went to Mr. Sibson's school; here I saw more of sin, but the Spirit strove. Blessed be His name!

"I remember mamma used to pray with me before I returned to school on Sunday afternoon.

"Went to class with a schoolfellow, Mr. W.

MRS. P. WOOD.

He came away one Sunday and took me back to school by the shore, which I did not think wrong; but I was much impressed that his taking me to low water, and making a sketch of a wreck then lying there, was wrong.

"When I had been at Mr. Sibson's some time, early one week I was thinking of heaven, and repeating to myself the hymn—

> Vital spark of heavenly flame!
> Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
> Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
> O the pain, the bliss of dying!
> Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
> And let me languish into life.
>
> Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
> Sister Spirit, come away!
> What is this absorbs me quite?
> Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
> Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
> Tell me, my soul! can this be Death?
>
> The world recedes; it disappears!
> Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
> With sounds seraphic ring:
> Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
> O Grave! where is thy victory?
> O Death! where is thy sting?

As I was repeating this verse, and musing thereon, heaven did burst open upon my soul.

> Far from God and far from heaven,
> I was suddenly forgiven;
> Prayer was then my chief employ,
> And unspeakable my joy.

As well as I can remember, I lived in this state about three days, in perfect bliss; and three things are to be chiefly noticed—

"1. I had such a perfect assurance that I had not the *slightest fear* of death, or anything else, (and indeed could hardly restrain myself from praying that I might then be taken to heaven), and loved retirement, not being afraid to be left alone in the dark, or under any circumstances.

"2. I had a burning desire to reveal to others what I felt myself, that they might also be made partakers of my joy. I spoke chiefly to my great friend Mr. F. L. B. of S——, and, as it seems, intended to give him the enclosed book [missing], which I have since found among my papers. I promised to pray for him, and he for me.

"3. I lived a life of prayer. I walked with God. I talked with God, and I communed with Him. I could lie down and pray for hours together, feeling that God was *close beside me*, listening to me and blessing me. I lived 'the life of heaven above all, the life of *perfect love*.'"

On many subsequent occasions, as his views of Divine truth were enlarged, and the knowledge of the sinfulness of his nature deepened, he had days and months of severe conflict and struggle, followed by the renewed surrender and consecration of himself to Christ, but he ever looked back to that hour, and to that chamber in Aughton

Road school, as his starting-point in the Christian race.

And when he lay upon his deathbed the memory of that early trust in Jesus was precious to him, as he exclaimed: "Oh, how glad I am that I was brought to the knowledge of my Saviour's love when I was young!"

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE DAYS

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
  Of which the coming life is made:
And fill our future atmosphere
  With sunshine, or with shade.
The tissues of the life to be,
  We weave in colours all our own:
And in the fields of Destiny,
  We reap as we have sown.

WESLEY COLLEGE, originally called "The Wesleyan Proprietary Grammar School," was erected on a plot of land near to the Botanical Gardens, Sheffield. The situation is high, and yet it is sheltered, about a mile west from the town. It has a southern aspect, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. The school was built by a number of gentlemen, both ministers and laymen, in order that the sons of Wesleyan families might receive a thorough education, and at the same time be trained in the doctrines and precepts of Methodism.

WESLEY COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

To this College James Wood was sent when he was twelve years old. His father and three of his uncles were among the number of its Trustees. During the eighteen years which had elapsed since the opening of the school, it had gained in favour with the public, and had won good success. The governor was the Rev. Dr. Waddy. The headmaster was Henry M. Shera, M.A., LL.D., a gentleman to whom young James Wood was devotedly attached; notwithstanding the disparity in their years he loved him as his chief friend.

In July 1893, James, then Dr. Wood, was unanimously requested to go to Sheffield to unveil a brass tablet to the memory of Dr. Shera, who had recently died. The tablet was placed by a number of his old pupils in the large hall of the College. On that occasion Dr. Wood, speaking of his former master, said that he had for nearly thirty-five years fulfilled the duties of his office in so conscientious and admirable a manner as to win the appreciation and love of all those who were under his care. He always met the boys with the same calm demeanour, the same courtesy and firmness, the same trust and confidence. For thirty-two years he (Dr. Wood) had loved and esteemed him. The three years and a half which he had spent at Wesley College were the happiest of his life. That happiness was mainly owing to the presence there of Dr. Shera.

In replying to the hearty thanks which were

presented to him on this occasion, Dr. Wood said: "I feel doubly recompensed; in fact I should never have forgiven myself if I had not done all in my power to honour the memory of a man who was so true and so kind to me when, as a mere lad, I had to leave my father's house and to make my way alone in a great college."

On the first night of James's arrival at Wesley College a characteristic incident occurred. The old boys were grouped together in the large schoolroom, confidentially chatting to one another. The new-comers sat apart, strange and silent. After a while there were questioning looks directed to their quiet corner. "What sort of fellows will those new boys be?" asked one in a loud whisper. "I wonder whether they will be of the good kind or not?" James said to himself: "I intend to let the fellows know that I mean to love and serve God; but must it be to-night, the very first night,—cannot I put off my confession of Christ to a future opportunity? No, I see that I must do it at once." And there, before his young comrades, he rose and avowed his intention to be on the Lord's side. As one of his friends has truthfully remarked, that decisive, fearless, courageous act was indicative of much of his after life.

Some of his companions at Wesley College were the Rev. Dr. Stephenson of "The Children's Home," London; the Rev. M. G. Pearse; T. G.

Osborn, Esq., of Colwyn Bay; W. Eastman, Esq., of Hyde Park, London; and others of note and character. In one of his letters home, written at this period, James speaks of an earnest prayer-meeting which the boys had held among themselves on the previous Sunday afternoon. He says it was led by one of the bigger lads named T. B. Stephenson; he explained to them very clearly how to believe in Christ, and James saw the way of faith more distinctly than he had done before. Mr. T. G. Osborn, referring to those little meetings, said that even then he was struck with the maturity and the fervour of James's prayers. In the note quoted above James mentions that he is deeply interested in the construction of a water-wheel, which he is making in order to inflate the bellows of his father's organ at Woodbank. He also adds that he would like to be an engineer.

On hearing of his friend's death, Dr. Stephenson wrote: "I have more reason than most to mourn for him. I have known him since he was about thirteen years of age. He came to Wesley College about that time. I was his senior; but there was even then in his character a firmness and strength which were older than his years. He was a truly Christian boy, and our religious sympathies drew us together, so that through the remainder of my stay at school he spent more time in my company than in that of any other lad.

"How the godly promise of his youth was ful-

filled in the noble career of his manhood, you know better than I. In later years we were not thrown together so much as I could have wished; but he was always cordial to his old friends, and I watched with thankfulness not only his public career, but the noble exhibition of courageous and unquestioning devotion to Christ, which made him conspicuous amongst the laymen of our Church and of our time."

Another of his former schoolmates records that "James was a clever and a good boy at school, and it is evident that the promise which he then gave of sterling qualities and great abilities has been fully realized in his life of remarkable usefulness and influence. . . . (We) sat together for a time in the choir at Wesley College Chapel, Sheffield, when we were schoolboys, and I believe that on two occasions we sang duets, I taking the first, and he the second soprano, in some special performances by the choir." James had a musical voice and a correct ear for harmony, so that his gifts in this direction were a valuable acquisition to the home circle as well as to friends in other places.

Unlike his father, whose favourite studies were the classics and poetry, James delighted in mathematics, in logic, and in chemistry. Euclid was a play-book to him; he understood his propositions by instinct, and could at any moment work out any of them correctly. His study of chemistry

JAMES WOOD, AGED 14, WESLEY COLLEGE.

was apt to induce experiments of a dangerous nature. Spending the Easter holidays at Woodbank, in 1859, he one evening took upstairs into his bedroom, unknown to his mother, some phosphorus in a bottle, and also some lighted naphtha, for the purpose of making an experiment. By an unforeseen accident the bottle was broken, the phosphorus spread itself over the room, and a flame ensued. His young brother, who was acting as his assistant, was despatched for water; having drenched themselves and the floor, and hoping all was right, they retired to bed. However, James could not sleep as well as he intended to do, for through the night the sparkles of fire around made him feel a little uneasy. In the morning, when his mother discovered the result of his investigations, she promptly ordered the removal of the carpet to an outbuilding in the yard; when it was turned over for examination it instantly burst into flames, and nearly set the shed on fire. It was a matter of great thankfulness that the conflagration did not occur in the house!

James became increasingly absorbed in his studies at Wesley College; he wrote home about this date that he has "no time for taking exercise," a circumstance which was much to be regretted, especially in the case of one to whom physical development was so necessary. But things of higher importance were neglected also. His

mother, writing to one of his sisters who was at school at Laleham, says: "*22nd June* 1859.—I wish you would write to James a word of advice. I wish I could see him more fixed for God to live and die." His mind being entirely engrossed with his lessons, and with the hope of gaining a prize, a season of spiritual declension set in. Prayer was either overlooked or regarded as of secondary moment, his relish for the things of God was gone, and this state of mind continued for some time. He left Wesley College at the end of the year 1859 disappointed of the reward on which his heart was set. He, however, brought home "a Certificate of Honour" for good conduct during his residence there, and this was some consolation to him.

In the summer of 1860 James's father made an arrangement with the Rev. Dr. Clarke, Vicar of Christ Church, Southport (himself, like Dr. P. Wood, a former student of Trinity College, Dublin), that his son should read with him every day, preparatory to his entrance at the same college. This was carried into effect, and accordingly James matriculated there. For two years Dr. Clarke was his able tutor, the engagement terminating in July 1862.

Twenty years subsequently, when James was elected Mayor (of Southport) for the first time (1882), at the banquet given on that occasion Dr. Clarke, in responding to a toast and address-

ing the Chair, said: "I claim to have something to do with your achievements, and feel proud of everything you do. We read the old classics together, and well do I remember your acuteness in trigonometry and mathematics. You almost puzzled your master when you came to such-like subjects."

In a few weeks from the discontinuance of the readings with Dr. Clarke, James was placed in the business of Messrs. Westhead, in Piccadilly, Manchester; the business which his grandfather Wood had commenced. He remained with the firm until March 1865, when he left by mutual agreement. He would have liked to remain there all his life for his grandfather's sake, but James's tastes were better suited with engineering work and machinery. In the evening, after his daily return from the city, he pursued his mental labours until he was prepared for his final examination. He passed through a very successful course of study, and in December 1864 he obtained from Trinity College the degrees of B.A. and LL.B., when he was twenty years of age.

In June 1898, a few months before his death, James Wood, speaking to an assembly chiefly composed of young people, dwelt on the character of Esau, and from his sad example besought his hearers to hold fast and to highly prize the opportunities which were within their grasp, lest they should mourn when it was too late that they

had let them slip away. He referred to his own experiences in his college life; to the difficulties and hindrances which from various causes beset his path in the pursuit of knowledge; though often discouraged, he returned again to his work; he "fought his way through formulas, calculations, problems, and theories," and persevered in his course of study. "Thank God," he added, "that I used the opportunities which I had."

Whilst James was thus employed, in the summer of the year 1862 the Lord graciously aroused him from his state of spiritual slumber under a sermon preached by the Rev. John Brash, at Mornington Road Chapel. Mr. Brash was supplying the pulpit on that occasion for the Rev. J. Harvard, who was away on his holiday. The subject of the evening sermon was "Indecision," the text 1 Kings xviii. 21: "How long halt ye between two opinions," etc. A few days afterwards James wrote to Mr. Brash, telling him that something he had said in his sermon had impressed him deeply—that he was unhappy. He acknowledged that from very early youth he had lived in the fear of God, and had sought to please Him; that he had a strong desire to be a Christian, but had never really known Christ as his Saviour. This view of his former experience he corrected subsequently on several occasions, as we have seen. Now, however, in the intensity of his desire after God, and in his deep penitential

abasement at the sight of his sinfulness, it seemed to him as if he had never before earnestly sought, or consciously found, the pardoning mercy of God. As a youth just entering upon the responsibilities of manhood, he felt that he had to make the great decision whether he would surrender his life to Christ or no. He commenced a correspondence with Mr. Brash, which continued for some time and was eminently helpful to him. With full determination of purpose he supplicated for the assurance of salvation. It was a prolonged struggle, but when the light of God's countenance was again revealed to him it was indeed a morning without clouds. He at once told his friend Mr. Brash that he had been enabled to believe on Christ, and that he had peace with God. In the fulness of his joy he wrote to one of his most intimate friends, who had been closely associated with him at Wesley College, "sheets of careful and most minute details of his relation to his pardoning God," and then urged his chum to a similar closing with the Divine Mercy.

His friend, writing of this letter, says: "It seemed like a man awaking from a dream. A conviction dawned upon him that there was something that must be put right; and his relation to God put, at any cost, on a different footing. His conscience was thoroughly aroused, not from any deep sense of actual sin, but to the fact

that he needed a complete surrender of himself, stripped of all his fancied recommendations, unless his whole life was to be a spiritual sham. Then followed a closely reasoned-out analysis of himself and his position with relation to God (and everyone who knew Wood will remember his thoroughness and his habit of getting, as far as he could, to the bottom of every subject which interested him,—he was not a man to be put off with an evasive answer), and his conclusion that, if he was not prepared to reject it altogether, once for all, there was no other logical alternative than to accept God's offer of mercy through Christ. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that he fairly, Bible in hand, argued himself into a belief that he *must* accept God's offer, and that acting on this deliberate conviction he did all he could—he made a complete surrender and cast himself on God, as though he had done, and could do, nothing. He then described his intense satisfaction at his conscious adoption into God's family, and his enjoyment of a new life worth living.

"Although this is now [1899] some thirty-six years ago, I remember it distinctly. I read that letter over and over again late at night, and his advice and earnest entreaty to me to fight it out, mentally and spiritually, made a deep and lasting impression on me as a boy. We have seldom met since those days, but the memory of a good and devoted man will be vivid while life lasts."

One evening, at a united prayer-meeting in the Cambridge Hall, in solemnly urging upon his audience the necessity of the new birth, James Wood referred to this crisis in his history. "It came to me," he said, "like a call from Heaven to go and sell all that I had that I might possess the treasure, and obtain the pearl of great price; in other words, there was a struggle between self and the claims of God as they were set before me—a struggle which continued until, in earnest surrender to Christ, I gave myself to Him. Do you know what this wrestling means? Have you ever been brought to this point: 'I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me'?"

The following are some lines which he used to quote in this connection:—

Yes, I am happy now.
How easy was it all!
Just to cease struggling, and allow
My soul on Thee to fall.
Just to be poor and weak,
And all I really am,
Yet to have more than heart can seek,
In God's own perfect Lamb.

CHAPTER IV

CHRISTIAN WORK, BLOWICK

And soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given:
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

IN the year 1863 a pious wheelwright named Edward Bridge, who lived at Cop End, now called Blowick, being greatly distressed at the sight of children of all ages playing in the lanes and ditches of the neighbourhood through the sacred hours of the Lord's Day, gathered several of them into his house and gave them appropriate instruction out of the Bible. In the evening he opened his kitchen for worship, and invited some of the local preachers from the Mornington Road Circuit to address the people who came from the surrounding cottages to attend the service. In the month of August, the number of children attending in the afternoon having greatly increased, and also that of the adults who were present in the later part of the day, Mr. Bridge kindly con-

verted the upper portion of his workshop into a place for meeting on the Sabbath. Thither he removed the young ones who constituted his Sunday school, and having secured the help of two others, likeminded with himself, as teachers, the work of God grew and prospered. Pioneer labour of this kind was very attractive to James Wood; he soon joined the little band of workers, and became a teacher in the school. It was in the "upper room" of the workshop that he delivered his first addresses to children, and there it was that on a Sunday evening in 1864 he preached his first sermon.

Early in the next year (1865), at a tea-meeting held in Mr. Bridge's room, Mr. J. Wood spoke on the necessity of securing a suitable building in which to carry on the worship of God in that neighbourhood; and at a Circuit Meeting held at Mornington Road, a month later, he warmly advocated the erection of a chapel to cost about £250. A memorial signed by forty-four of the inhabitants of the village was presented, and the scheme having received the sanction of the March Quarterly Meeting, a Building Committee was formed, and Mr. J. Wood was appointed the secretary. A site was purchased on the old Ormskirk Road, and so united and hearty were the efforts made by this willing people and their helpers, that on Monday, 27th November 1865, the chapel was opened by the Rev. W. B. Pope, the superintendent

minister; his text was Acts ii. 3. It was a beautiful discourse, in which this gifted preacher showed that the Holy Spirit in His Divine energy more than supplied the place of the Shechinah of old, not only entering the house of God and sanctifying it, but also taking possession of the heart of every true worshipper, there to destroy all that was evil, until the entire being, body, soul, and spirit, became a temple filled with God and acceptable to Him. The next Sunday morning, 3rd December, a procession of scholars was formed from the little upper room, sacred to many of their hearts by the memory of blessings there received, to the new sanctuary. Good Edward Bridge was full of happiness, and not less so his young colleague, James Wood. His father, Dr. Wood, conducted the service, and Mr. T. W. Stead gave the address.

In March 1865 Mr. Wood preached at Cemetery Road, where a new Society was springing up. Soon afterwards he passed his examination, and was placed upon the Circuit Plan as a local preacher. On the last day of this year, which fell on Sunday, he conducted the service at Ecclesfield in the morning, took his Bible class at Blowick in the afternoon, addressed the school on the words "Too Late," and preached at Ainsdale, six miles from Southport, in the evening, in a farmhouse. A school chapel was afterwards built at the latter place by J. F. Stead, Esq., and opened 6th September 1866.

In 1866 the school at Blowick had become so prosperous that it was divided into fourteen classes, Mr. Wood having the charge of the select class of boys, numbering eighteen youths; in a few months this number was doubled. As he was afternoon superintendent of the school it devolved upon him to give the address every Sunday, or otherwise to find a substitute. From his boyhood he had a partiality for children and young people, and a special gift for instructing and interesting them. He made careful preparation for his Bible class, bringing to the lesson the best of his thought and study, and the information acquired by travel in the Holy Land and in other countries; his addresses were also of the same character, and were frequently illustrated by diagrams and cartoons. These biblical teachings were so much appreciated that Mr. Wood was earnestly solicited to give them in an enlarged form to the general public. In the summer of this year we find him at Shipley, where his sister, Mrs. E. Holden, then lived, delivering a lecture on "Israel in Egypt." The "Life of St. Paul" was first given in eight parts to his Blowick class, and then in six lectures to the congregation and friends living in the district. From this time invitations to preach special sermons, to preside and speak at religious meetings, to give addresses and lectures, were as frequent as any young man in business could find time to fulfil.

At the solicitation of his friend and former schoolmate, Mr. W. Eastman of London, Mr. Wood now paid his first visit to the metropolis. The May meetings (1866) were being held. He attended the annual gathering of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Exeter Hall. His uncle, Mr. John Fernley, was in the chair. James Wood was deeply impressed by all he saw and heard; the speeches of the Revs. John Kilner, William Arthur, and W. O. Simpson were engraven on his memory. Returning home, he gave an epitome of these addresses to the boys and girls of the Blowick Sunday School. He told them of Mr. Kilner's distress when he was a missionary in Ceylon and had to announce to his catechists that "retrenchment" was the command from the parent society; of the fourteen agents dismissed from their work; of the fourteen schools and preaching places closed; of forty years of toil and labour thereby seemingly thrown away for want of an additional £150 per annum! And then, in his impassioned way, he said, "Oh, my friends, if we had only known of this retrenchment before, we would have tried to raise the money at Blowick among ourselves!"

During his stay in the City he also had the great delight of hearing *Elijah* performed at Exeter Hall.

Mary, the loved nurse of the family, was visiting Mrs. E. Holden at the time when Mr. Wood

delivered his lecture on " Israel in Egypt." Though in feeble health, she was able to be present on that occasion. In a few weeks from that date, as she walked to Shipley Chapel to attend the Sunday evening service, she was suddenly removed to the sanctuary above, 12th August 1866. Her memory was an abiding inspiration to James Wood. In the last sermon which he ever preached he referred to her bright example as worthy the imitation of all who desired to make their calling and election sure.

For some years after he left college Mr. Wood, by the wish and with the hearty co-operation of his dear invalid mother, arranged for a tea-meeting to be held every New Year in the schoolroom, Mornington Road, for the benefit of the young men of his Blowick Bible class and of the congregation at Mornington Road, and also for those in business who had no friends in the town. A substantial repast was provided, and a very pleasant evening followed. Kind words of welcome were given, and short, pointed addresses were spoken by the minister and the friends who had been invited to take part, interspersed with the singing of hymns, and concluding with prayer. Many a good resolution was formed at these gatherings; some found Christ and began new lives in His service, and others were helped in their difficulties and comforted in their times of sickness. An extract from a letter written by one of this circle

of young men, and addressed to Mrs. Wood, is as follows:—

"1867.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Pray excuse the familiar phrase, but I use it advisably and in deep sincerity. Though I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you I have never forgotten your first great kindness in inviting me (a perfect stranger in Southport, and a young man away from home and all earthly friends, and more subject then to the influence of sin than I have ever been since) to that first happy tea-party you gave in the Mornington Road schoolroom. I bless God while I again repeat that the result of that meeting was my making peace with God. Our Heavenly Father gave you the idea that you might be the instrument of my conversion to His everlasting glory, and His Name shall ever be praised for it. To that circumstance I shall ever look back with thankfulness. . . . Without wearying you with anything further, please accept my sincere thanks for your interest in both my welfare in this wicked world and my safety in respect to the great eternity. I pray with you that the Lord may keep us both progressing in the way of righteousness.—From yours truly," etc.

In May 1866 Mr. Wood went from London to Jersey to preside at the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Anniversary, which was being held

there. It was an excellent meeting, and the young Chairman's maiden speech was deemed worthy of the occasion. In the next year (February 1867) Mr. Wood was invited to take the chair at the Tiviot Dale Missionary Meeting (Stockport). The Rev. W. Arthur, President of the Conference, was one of the speakers. In writing of this occasion to the Rev. Dr. Jenkins (February 1899), Mr. Arthur says: "I remember with what interest Mr. Heald listened to my account of his [the chairman's] bearing and my diagnosis of his public qualities."

In April of this year (1867) Mr. Wood went abroad for a few weeks. He visited Venice for the first time, and among other places he travelled to Kissingen, where one of his sisters was staying for the benefit of her health. He examined the various forms of worship practised in the country with eager interest; he was much struck with the "Hill of Prayer" at Kissingen, with its fourteen stations, each "station" representing some incident in our Lord's Passion. On his return to Blowick he gave the Sunday school an address on "Prayer," and illustrated his subject by a description of the "Hill," and of the many prayers of the worshippers whom he had there met; in conclusion, he asked the children to say whether, with their clearer light and greater responsibilities, they had ever meditated, wept, and prayed over the narration of our Saviour's sufferings and death as given in the

Gospels. The year closed with some special prayer-meetings, which were held in the Blowick vestries for the benefit of the more serious of the scholars, with very marked results, one of his sisters taking charge of the room appropriated to the girls. "A very happy meeting," wrote the superintendent in his notes; "I found the girls singing Hallelujah."

In July 1868 Mr. J. Wood was invited to lay the foundation stone of a new chapel at Burscough Bridge, seven or eight miles from Southport. His father, Dr. P. Wood, and many friends from the neighbourhood were present on that occasion. The Mayor of Southport (Dr. P. Wood) in his opening remark said: "I have come among you, my Christian friends, to support my son in this his first appearance as a stone-mason." James Wood having duly laid the stone, said: "I rejoice that here the simple doctrine of Justification by Faith will be preached. I rejoice that here the One Name which is above every name will be exalted; the only Name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved. I rejoice that here one hope will be set forth, one ground of hope for every sinner; not baptism, prayers, nor works, but the One Perfected Sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I rejoice that here one Power will be proclaimed whereby sinners can be renewed and sanctified, the power of the Holy Ghost."

This extract from his speech at twenty-four years of age is interesting, as it exactly expressed his view of saving faith, and it might have been uttered by him on any similar occasion to the close of his life. A month later he was busy organising some open-air services which were held at Blowick, he with others giving addresses. At this time he heard of the successful children's meetings conducted by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hammond at Leamington. He hoped to be able to be present at some of them, but as he was disappointed of this pleasure he bought some copies of Mr. Payson Hammond's hymns and tunes, and held several week-night services of sacred song at Blowick with the scholars and young people who attended the chapel. The singing was very effective, the children were at once attracted and impressed by it. Early in 1871 he was asked to visit one of the scholars who was very ill. He was surprised and delighted to find the child in the exercise of an assured trust in Christ, and looking forward to being with Him in heaven. Mr. Wood then asked the little sufferer when and how he had come to this knowledge of the Saviour. The dying boy replied, "I think it was at those little services when you sang those hymns to the children." He employed his remaining strength in speaking to his companions, and endeavouring to persuade them to seek the Lord. His last entreaty to

them was to this effect: "If you could see the things that I see, and hear the things that I hear, you'd never leave the school again."

In October 1868 Mr. Wood held some "Cottage Services" in "Little London," a collection of small houses inhabited by fishermen and labourers, now pulled down to make room for new roads to suit the need of the growing town. Writing at this time to the Rev. J. W. Greeves (who had gone to London for a few days), Mr. J. Wood says: "I am glad to say the cottage prayer-meetings are very successful, the houses being full to overflowing. A few weeks ago I had about fifty people at P. L.'s at Blowick." Services were held subsequently in other localities, as permission was given or convenience required, for nearly twenty years. Many persons thus heard the message of salvation fully proclaimed who could not, or would not, otherwise have heard it; some were led to Christ, and joined the church; others were instructed in the "way of the Lord more perfectly." At the end of the year, and at the commencement of 1869, special prayer-meetings were held at Blowick as in December 1867, and special efforts were made for the ingathering of the young into the fold of Christ. Mr. Wood's honoured and beloved mother, after a severe attack of illness, was just able to leave her bed; every night before he went to the little service he entered his mother's

room and craved her blessing, and especially her prayers that abundant grace might rest upon the meetings. She lovingly assured him that she would not forget to plead with God on his behalf, and then would whisper, "Let your motive be pure, James; aim at God's glory in all you undertake." And he would reply, "Yes, mother, that is the main point."

February 14, 1870, a tea-meeting was held at Blowick. It was a very hearty one. The speakers were Mr. E. Holden, Mr. F. Morton the temperance missionary, Mr. J. Wood, and others. The chapel was well filled. At that meeting James Wood stepped forward and signed the total abstinence pledge. His father signed a similar pledge about the same time at Woodbank. Each of them wrote his name as part of his consecration to God for the sake of others. And each had his reward in the joy of knowing that many persons had been helped by his example to live a "godly, righteous, and sober life."

In January 1871 a beloved cousin, Miss L. M. Holy of Leamington, died exulting in Christ her Saviour. A little more than a year previously she had been present at the revival services held at Blowick, and had prayed with the young people who were seeking Christ. After speaking to his Sunday scholars about her Christian life and her early and happy death, James Wood asked all who were willing to consecrate their lives to

Jesus to stand up. About thirty-five immediately rose to their feet; these were formed into a Junior Society class, of which Mr. Wood was appointed leader. He had charge of this class for many years, until his increasing duties in the town obliged him reluctantly to leave it in other hands. How rich in blessing was that evening of consecration to God in that little room! The soul of him who had the spiritual care of Blowick on his heart was bowed down under a sense of the Lord's goodness; he was "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Mr. Wood's sister, Margaret, during the last year of her life at Woodbank, before her marriage with the Rev. E. E. Jenkins in October 1871, was the teacher of a class of boys in the Sunday school, Blowick, and her presence and help were a great support to her brother.

At the end of this year good Edward Bridge departed to be with Christ. In his affliction not a doubt nor a fear troubled his peaceful heart; his friend and colleague, James Wood, stood by him to the last, sorrowing over his removal as of that of a beloved relative. Devout men carried him to his burial, the friends and scholars from Blowick following them to the grave, where he was laid in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." His quiet Christian life, and his earnest prayers, were missed by old and young for many days. Mr. J. Kennerley, a home missionary, was

subsequently appointed to the especial care of the Blowick congregation; he was for many years a valued co-worker with Mr. Wood. They were one in spirit and in aim, and as long as Mr. Kennerley's health permitted they laboured together in close harmony and fellowship. Mr. Kennerley, whose strength had been failing for some time, only survived his friend and former associate by a few months.

CHAPTER V

VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

R. M. M'CHEYNE, 1839.

EARLY in the year 1868 one of James Wood's most cherished wishes was realized. He was able to join a party of excursionists going to Egypt and the Holy Land under the superintendence of Mr. Gaze, the Eastern traveller. It was a most happy band of pilgrims. All were Christian gentlemen, and some of them were intimate friends. Mr. Wood was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. J. S. Sutcliffe of Beech House, Bacup, who had married his eldest sister in the summer of 1862, and the Rev. John Wilkinson, missionary to the Jews. Mr. Barlow

of Bolton, and Mr. J. Ashworth of Rochdale, author of *Strange Tales*, were also of the number; these and other acquaintances made the daily intercourse and the evening worship times of pleasure and of mutual edification.

February 1st James Wood left Southport for London. The next day, Sunday 2nd, he spent at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to his great delight and profit. Tea was very thoughtfully provided for strangers between the afternoon Bible class and the evening service. Before the morning service there was a prayer-meeting, at which a man thanked God for the conversion of himself and wife. Mr. Spurgeon "preached splendidly." At night the Tabernacle was filled in every part; though Mr. Wood was on the spot before the doors were opened, he could with difficulty secure a seat on a step in the gallery. Mr. Spurgeon took for his text the words: "And one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side," etc. Afterwards the sacrament was administered; the floor of the church was crowded with communicants, all admitted by ticket. This solemn ordinance James Wood was privileged to attend.

The travellers all met in Paris, 5th February. After viewing the sights and the principal places or interest in the city, the party journeyed by Maçon and over Mont Cenis into Italy, passing through Turin, Bologna, Ancona, etc., to Brindisi. From Bologna James writes to his mother:

"You will be rejoiced to hear we are safe and well so far, and still more to learn that the presence of the Lord is manifestly with us. I never felt so sure of the Lord's blessing and favour on a journey before, and others say the same. Every day this is made more plain to us. . . . On Wednesday evening . . . Mr. Wilkinson proposed to have family prayer, to which all assented. . . . On Sunday we had a private service, when Mr. Wilkinson expounded the 36th of Ezekiel. We all felt it, I think, much, when he wound up a sentence with 'Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.' . . . Mr. Wilkinson is indeed a boon; he never seems tired of teaching, and so I hope to become quite learned on the subject [the history of the Jews] before I return, for of course I ask many questions!"

February 14th was a day of brilliant sunshine when the party set sail from Brindisi for Alexandria; the latter place was reached on the 18th. On his arrival James wrote to his father describing the voyage and his impression of Alexandria. "We arrived safely here this morning, after a very calm passage; nevertheless we were very glad to land, as, the steamer being a screw and there being a slight swell on the water, the vessel rolled horribly. . . . Saturday (15th) we passed the sister mail-boat from Alexandria at 10.25. Passed Cephalonia and Zante; caught

sight of the mountains in Patras and the Morea. . . . Sunday, sighted Crete about 7.20, and *Clauda* about noon passed Corrigo and Corrigetto. Monday no land visible, the ship rolling very much. Tuesday (to-day), land sighted by the captain between 1 and 2 a.m. The lighthouse was seen by the Rev. Mr. Sykes at 4 a.m. I went on deck at 6 a.m. and saw the land and quite a forest of masts. We took a pilot on board about 7 a.m., who brought the ship into harbour safely at 8, and we got through the customs at 9 a.m.

"We continue to have very happy meetings at night, an American lady and gentlemen joined us on board ship when we met in our cabin. . . . It is useless to try and describe this place in a letter. F. would indeed call it a 'rum place.' You know the dirty lane leading from the new road to Blowick, that is a grand road compared with the streets here. There seems to be no paving! The mud is more than a foot deep, and great holes, ruts, obstacles, ridges, stones, are the rule.

"There are English here, and French, Italians, Jews, Arabs, and Greeks, dressed in the most outlandish costumes, and the smells, oh! . . .

"We have been to see Pompey's Pillar and the Mussulmans' cemetery, and we had the good fortune to see a Mussulman's funeral!!! We passed Mahmoodeeh Canal from Alexandria

to Cairo. . . . Lake Mareotis in the distance, public gardens, English cemetery, Cleopatra's Needle, fortifications, pasha's palace, bazaars, and one of the old catacombs. . . . Mr. Gaze is now busy bargaining with our dragoman, and all being well we leave here at 9.40 in the morning to see the city of Cairo, the Pyramids, Sphinx, Petrified Forest, Memphis, and Heliopolis, etc., etc. . . . Our would-be dragoman says he does not know what is in our English Bible, but he knows what places those who read it like to go to, and he can conduct us over them! His name is Hassan Mousa. All the natives here are dressed in a kind of winter sack, with a hood over them. . . . Will you kindly forward the accompanying letter to Mr. Royle, it contains a Blowick address for Sunday.

"This is a most comfortable hotel [Peninsular and Oriental]. English spoken well; and near here is the English Church, a pretty building, with the text, 'The Lord is gracious. His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth from generation to generation.' This hotel is in the Grand Square."

From Alexandria the travellers proceeded by train to Cairo. Many of the railway carriages were filled with pilgrims on their way to Mecca. At the different stations where the train stopped they got out and devoutly prayed. The next day, 20th February, Mr. Gaze's party drove around

and within Cairo, seeing the Citadel, the splendid mosque in which Mahomet Ali is interred, the bazaar, and shops, etc. February 21st they went to On, or Heliopolis, and saw the dervishes' service, etc. The next day they repaired to the wonderful pyramids at Gizeh. When the summit of the chief pyramid was gained all the friends stood, surrounded by their Arab guides, and joined in singing the hymn—

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
> Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Then the pyramid was entered, and the sarcophagus viewed in which King Cheops is supposed to have been interred. The Sphinx too was not overlooked. Next on donkeys through the sandy plain to old Memphis, the pyramids of Sakara, the bull pit, the temple where have been discovered magnificent bas-reliefs, over the burying-ground of old Memphis where the mummy pits are, and still on, intending to take the train back to Cairo, but alas! when they reached the station (modern Memphis) the train had left before its time, and there was none later. They were about fifteen miles from Cairo, all were tired, especially the donkeys! However, there was no help for it. A weary trudge of two hours brought them to the banks of the Nile. Here a boat was

engaged which took the travellers some miles forward, then another walk, and soon after 11 p.m. Shepherd's hotel was gained, and all fatigue forgotten in welcome slumber.

On Monday morning (24th) Cairo was left behind, and Suez was reached in the afternoon. After luncheon the tourists proceeded to the famous canal, and along the coast of the Red Sea to the harbour. They sighted the range of mountains probably spoken of in connection with the flight of the Children of Israel. The next day they returned to Alexandria, and on Wednesday night (26th) set sail for Joppa. The passage across was rather a stormy one, but as they neared land the sea calmed down sufficiently to enable them to make the dangerous port in safety. The reefs cleared, the excited travellers leaped ashore, and their feet stood on holy ground, polluted, but still holy; possessed by the Turk but owned by the Jew; the land they had travelled 2861 miles to see. After calling on the vice-consul, our friends walked through this ancient town to a place outside the walls, overlooking orange, lemon, citron, and peach groves, hanging with the richest fruit, where they encamped. The house of Simon Peter "hard by the sea," where was also a well for tanning purposes, was visited, and the English model farm for converted Jews. In the evening the vice-consul took tea with his visitors, and soon afterwards the tired heads rested in their

comfortable tents provided by the pleasant dragoman, Alexander Howard, a Christian. The first night in tents! From their slumbers they were awakened in the early morning by the rattle of a tin can; this was the gong to summon them to dress quickly and pass out to the breakfast tent. Before some could fully equip themselves the tents fell about their ears and vanished! The English and Jewish cemeteries were visited; then horses were selected, and by nine o'clock the caravan was on its way to Jerusalem. The road, if such it could be called, was a trodden path through cornfields, now knee-deep in mud and mire, then over stony barren ridges of hills, one ascent after another. Ramleh was selected as a halting-place at 1 p.m. After lunch the party proceeded to the Vale of Aijalon, where they rested for the Sabbath. Aijalon lies at the foot of the mountains of Israel, these are for the most part uncultivated, barren, waste, and covered with stones; the whole district is most sparsely populated, and the appearance of the peasants is one of poverty. At sunset the views on the mountains were magnificent.

To quote from J. W.'s notes: "*Sunday, 1st March.* — Breakfasted at 8.30 a.m., after which took a walk on the hill with Mr. G. and others. From the top we had a fine view of the Great Sea, Joppa, Lydda, Ramleh, Valley of Aijalon, etc. We had service at twelve, when Mr.

Wilkinson gave a history of Jewish oppressions founded on the 129th Psalm. About seventy Arabs were engaged in mending the new road [from Jerusalem to Joppa] just before the tent door, but they idled all the day, sometimes carrying stones in baskets. They were waiting for instructions from the Pasha of Jerusalem, who was expected to come down to see them.

"Mr. Ashworth preached at night, giving us the first part of his sermon on 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man,' etc.

"At night we heard the cries of foxes and of a hyena, and were much disturbed with the growling of a number of camels.

"*Monday, 2nd March.*—Set off on our horses, 8.30, up the steep pass and along the new road between Bab-el-Wady and Jerusalem, commenced about three months ago. We passed the Pasha of Jerusalem on his way to inspect the Arabs, a string of camels, an Arab or two. Climbing patiently on, the scene becomes strangely silent and impressive. You are evidently in Palestine. Behind you lies the great blue sea, before you deep valleys, rounded hills terraced in places for vines, olives thinly planted on every hand, but covered over with stones, looking very grey near you but fading into a pinkish violet hue in the distance. At last we reached Sarig and Fezzöl, and then climbed the mountain range above, arriving at the summit about 10.30. Here we

are about 2210 feet above the sea, and below us, half hidden in the mountain-side, is Kurvet el Enab, Abn Gosp or Kirjath (jearim). We hurried down the crest to this place where dwelt the Ark of God for twenty years. We paused a few minutes to inspect the church at Kirjath, now used as a stable. Climbing another ridge . . . we reached the summit of our second ascent at 11.30, and then descended by a rough and rocky zigzag path into a dry ravine . . . had lunch under a tree. Mr. Wilkinson found here about six German Jews, Parsees, who were waiting for a chief rabbi from Russia, who was coming to Jerusalem to keep the Passover at Easter. They listened attentively whilst he [Mr. Wilkinson] repeated passages out of the Old Testament in Hebrew, but when he began to apply the 53rd of Isaiah to Christ they showed impatience, turned away, and would not shake hands with him. Leaving Kulonieh, a lovely spot with its figs and olives, we examined the ruins and then ascended another [third] hill, from the top of which we hoped to see the city that sits as a queen, but when we arrived at the top another long ascent lay before us. We hastened on; . . . at length I reach the spot, and there before me, glistening in the light of the midday sun, stood a building white as snow, with a large dome encompassed by large terraces and surrounded by a strong wall. What could it be? . . . The guide soon explains all. It is the

Russian church and pilgrims' quarters outside the walls at the north-west corner, erected, as some say with a view to future usefulness, on the only site that commands Jerusalem, where encamped the hosts of Sennacherib, and from which place Titus took the city. In a few minutes more we are at our tents, pitched between the wall of the Russian citadel and the wall of Jerusalem, and taking out our watches find it is just half-past two o'clock."

TO HIS MOTHER

"JERUSALEM, *Monday, 2nd March* 1868.

"I was of course startled at our first view of Jerusalem (a very poor one), but too tired to be excited. The most prominent object in view was the great church, etc., erected by the Russians on the most important site commanding Jerusalem. . . . Everything a sure sign of the struggle which the Bible teaches us to expect here. One of our own Indian engineers when asked what position he would choose for taking the city, fixed on that at once. The streets are narrow here, and there is much poverty and begging. I have given your message to [Rev.] Mr. Wilkinson . . . he wept freely as he stood by the city side when we stopped. I don't wonder. I envy him. . . . We have beautiful Syrian horses, half-blood Arabs, but riding is hard work. Our guide is everything that could be desired. We fear we shall not be

here more than a day or two, and not on a Friday. . . . The mountains are just as represented in books, picturesque but stony, and the tints on them surpass everything I ever saw."

Resuming the notes: "*March 3rd.*—We took the Levite guide, and went on horseback round the north side of the city, past the cave of Jeremiah and tree of Godfrey, to the top of Scopas, where we had a fine view of the wilderness of Judea and the Dead Sea, and directly after our first full view of Jerusalem. Riding along the summit of Olivet we crossed the hill of Galilee, and then passed on to the Church of the Ascension, surrounded by a swarm of beggars. We went inside the enclosure, and found an inner yard with five altars—Greek, Copt, Latin, Syrian or Abyssinian, and Armenian. Descending by the upper Bethany road to Gethsemane, we entered the garden by a small low door at the back, found the garden all laid out in a disgusting fashion with a well and a kind of trellised balcony, from which you view the olive trees. Having got a bottle of water and a large quantity of flowers, etc., we rode on to Absalom's Pillar, and cast stones at the hole; I managed to throw one inside. The tomb of Jehoshaphat is blocked up with stones put together after the manner of a rude wall, and is directly behind that of Absalom. We next passed the tomb of St. James the Just,

with two pillars, the tomb of Zacharias, the well of the Virgin, the village and Pool of Siloam, where we saw a man bathing, then ascending a steep hill we passed round Zion to the Jaffa gate and then back to our tents.

TO HIS MOTHER

"JERUSALEM, *Tuesday, 10th March.*

"I am glad to be able to write a line to you before I leave this hallowed place. . . . *Wednesday, 4th March.*—Went to Bethany, wilderness of Judea; lunched on the supposed site of the inn in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Scenery gets wild; the gorge of the brook Cherith magnificent; crossed it, and reached Jericho about 4.30 p.m. Met Sergeant Birtles of the Exploration Committee; Elisha's spring five minutes from our tents. Arabs danced for us at night, asking for 'good backsheesh.'

"*March* 5 [his birthday].—Rose in very good spirits and health at 4 a.m. Breakfast at 5; climbed the mounds of Jericho; started 6 a.m. Tower of Jericho of New Testament. Mount of Temptation in view; passed Riha, supposed to be Gilgal; reached Jordan at 8 a.m.; bathed; reached Dead Sea at eleven; bathed! and lunched; temperature, 97. Began the fearful ascent to St. Saba; very fine views of Dead Sea, etc. When in bed found out it was March 5!!

Thursday night, the weather broke up; stormy; night-tents nearly blown down in the morning; had to wait for the rain. Started at last; storm in our faces all the way to Bethlehem; three hours up-hill, so that instead of going on to Hebron we had to stay at the convent. Saw Church of the Nativity, Shrine of the Manger, etc.

"*Saturday*.—Went out at 7 a.m; saw fifteen women wailing over a grave close by. Fine view from convent roof over the "Plains," "Shepherds' garden," etc. Set out to the Pools of Solomon; then the Garden of Solomon, the scene of the "Song"; lunched by David's well; passed Rachel's tomb; Aceldama, with Judas's tree; visited the Senaculum. *Sunday* (8).—Most interesting service in Mount Zion Church. Rev. J. B. Frankell [preached] from John xii. 21, 'We would see Jesus.' Wonderful appeal on behalf of the Jewish Enquirers' Home. Sermon from Dr. Baylee and sacrament at night within a stone's-throw of the Senaculum, where the Lord instituted it; very bad weather continuing. *Monday*.—Visited Mosque of Omar early before breakfast; afterwards visited the excavations under the viaduct leading from the north-west angle of the Temple area to the Castle of David. After lunch I visited the Holy Sepulchre, and was quite disgusted. The site of Calvary is much disputed. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is far *within* the present walls, and the ancient walls are supposed to have

been much larger. *Tuesday.*—Fearful rain and storm. Morning went shopping. After lunch rode to Valley of Hinnom, Well of Joab, Pool of Siloam; etc. Bethany again; place of the stoning of Stephen; Pool of Bethesda; Sheep Pool; and lastly caverns and quarries under the city; most likely Solomon got his stone from here."

The excavations under the Holy City were enthusiastically explored by James Wood, as one might suppose; the stones were carefully examined and their dimensions taken, sketches were made of all the arches, and as much information concerning them noted down as he could obtain from the guide and others on the spot.

TO HIS MOTHER

"MOUNT CARMEL, *16th March.*

"We left Jerusalem about 11 a.m. Wednesday, 11th March, and visited the so-called Tombs of the Judges, probably the tombs of the Sanhedrim; saw the site of Mizpeh, Mickmash, Nob, Gibeah of Saul, Ramah. Lunched at Beeroth (now Bireh); arrived at Bethel at 5 p.m. *Thursday.*—Left Bethel at 8 a.m. Wandered out of our way to go to Shiloh; rode along the Vale of Shechem (7 miles) to Nablous, visiting the ruins of Jacob's Well and Joseph's tomb. *Friday* 13.—

Went out at 7.30 a.m. with the chief Samaritan to see the synagogue and the old Samaritan Pentateuch. Afterwards we went up Gerizim and saw the site on which they pitch their tents at the Passover, places for killing the lambs, stones where they cook them, place for eating them, and small trough for burning the refuse. Lastly, the patch of bare rock about fifteen yards square which they call the Holy of Holies. We left Shechem at 10.30 and arrived at the ruins of Samaria at 12. Here we saw a *great* number of old columns projecting from the ground; it must have been a surpassingly grand city. The inhabitants were the worst we have seen; my handkerchief was stolen I suppose, as I felt a man pulling at my pocket and it was gone! Several other attempts to steal were made. We lunched far *outside*, and after passing some beautiful country reached our tents at Jenin. *Saturday.*—Left Jenin at 9 a.m., crossed the plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon, saw Mount Gilboa, passed round it to the 'Ain Jalude,' or Fount of Gideon; here I bathed and *lapped*, etc. (Judg. vii. 5–7). Proceeded to the foot of Little Hermon and lunched at Shunem, now a mud village, very hot in the sun, reminding one of the poor little child (2 Kings iv. 19); saw the site of Nain and Endor; crossed a swamp and arrived at Nazareth at 5 p.m. On Sunday we had two services in our tent; in the afternoon some of us went to the

Protestant Arabic service. This morning we left Nazareth about 8 and arrived here [Mount Carmel] at 6 p.m. To-morrow we return to Nazareth by Acre or Ptolemais and Cana of Galilee, omitting, I fear, the site of Elijah's sacrifice, which is five hours from here. It is all very well to be enthusiastic about Palestine, but eight or ten hours of riding over the *worst* roads or paths every day for several weeks, and tent life into the bargain, soon takes the sentiment out of you! The country improves as we go northwards. We have seen the plains of Sharon, Shechem, Samaria, Dothan, Jezreel, and Acre, which are very fertile, the land being boggy, with the richest soil. Olive trees everywhere and fig trees also, but the rest of the country is a mass of small, stony hills, thrown as it were together. Round here and there are a few palm trees, which make the Bay of Acre look more like Egypt. The diagrams which I left in charge of E. are very truthful."

TO THE SAME

"DIMAS, *26th March.*
"(Four hours from Damascus.)

"We left the convent on Mount Carmel about 7 a.m. Tuesday, 17th March, and arrived at Kaifa at the foot of the mountain about 8, where I posted my last letter to you. Thence we rode

merrily along the seashore to the mouth of the river Kishon; we tried to ford it on our horses, but it was too deep, so we got a large boat for the saddles and party. Mr. S. and I, and the horses, walked and swam across. Crossed a smaller river at 12.15, and at 12.30 reached Acre or Ptolemais. Left Acre at 1.30, passed a boy at 3, and with considerable difficulty scrambled down a steep rock to Nazareth in the dark at 7.30 p.m. *Wednesday.*—We were called at 6 a.m; breakfast between 7 and 8, after which I took a guide and went to the Latin convent, Greek convent, Joseph's house, Christ's table, and the public fountain. We left Nazareth 9.30; arrived at Cana of Galilee. Here we saw the reputed house of the feast and two of the waterpots, but this is all nonsense. Passed some good scenery. Mr. B. and I ascended Mount Hattin, supposed to be the Mount of Beatitudes; good view of the Sea of Galilee from a ridge lower down; reached Tiberias 5.30. *Thursday* 19.—Bathed in the Sea of Galilee at 7 a.m; started on the lake in a boat at 10.45; lunched at the supposed ruins of Chorazin, passed ruins of Bethsaida; visited Capernaum, where there is really nothing to be seen. No wind and very slow rowing, so we did not get back before 7.30. *Friday.*—Bathed in the lake at 5 a.m.; breakfast 6 a.m. Left Tiberias at 8, rode over swampy ground to Capernaum; Joseph's

Well at 12.30. Beautiful views of snowclad Hermon and the lake, then the Waters of Merom; after, running streams and swampy ground. We encamped by the Fountain of Mellahah at 5.15, amongst wild buffalo, cattle, and Arabs. *Saturday.*—Started from Mellahah 8.20. Hermon cloudy; beautiful views of the plain; land swampy. Mr. S. shot a fine stork; reached first source of the Jordan at 3.30, this is considered about the finest spring of water in the world. Passed the site of Dan, and arrived at Cæsarea Philippi 4.30, and encamped under a grove of Olives close by the second source of the Jordan. *Sunday.*—Spent here. Morning, Rev. J. Wilkinson (preached). Evening, Mr. J. Ashworth.

"*Monday.*—Left Cæsarea Philippi; crossed Hermon; reached the summit of the pass at noon. Several [of our] horses had a little cramp, one very bad—died the next day. Country very volcanic, the journey turned our watches, etc., almost black; encamped at Kefr Hauwar; fine view of Hermon; arrived at the suburbs of Damascus at 2.25; were half an hour in riding through the gardens surrounding the city; thousands of apricots in full blossom; reached the Grand Hotel about 3 p.m. Amongst other things in Damascus we saw the bazaars, the supposed place where St. Paul was let down in a basket, House of Judas, House of Ananias,

House of Naaman, Street called Straight, etc. Hotel (the only one) crammed. . . .

"*Wednesday.*—Spent in Damascus. *Thursday.*—Rode round part of the walls; got a fine view of the city from a hill, lunched at the hotel and left at 1 p.m., arriving here at 5 p.m. . . . The road between Damascus and Beyrout is the only proper one in Syria!"

TO THE SAME

"SHIP *PLUTO*,
"SMYRNA, *3rd April.*

"*Beyrout, Sunday, 29th March.*—We went to the American service at 11 a.m. Dr. Webb prayed and Rev. Mr. Roberts preached, both are fellow-passengers with us. Lunch at 12.30, after which I got some time for reading. . . . We had a call from the celebrated Mrs. Thomson and Miss Zech (missionaries at Beyrout); went to the steamer *Pluto* about 4 p.m., much regretting that she happened to sail on Sunday. After a very affectionate farewell from the men and dragoman we sailed at 6 p.m. Fine weather, but the usual swell on the sea. . . . We anchored off Larnaka in Cyprus at 5 a.m. *Monday, 1st April.*—We anchored off Rhodes; went on shore; streets very antique and clean, paving going on. Left Rhodes, and passed the entrance to an old harbour, a far more likely place for the Colossus. . . . Patmos

was seen behind Lipso at sunset, the best view was seen about 8 p.m. It is nothing but a bare desolate rock. *Thursday, 2nd April.*—Came on deck at 7.30. Bay of Smyrna muddy on account of river. Smyrna reached at 9 a.m., very large town. . . . Cypress trees are in the Mussulman cemeteries. . . . The American Consul dined with us last night, but even he could not help us to get to Ephesus, as the line is broken with the rain which washed away 120 houses here, and drowned 6000 sheep which were being brought into town for the feast Biaram, now being held for four days. It is of course disappointing not to see Ephesus, but no one thinks of complaining after all the mercy we have had. . . . We have decided now to go to Athens instead. . . . We leave here to-morrow; change steamers at Syra on Sunday; reach Athens Sunday night or Monday morning."

TO HIS FATHER

"We left Smyrna at 4.30 on Saturday, 4th April, on board the *Africa*. On the ship were about three hundred pilgrims going to the Feast of the Virgin at Tinos or Tino; they go to be sprinkled with holy water on the festival of the Virgin, and this they believe cures many of sore legs, blindness, etc. They carried large candles with them. *Sunday* 5.—The Greeks' Easter Sunday. We passed (several islands), and sailed into Syra at 12.

The scene on the landing of the pilgrims was what I can't describe. I chiefly pitied an old woman whom a man, probably her son, carried on his back. . . . We were obliged to change steamers, which we did safely, from the *Africa* to the *Schild*. Dr. Webb had service at 2.15. He addressed us from John xiii. 25 most beautifully. Syra is the most beautiful island in the Cyclades I should think. People Catholic, and superstitious. Achilles was educated here. Homer mentions it as the country of Eunice. . . . It is the second town in Greece. . . . Beautiful houses, painted white and ochre, green blinds to the windows. . . . We did not leave Syra until Monday morning, as we had to wait for the result of the elections for the Senate to take the news to Athens. We entered the Piræus at 11 a.m. Flags flying gaily from the ships for the festival, two Russian men-of-war in harbour and a Grecian frigate, said to be the only one they have! Water wonderfully clear; the bay capacious and well sheltered, in fact shut in; you enter it through a rather narrow channel with a pier light on each side. . . Disembarking, we entered two carriages and drove to Athens, which occupied from 12 to 1 o'clock. We obtained the rooms that the Austrian Archdukes had had in the Great Britain Hotel, situated at one side of the Palace Square. . . . We took our guide and visited the Temple of Jupiter. . . . Arch of Hadrian . . . Theatre of Bacchus, would formerly hold

30,000 people, most beautiful ruin, marble seats, chairs, altars, etc. . . . The Acropolis . . . at the far end, the majestic Parthenon, shockingly battered by cannon in the Turkish wars. Erechtheion on the left, very fine. Fine view from east end of the Acropolis; going out . . . you descend to Mars Hill, which is near at hand. The rock has been broken in one part by an earthquake but there remain sixteen old steps cut in the rock, and the rocks where the Areopagites and their President sat; fine view. Temple of Theseus . . . Pnyx, where Demosthenes pronounced his Philippics. Observatory, etc. Temple of the Winds; and lastly the Stoa of Hadrian.

"We were surprised at the grandeur of Athens. It was far beyond what we expected. . . . It is about 80 miles from Athens to Syra and 340 from Syra to Constantinople. . . . There was not a ripple on the water as we entered the Dardanelles at 12.30 midnight; the moon almost full, shining brightly, but the atmosphere rather hazy. I stayed on deck until 1 a.m. and then went to bed. At 2 a.m. we came to the town and fort of the Dardanelles, and as it was too foggy for the Turks to see our signals, we fired a cannon, and then sent the ship's papers on shore for inspection. We much regretted passing the Straits at night, but it often happens that in travelling on a long journey you pass the best scenery at night. . . . *Thursday, 9th April.*—Went

on deck at 7 a.m. and found we were sailing in the Sea of Marmora. We have on board a Russian Count with a Circassian attendant. The weather is still cold. . . . Soon after twelve we sighted Constantinople, hills capped with snow on the right, low-lying land on the left; very cold wind, a forest of minarets with mosques on every hand. At length the city begins to grow upon us—works, forts, University, St. Sophia, Barracks of Scutari, Gardens of the Seraglio, and then we drop our anchor in the Golden Horn at 10 minutes to 2 p.m."

TO HIS COUSIN

"BRYANCE HOTEL,
"CONSTANTINOPLE, *13th April.*

"On Friday we saw the Sultan go in state from his palace on his way to a mosque. We then took two boats up the Golden Horn to the 'Sweet Waters,' much used as a promenade on holidays; here we saw costume, manners and customs almost *ad infinitum.* The carriages were most laughable, and looked several centuries old, they seemed as if they would tumble to pieces. *Saturday* 11.—We visited the Grand Mosque of St. Sophia, which was much adorned but not so imposing as we expected. We next visited the great obelisk of Theodosius, and other ancient columns. Then the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud;

and lastly, the cemetery and monuments of Scutari. To-day we have been up the two principal towers, through the bazaars, and into the Mosque of Solyman the Magnificent, and have bought several photographs."

TO HIS FATHER

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *13th April.*

"We had two services on Easter Sunday, 12th. At 11 a.m. full service and sacrament at the English Ambassador's Chapel, crowded out and out. Dutch Chapel at 3 p.m., nice sermon (from a young American missionary). Most of the shops have been shut to-day, and business suspended for Easter Monday—services, confession, and dancing all day!! Bells, guns, crackers and cannon were going from 3.30 a.m. on Sunday all day.

TO HIS MOTHER

"*17th April.*

"We are to sail in the *Neptune* to-day to Varna and Vienna. . . . I have spent two hours on horseback in seeing the Sultan go in state in his caïques or barges to a mosque on the other side of the Bosphorous. The caïques are very fine, painted light-rose and gilt, large beaks, and rowers dressed in white who throw the tips of their oars into the air, and then rising from their

seats dash the oars into the water with a splash all together. The effect is very fine, and the exertion makes the men perspire freely. About twelve or thirteen pairs of oars to each caïque; the Sultan's boat had a grand canopy, and another had one also, there were about four without [canopy]. All the way from the palace to the mosque, whilst sailing down the Bosphorous, guns were fired, until you could see nothing on the water for smoke. The Archdukes of Austria were watching him [the Sultan] from a café, where I was part of the time."

Sketches of the principal towns and places, and other points of note both on land and on sea, were included in these letters, considerably enhancing their interest.

From Vienna Mr. Wood and his brother-in-law, and one gentleman left of the party, went on to Schweinfurt, and from thence drove to Kissingen, where the friends parted, Mr. Wood remaining at Kissingen awaiting the arrival of one of his sisters. From there he wrote to his mother: "*May* 2.—I find there are a great many Jews here, and I am going to see their synagogue to-night. The study of that people in connection with the Bible would take a lifetime. I don't know *how*, or *when*, or *in what sense* the Christian Feast of Tabernacles will take place, but that we *shall* have one with Christ some day does not

admit of a doubt. May we live to see it! . . . Well good-bye, mamma; I shall be very glad when this journey is safely over, when you and I can have a quiet chat about Jerusalem and I can preach to you from that text—'I went up to Jerusalem and tarried there three days'!!"

Mr. Wood came home 18th May, in time for the Mornington Road Sunday-School Anniversary, as he hoped to do. He was asked to speak at the public meeting held on the Monday evening following the Sunday services. We give an extract from his speech:—

"After four months' absence from home and from my work in the Sunday school, I am sure you cannot expect me to give you any details concerning Blowick; but as you have called upon me to speak I may perhaps be able to interest you in another way by giving a few details of the work that is being done by schools in other countries. The first schools we saw were in Alexandria, where the poor little children instead of being taught to sing beautiful hymns about Christ are taught to make a discordant noise to the praise of Mahomet and Allah, bowing all the time and sitting cross-legged very close to each other on a dry mud floor. Outside the door stood the master, a sleepy-looking, good-for-nothing fellow, dressed in blue, with a white turban on his head and a thick whip in his hand, by means of which he managed to keep up the screaming and

bowing, just like driving a horse round an old-fashioned corn-mill. Mr. J. Ashworth went inside amongst the children and sang them one or two of our Lancashire Sunday-school hymns, at which they were so astonished that they stared and laughed and stared again. Poor little things! As soon as we had gone they must go to work again to the praise of their Allah. In the Latin Chapel, Bethlehem, service was going on; children and people all kneeling before an altar. A priest repeated prayers, and the children all joined in a sad chorus — '*Miserere nobis, Miserere nobis.*' In the Latin convent at Nazareth I saw a beautiful boy, and wondered if Christ was like him!"

On a subsequent Sunday afternoon, at the earnest request of Mr. J. F. Stead, Mr. Wood delivered an address to the school at Mornington Road; he spoke on Jacob's Well (John iv. 1–14): "There is one spot around which my thoughts linger, and on which my memory delights to dwell, because there a sinner met a Saviour; and the Saviour spoke so kindly and received her so graciously that whenever I read the story I think He will not cast me out when I come to Him. One of my chief joys at the prospect of visiting the Holy Land was the thought of seeing this spot." He then described his journey from Bethel to Shechem, and the scenery of the locality. When he came to the well this narrative "came with power to my mind (verses 10–14), and I prayed

that I might be a partaker of the living water." In conclusion he asked: "Now, my young friends, do you know what it is to thirst? The Psalmist said: 'My soul thirsteth for Thee.' If you are not thirsty, water is no good to you. If you are thirsty, water is no good to you unless you drink it. What good is Christ to you if you do not trust Him? What good His love if you do not feel it? What good the water of life if you do not drink and live?" etc. etc.

In October Mr. Wood gave a lecture on Jerusalem and the Holy Land in the schoolroom, Mornington Road, and exhibited a collection of diagrams, photographs, dresses, phylacteries, coins, and specimens of wood, marble, and stone. In the evening coloured views of Egypt, etc., were given by the aid of an oxy-calcium lantern. The proceeds of the day, amouting to £28, were forwarded to the Jewish Enquirers' Home and Mutual Aid Society in Jerusalem. In March 1871 he delivered the same lecture, by request of the friends, to a full audience at Burscough Bridge.

During his tour in Palestine Mr. Wood collected, at great pains and expense, a number of rare and valuable manuscripts, containing two complete rolls of the Law, various portions of the Pentateuch, ancient Jewish documents, etc.; these he bequeathed in his will to the Borough of Southport, along with £500, to form the nucleus of a museum.

CHAPTER VI

DEEP WATERS

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.—Ps. xlii. 11.

WHEN James Wood was twenty-four years of age he entered upon a season of severe spiritual conflict, which lasted for a considerable period. It was necessary, doubtless, that one who in after years proved himself to be a succourer and a comforter of many a struggling, sin-stricken spirit, should himself be called to pass through a time of deep heart-searching and of inward agony. It was the incoming of Divine light which revealed to this sincere disciple the depth of his own inbred sin. His repentance was that of a soul who had seen God, and cried out with Job: "I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Like Isaiah, too, who, having beheld the

heavenly vision, saw in the same moment the contrast between the holiness of God and his own impurity, and wept aloud: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips; . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." In the evening hour, when released from business, James Wood paced the garden walks underneath the trees at Woodbank, lifting up his heart unto his Almighty Saviour for grace to help in this his time of need. In the silence of the midnight hour, alone in his chamber, he poured out his soul with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save. He earnestly besought the prayers of God's people, and especially of God's ministers, on his behalf. In the acuteness of his distress at having preached to others when his own heart was unresponsive to the love of God, he wrote to the superintendent of the Mornington Road Circuit, the Rev. J. W. Greeves, and requested that his name might be omitted from the "Plan" and his appointments given to others. The letter says: "My conscience approves of this step, which I think will relieve my mind, and will give me more time to work at Blowick where the Lord has directed me and given me some precious fruit." Mr. Greeves accepted his resignation of the office of local preacher as a temporary arrangement, and concluded his note with the words: "Be hopeful, brother, all will yet be well."

To the Rev. W. B. Pope, James Wood wrote: "Since I understood more about the contest with self I have thought thus—'The fault lies entirely in your looking at self. You have always wanted from the first to be made *fit* for the work. You have prayed for years to have self made *good* and *holy*, and that fearful night was, as it were, a trial of self, when you found out at last it was impossible for self ever to be made holy, good, or fit for anything. And now the contest in your soul is like Israel's fight with Amalek (which many think was a type of our contest with self). When you cling to the old theory and want to be made *fit* for service, and to give up all preaching and work until God manifests Himself to you, Amalek or self prevails, and you are well-nigh in despair; but when you try not to think of self at all, and look only to Jesus, then hope is brighter; it is as when Israel prevailed.' . . . May the Lord humble me in the dust, yea, even before His Church, if He sees fit. Oh for a contrite heart, and a repentance that needeth not to be repented of!"

Being called to Newport (Mon.) on business, he thus addresses his sister:—

"*20th March* 1869.

"Many thanks for your kind letter. I have read James' *Inquirer* through on my knees here with great delight and profit; all except the chapter

on 'Perplexities.' I think I have plenty without learning of more. I think my being sent here providential; and I have had more peace since I was enabled, about two days since, to trust more fully on Christ alone. No one but the Lord knows what I have passed through, indeed His long-suffering is *infinite*, or I should have been given up. You know my restless, *working* disposition and thirst for *mathematical demonstration*. Well, I have tried prayers, books, sermons, experiences, ordinances, and advice, and I have introspected my own self until I have almost turned my brain: these must now be given up, I see, and Christ alone trusted in instead. I have had a much longer 'legal' and 'self' period than others, in proportion to my excessive energy, pride, self-confidence, and self-will. Others submit soon, I have battled for years. This experience may be valuable hereafter, but now it is clear I want rest; rest from *works*, rest in Christ. The still small voice is heard only in the calm. . . . I cannot think I am altogether mistaken in my strong call and desire [to preach the gospel], but how far Satan twists these to his own ends and mixes pride and ambition with them, who shall say? I am *certain* that works without faith are dead, *i.e.* produce no fruit. Yes, I tremble to think how many dead works I have done. Was ever a school worked at like Blowick? Would not the Lord have converted

many scores if there had been faith? I am sure He would. I am certain He would. My silent tears alone may tell what I feel of my unfaithfulness and unfitness. They look up to me, and yet I know the work languishes because I am unfit to lead them. Oh for a penitent, contrite, believing heart that bows before the Lord! . . . My repentance I find is utterly at fault; all my vows and determinations are broken. I have not an excuse to make, not a foot to stand on. But, thank God, I have a Saviour to trust in. 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' of whom *I am chief*. But this only proves that a penitent form would befit me more than a pulpit. . . . How true James's book is! I could initial many many sections. I like the chapter on 'Hindrances in us.' Morbid nervousness is one in me."

TO HIS MOTHER

"NEWPORT, MON., 10*th April* 1869.

"I don't know that I have anything very special to add to-day, except that I feel more assured than ever that my way will be opened eventually, or rather that I shall be fitted and put into it notwithstanding all the hindrances and unlikelihoods. [Rev.] Peter Mackenzie touched

on *this point* also, saying, 'If any of you feel, or have felt from your youth up, the call of God—if when you have heard others preach, the Spirit has deepened the impression, "One day that will be my work," etc., give yourself up to the Spirit's influence. He will fit you, and at the right moment your work will open out before you, and you will be popped into it.' If I look at my unfaithfulness and all the untold evil of self, I should say, 'It can't be.' But when I look at the Cross and lay hold of the promises, I say, 'Though earth and hell the word gainsay, the Word of God shall never fail,' etc. *It shall be.* I am Christ's. He is mine, though I *feel* the chief of sinners, though I *am* the chief, the very chief, I will say, Jesus is mine. Your prayers *shall* be answered. Mine *shall* be answered; especially Christ's *shall* be answered. I *know* the Lord has yet a work for me to do, if I submit to Him; but at present it is my duty to abstain from working, and quietly wait, and I can't help believing that this work [business] has been set me just at the right time. When I shall see you again I don't know, very likely not until after the May meetings."

"NEWPORT, *7th May* 1869.

"I returned from London to Bristol on Wednesday afternoon. Thursday I spent in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and returned here in

the afternoon. I find here a letter from Mr. Greeves. . . . I will write and tell him that I cannot preach again until my experience is clear. Dear mamma, don't be discouraged; *all* your prayers shall be answered, and I know not how much I am indebted to you for them, and I shall never know until we meet in heaven. I have been the subject of most powerful influences, etc., ever since that Local Preachers' Meeting. [Probably the one in which he tendered his resignation and earnestly requested prayer that he might be filled with the Spirit.] I have indeed passed through conflict which has doubtless all been necessary. I am sure the Lord has not caused one tear or sigh more than I needed, and I am equally sure that if I trust in Him He will bring me off more than conqueror. I do indeed bless Him for all the way He has led me heretofore, and the future I put into His hands. . . ."

"NEWPORT, *12th June* 1869.

"It was indeed a privilege to spend last Sunday with Rev. Alex. McAulay. . . . As to the future, may the Lord direct me and send me where He will. I believe I shall yet labour for Him. Luther, Bunyan, and the Bible are my three favourites; they teach me the most; the two former illustrate the latter. I am not surprised that I have found the well where Spurgeon has drunk deeply, viz. Bunyan. Yes, 'whom the

Lord loveth He chasteneth,' ay, and whom He calleth He fitteth in His own school. If a weapon is to be of any use it must be tempered in the furnace, beaten on the anvil, and ground almost to nothing.

Bring me not to nothing, Lord,
But bring me home to Thee.

I enclose Mr. McAulay's last [letter], which please return. I am taking advantage of my present solitariness to study. I am expecting both pleasure and blessing in reading Luther's *Galatians* to-morrow. May the Holy Spirit be given me."

FROM HIS MOTHER

"WOODBANK, *14th June* 1869.

"I return Mr. McAulay's letter with thanks. It is instructing, comforting, and judicious, and shows the writer to be experienced in 'the things of God.' I trust that you will be guided aright in all your ways, but you must live near to God and be willing to follow just as He points out your path. I have been much struck in reading your copy of *The Peasant Preacher* to notice the length of time that elapsed after his conversion before he began to preach, and yet how diligently he improved the time in preparing himself for

the work which the Lord afterwards gave him to do. No doubt in this the Lord drew him and he followed on. Blessed man! I have quite enjoyed reading the book."

"WOODBANK, *14th June* 1869.

"You put your case strongly, and I trust the time is at hand when you shall *assuredly* rest in the love of Jesus. As to the *way* in which the Holy Spirit may lead you into the enjoyment of the blessing you seek, leave that to Him. I feel so afraid lest you should *prescribe* to Him *how* He shall come, and thus prolong a state of anxiety and gloominess painful to yourself and derogatory to God's glory. Oh, how precious is that promise: 'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, in My name, and it shall be done unto you.' Amen, so be it, Lord Jesus."

In a private paper referring to his Christian experience up to this date, he thus questions—

"Whether I was wrong in despairing and ought to have prayed on?

"Whether I was making a work of praying and right in trusting?

"Whether with the little faith I had I was justified in preaching?

"Whether I am right in teaching others to trust and at the same time looking for stronger faith,

clearer witness, greater joy, until I can say with Wesley—

> In the heavenly Lamb,
> Thrice happy I am."

There is little doubt that the wiser plan would have been to continue "teaching others to trust" until his own faith was strengthened and his hope revived. It was thus that Mr. Wesley advised one of his preachers: "Preach the blessing until you realise it for yourself." As it was, a long interval of years elapsed before he allowed his name to reappear on the "Plan." Many other offices in the church were conscientiously taken up and earnestly fulfilled; he conducted cottage services, gave open-air addresses, etc., but the fear of unworthily proclaiming the gospel deterred him from entering the pulpit.

James Wood came forth from this struggle with self under his feet and Christ as the only Saviour enthroned in his heart—

> Because I now can nothing do,
> Jesus do all the work alone;
> And bring my soul triumphant through,
> To wave its palm before Thy throne.

Henceforth, wherever and whenever he spoke to others concerning salvation it was to exhort, to plead, to beseech that the whole trust of the soul be placed on Christ alone. He became impatient

of ordinances, ceremonies, prayers, if they tended to obscure the sinner's view of Christ.

And the call of duty did not come in the way which he expected and hoped it would—a call to go forth as an evangelist to preach the gospel through the land. No, the call to him was to continue in the business in which God's providence had placed him; therein to be the embodiment of truth, uprightness, and Christian courtesy.

CHAPTER VII

BUSINESS LIFE, LIVERPOOL

No man is, or ought to be, his own master. Everyone has duties to perform. God's higher will must guide our lower will. The sphere of duty is infinite. Obedience to duty at all cost is the very essence of the highest life.—JAMES WOOD, 1898.

THE paragraph placed at the head of this chapter, taken from one of the last sermons James Wood preached, gives the keynote of his life. The underlying principle of all his actions was obedience to conscience and to his God. A friend whose profession constantly brought him into association with our brother, wrote on hearing of his death: "I have known him for more than twenty years, and in the last ten years more intimately than in the first, and was frequently honoured with his confidence, and I have always esteemed him as a thorough Christian and a thorough gentleman; one of the most able, straightforward, upright, generous men I have ever known."

It was in 1866 that James Wood entered the

business of Messrs. Henry Pooley and Son, iron-founders and weighing machine makers of Liverpool. He continued with the firm until 1896, that is, for thirty years he was in connection with this establishment. A resident in Liverpool who was well acquainted with the interior working of the business said of him: "He applied himself to the mastery of the details and general management of the concern with that energy and thoroughness which showed itself in everything he undertook, and his speedy grasp of all matters proved him to possess a business capacity of exceptional acuteness. He was never satisfied with a mere superficial knowledge, but, being imbued with a deep sense of duty, always strove to make himself master of the minutest details which came under his supervision. The business of the firm was greatly extended during his connection with it, and had its works spread all over England. It was known in every country where railways were established. Dr. Wood's application to business was very close for a great many years, and it was not until some time before his death that he ceased to take a daily part in the working of the concern. He was greatly esteemed by those in the employ of the firm, and by his uniform kindness and consideration was looked upon as a friend. When Dr. Wood finally retired from the business it was taken over and continued by the managers of the various

branches, and formed into a private liability company under the title of Henry Pooley and Son Limited. By all means in his power James Wood encouraged the employés of the firm to be industrious and thrifty, sober and God-fearing. He was not ashamed to rebuke sin wherever he found it, and bitterly he grieved over any who were led astray by strong drink. His position in business, the sad scenes he daily witnessed in the streets of Liverpool as he walked to and from Albion Foundry, brought him out as a fearless temperance advocate. He saw too much, and he felt too deeply that which he saw, not to denounce drunkenness as the curse of the nation. It was not in his nature to be quiet when he once understood the gigantic evil of this besetment. On one occasion he said that he never looked over the great plain between Ainsdale and Liverpool but he thought of the power that the labouring man had, by his own savings alone, to cover it over with respectable dwellings; and it would be accomplished if it were not for this terrible sin. He carefully studied all social questions with his wonted energy and completeness. When he rose to address the working men of the city, as he did on many occasions, every honest man knew that in him he had a staunch friend; a friend all the more reliable because of his uncompromising opposition to everything which could not face the light.

In 1875, when the Rev. C. Garrett came

to Liverpool and commenced his philanthropic labours there, James Wood came forward to stand by him shoulder to shoulder in all his efforts to bring in the outcast and to save the lost. On many a platform they were seen together. Dr. Wood lent a helping hand in all the work of the Liverpool Mission, and frequently preached in the various halls connected with it. Hutchinson Hall, one of its centres, greatly delighted him. He loved to speak to the men and women who assembled there. On anniversary occasions the Rev. C. Garrett would preach in the morning of the Sabbath, and Dr. Wood in the evening; sometimes Gipsy Smith, the well-known evangelist, or his sister, would sing at the later service. That was a red-letter day in the estimation of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

At a public meeting the Rev. C. Garrett once remarked, that when he was appointed to the Mission in Liverpool he found himself in a very difficult position, and in his difficulty he came to Southport. Dr. Wood's sainted mother said to him: "If God has called you to the work He will stand by you in the work." Dr. Wood still further encouraged him by promising to defray half the cost of whatever help he might procure. Mr. Garrett continued his address by saying that only those who lived in Liverpool could possibly appreciate its vice, misery, and destitution. In one district lying near to the docks there were two

thousand courts where a gleam of sunshine never entered, and where the atmosphere was so foul that a person unaccustomed to breathe it would be knocked down. The Chairman (Dr. Wood) replied that he only wished some of the Members of Parliament could be kept for a while in these courts, they would quickly find "a pathetic urgency" to bring about a better state of things.

The Member for Liverpool, Samuel Smith, Esq., and James Wood were of one heart and soul in all true social reform. With regard to both of these men minor differences were always set aside when the more important subject of the welfare of the community was before them. When Mr. Smith was the Liberal candidate for Liverpool, in December 1882, Dr. Wood, addressing the large assembly at which Mr. Smith had just spoken, said: "Not as the Mayor of Southport, but as a citizen and employer of labour in this city of Liverpool, I stand here to express my opinion on the great questions which have been referred to this evening. I may say that I entirely agree with the general remarks which Mr. Smith has made; but it is chiefly his far-seeing, clear, and statesmanlike utterances with regard to the great moral, social, and religious questions of the day that have excited my admiration. . . . Some of us are fairly tired, we are sick at heart at the seeming connection between political power and the interests of the drink trade in Liverpool.

Some of us have suffered, it may be in our business; we have suffered through our workpeople; we have suffered in our pockets from increased rates, and we think it is time to sever the connection between public-houses and political power for ever. . . . We are united in our admiration of our political candidate. He has our utmost confidence." James Wood frequently remarked in his public addresses that it was worth the dedication of one's life if only thereby the advancement of the people in moral and intellectual progress could be secured.

The Sunday Closing Bill for England during this and the following years attracted much attention. Mr. Smith in the House of Commons, and James Wood out of it, exerted all their influence to push forward the measure. Mr. Smith informed the House that in Liverpool the question had been thoroughly discussed, and on a poll it was found that six-sevenths of the householders were in favour of Sunday closing. At a large meeting in the Philharmonic Hall, Hope Street, James Wood thus addressed the audience: "If England is to be saved, if the masses are to be raised, if the fearful and degrading habit of excessive drinking is to be destroyed, the first step towards those desirable ends must be to close the public-houses on Sundays. . . . When God in ancient times gave His people bread from heaven He doubled the supply on the sixth day

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that there might be no gathering of it on the Sabbath. We shut our bread shops on the Sabbath, but we open our public-houses! . . . Is it not enough to have thrown almost every possible temptation in the way of the people on week-days—is it not enough to have supplied many thousands with drink on the Saturday night, robbing (for I cannot call it by any other name) whole families of their hard-earned wages, but they must begin again to supply drink on the holy Sabbath?" Having shown the benefit which Sunday closing had been in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as proved by statistics, he concluded—"Let us talk no more, let us act.

> Ye whose lives to God are given,
> Ye whose hearts for man have striven,
> Strike, and pause not till are riven
> Chains of drink-forged slavery."

But, alas! the promoters of this Bill were doomed to be disappointed year after year.

In January 1889 he was invited to stand as the Liberal candidate for the Lancashire County Council, South Walton Division. The Liverpool *Echo* of that date (30th January) contains the following paragraph:—"The Liberal committee for South Walton have obtained the consent of Dr. Wood (a member of the well-known Liverpool firm of ironfounders, Messrs. Henry Pooley and Sons, Manchester Street) to become their

candidate for the vacancy on the Lancashire County Council, caused by the election of Colonel Macfie as an alderman. Dr. Wood, who resides at Southport, has for years been pursuing philanthropic labours for the benefit of the masses; and, like Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., he has devoted much time and money in connection with social reform in the interests of the people. As a strong Nonconformist he takes a broad and practical view of Liberal politics, and his advocacy of temperance and education has won for him an honourable place in the roll of local worthies. The Liberals are to be congratulated upon having secured the services of such an excellent candidate, and no doubt he will, if elected, prove a thoroughly capable representative on the Lancashire County Council."

Dr. Wood gained the victory in this election for the County Council by a large majority, and he kept his seat in it for six years, through three elections, until Walton was incorporated with Liverpool in November 1895.

In returning thanks to the electors (March 1895) Dr. Wood said: "I take the earliest opportunity to express my thanks for the honour you have done me in returning me for the third time (and on this occasion unopposed) as your representative, and to assure you that for the brief period now remaining during which South Walton will be represented on the County

Council, it will be my endeavour to do all in my power to further the best interests of the Division and of the Council." Addressing another similar meeting he remarked: "Our aim (as County Councillors) shall be, as far as possible, to help the poor to live, to help them to do right, to lighten their burdens, to remove their temptations, and to discourage, by every means in our power, drunkenness, lust, swearing, gambling, and war. By the help of God we will throw ourselves into the struggle, and with heart and hand, with tongue and pen, we will work, and win still greater victories in the interests of humanity, morality, and peace."

His friends at Walton, when their County Council ceased to exist, were very sorry to lose the services of their representative; they cordially invited him to become their Parliamentary candidate, and thus be still in some way connected with their constituency. Dr. Wood consented to stand, but as his political views did not coincide on all points with those of the advanced Liberal party, especially in the matter of "Home Rule," the Conservative candidate was elected.

CHAPTER VIII

MUNICIPAL LIFE

We do not know how much space some men have filled until they are dead: then we find that it may take some ten or twenty men to fill up the vacancy and to do all the work, because so much of it was hidden: it was a work of influence, inspiration, stimulus, comfort,—the kind of work that cannot be scheduled and set forth before the critical eye in plain figures and common estimates.—DR. PARKER.

IN 1880 James Wood was made a Borough magistrate. This office enabled him to restrain evil and to help the oppressed in his own neighbourhood; duties which he faithfully and earnestly fulfilled.

Before his father's death in 1877 he had been asked to allow himself to be nominated for a seat in the Town Council; but to this proposal he would not consent. However, in the autumn of 1881 there existing no longer any reason why he should not comply with the request, he was elected one of the councillors for Talbot Ward. His brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, in referring to his election wrote: "It is very kind

in a man like you to help the town in this manner, but the reaction upon your own public qualities may be a gain in many ways. In this and in everything may the God of your father authorise your steps."

The next spring (1882) he went to Trinity College, Dublin, to continue his studies, and thereby to qualify himself for obtaining the degree of LL.D. He successfully passed his examinations, and the degree was conferred upon him in June.

A few weeks before he set out for Ireland he met with an accident which might have proved very serious. In sharply turning a corner he fell from his tricycle upon the hard asphalted road of the Promenade. The blow upon his head produced unconsciousness and then delirium. But after keeping his bed for some days, and remaining quietly at home for a short period, he was mercifully restored to his usual health, though he felt the effects of the concussion for a long time afterwards.

A higher office was bestowed upon him by the town in November. Dr. Wood was unanimously elected Mayor. He had only been a member of the Council for twelve months, but the coming municipal year was to be a very important one, inasmuch as the British Association had accepted the invitation of the Corporation to hold their next annual meetings at Southport. His fellow

councillors all declared that for such a time he was the right man to elect as their chief magistrate. On that occasion many gratifying tributes were paid to the memory of his father, the first who had filled that office in the Borough. Dr. Wood, in responding to the Council, said he was trying to tread in the steps of his honoured father, whose name he was glad to see was still revered amongst his fellow-townsmen. With regard to the visit of the British Association, he felt thoroughly convinced that it was an event momentous to the town and that their visit would do much good. He felt it was a matter of such importance that, as far as he was concerned within the limits of his strength, he would strain every nerve to give these men of science and learning a right royal reception. In concluding, he could not, he said, undertake to engage in all the festivities and gaieties of the town, but he set before himself that he would do the utmost in his power to aid the moral and intellectual advancement of the people.

The perplexing question of the rights and ownership of the foreshore occupied his time and earnest attention for many months of this first year of mayoralty. Also the establishment and growth of Science and Art classes, in which Dr. Wood took great interest. To the students of the chemistry class he presented an invaluable and complete set of chemical apparatus. "By this munificent gift of the Mayor each student

will be permitted to have his own special set of apparatus for his own particular use for the time being, and he will thus be enabled to see for himself what the character of the various phenomena brought before him actually is, and to profit by it accordingly."

At the Mayoral banquet, given shortly after his election, he aptly described the principle which ruled his daily life. Speaking of the duties which devolved upon him in that capacity, he remarked: "I have been content to go on from day to day, adopting as my motto—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'" He had in all his business and municipal life a very high ideal, which made him feel disappointed with what had been already achieved because it fell short of the lofty standard which he ever kept before him.

The visit of the British Association to Southport was a marked success. Great preparation had been made for their coming, and on their arrival, in September 1883, "a right royal reception" was given to them. The Mayor, on behalf of the Borough, greeted them with "a thousand welcomes." It was a proud moment for many in the town when, after many endeavours to persuade the British Association to come to Southport, they at length saw the realisation of their hopes. Continuing his address, he said: "I believe the researches of those connected with

this Association are of world-wide importance. It is generally thought that the study of science has little, if any, relation to the welfare of the community or with the practical affairs of life. Art has been frequently associated in men's minds with pleasure. Science has been looked upon simply as an intellectual pursuit. Mathematics has been deemed an abstract speculation instead of a science of unsurpassed importance. Now, however, I believe juster views prevail, and men everywhere are beginning to understand that all new discoveries in science are immediately utilised in extending trade and commerce, and in promoting the well-being and happiness of the people. Some have even opposed and ridiculed the researches of scientific men, as if they tended to overthrow truth. I believe that truth is one, and as one of your number remarked the other day, 'Truth in science can never clash with truth in religion.'"

The Pictorial World (Sept. 1884) says: "The duties that devolved on Dr. Wood were discharged by him in a manner that elicited hearty words of praise from the then President, Professor Cayley, and the rest of the members of the Association."

Another paper of the same year remarks: "The first act of the new Mayor indicated his religious character. He invited the Council to accompany him to the Parish Church on the next Sunday morning, and to attend him

to Mornington Road Wesleyan Chapel in the evening. His first year of office was an eventful one, for in the autumn Southport was visited by the British Association. Upon the Mayor devolved the duty of superintending all the preparations for the reception of that distinguished body, and, as the records of the visit attest, Dr. Wood was assiduous in his attention to his guests. The visit passed off most successfully. The festivities provided were never before equalled in Southport, and the hospitality bestowed was lavish. A man of culture himself, the Mayor was enabled to entertain the more distinguished members of the Association in accordance with their educated tastes, and he earned for the Borough the very hearty thanks accorded to its Mayor and representatives by the distinguished scientists of the Association. In November of last year Dr. Wood was unanimously re-elected Mayor, and from all sections of the Council he was enthusiastically thanked for the service he had rendered the Borough during his first year of office. In the dispensation of civic hospitality he had been generous, but in assiduous devotion to other and more commonplace duties of his office he had been conspicuous. He prides himself in the place which his father contributed so largely to found, as the home of a prosperous community, and he devotes himself to the sanitation and the further embellishment of this Brighton of

Lancashire. A leader of society, though still a bachelor, he gives the social life of Southport a high moral and educational tone, which distinguishes it from most watering-places of its dimensions."

The Mayor was very anxious that free lectures on Science and Art should be established in Southport, as a boon to working-men and as a memento of the visit of their scientific guests. A few weeks subsequently one of the councillors remarked at the meeting for the election of Mayor, "he had heard that in no other town had a Mayor such a high place in the remembrance of the people. There were several reasons for this, but one signal one was in relation to the gratitude of the working-classes of Lancashire in connection with the visit of the British Association to the town. Dr. Wood generously devoted one hundred pounds not merely towards the British Association fund, but to assist in developing among poor workmen of the factories and the workshops the study of science, and the young men working therein were enabled to attend the meetings of the Association mainly through his liberality. Dr. Wood had also developed, and assisted to develop, amongst the labouring classes of this part of Lancashire self-help, which was one of the noblest things a man in a high place could do." At a meeting of the Southport Trades' Council, in June 1883,

a communication was read from the Mayor "acknowledging the receipt of a vote of thanks passed to him for his generous grant to the workmen, affording them special facilities on the occasion of the visit of the British Association; and the framing and adopting of a memorial asking that a plot of ground be set apart in the park as a bowling-green for working-men whose principles precluded their visiting the public-houses for the purpose." At an earlier date in this year Dr. Wood gave a soiree to the railway employés of the town. On the two evenings selected about 260 assembled at each gathering. Most pleasant meetings they were; indeed the Mayor remarked that he had never more enjoyed meetings in all his life. Good words were spoken, and much sound advice was given, which the men appreciated and applauded.

At the time of his election Dr. Wood had said that he could not enter into all the festivities frequently provided for the town, but he resolved in his own way to supply enjoyable evenings for the people. "The Fishermen's Entertainment," given in the Cambridge Hall, was one such occasion, and long afterwards it was gratefully remembered. "The Wesleyan Gathering" in the same Hall, January 1883, was another. The Mayor invited five hundred Wesleyans to meet the President of the Conference, the Rev. Charles Garrett, and himself. Quoting from the *South-*

port News: "It was a Christian gathering to which an evangelistic tone was given. It represented in fair proportions all the various social grades, from the most wealthy to the most humble. Care had been taken to prevent undue display in the way of dress. The Hall was adorned with plants and flowers, and pictures were exhibited illustrating the progress of Methodism in Southport. After tea and coffee and conversation and music, a large choir came forward. The Mayor presided, and several ministers took their places on the platform. After singing, the reading of scripture and prayer, the Mayor gave an admirable address, in which he touched on the New Year, temperance, the need of spiritual life in combination with the outward prosperity of the church, etc. The President followed. He stated that enthusiasm was their great need. During the brief service the feeling of the audience rose to a high degree of spiritual intensity. The hymns chosen were evangelistic in spirit. The tunes were old and thoroughly lively, and consequently the singing produced a great effect. Many a day has passed since the Methodists enjoyed a denominational festival so much. The social pleasures of the occasion were great, but, best of all, the reception was sanctified by those influences which attest the manifestation of the Divine presence and blessing."

In the first month of the New Year, 1884, a

series of united prayer-meetings was held, on two Sunday evenings in the Cambridge Hall; and in the week between, at noon and in the evening, in the smaller building, the Town Hall. On the first Sabbath evening the Mayor, Dr. Wood, took the chair; there was a large attendance, and the service was a delightful one. For many years these meetings continued to be held at the same date in each year, Dr. Wood usually conducting one of the Sunday evening gatherings. On these occasions he was accustomed to give an earnest address on "The New Birth," "The Despised Birthright," "The Righteousness of God," etc. Archdeacon Clarke of Christ Church occupied the chair at the closing meeting on the second Sunday. The Cambridge Hall was crowded, many persons being unable to gain admission. Speaking of these times in 1895, Dr. Wood remarked: "He believed there were no prayer-meetings equal to those where the members of different churches subordinated their minor differences and came together to join in supplication for a commom blessing. He should never forget the power of those meetings when, in the old days of Southport's history, they met together and had the Town Hall crowded with people who really met to pray that God's blessing would be given to the various churches throughout the town in the coming year."

On Sunday afternoon (Feb. 1884) a united service for men only was held in the Cambridge

Hall, the Mayor presiding. Not fewer than fifteen hundred were present. In the course of the service the Mayor said "he had a little hesitation at first whether he should join that movement, because, as they knew, he did not wish, and those who had promoted the service did not wish, to draw away anyone attached to any church, chapel, or Sunday school in the town. Their hope was that a service of that kind might be made useful to those not attached to any place of worship, and that they might be drawn thither to hear God's Word and to sing His praises. He believed a nation rose and fell almost in proportion as that nation kept the Sabbath. Since he had been Mayor he had been appealed to to do what he could towards putting a stop to the delivery of letters on a Sunday. He, however, did not consider it his duty, and he did not think he would be justified in attempting to restrict the liberty of other people. He had also been asked if he could do anything as regarded the number of cabs used on a Sunday and all he could say was that the hours were restricted, but that the action rested with the masters themselves. In conclusion, he besought them for the sake of God and man to do all in their power to prevent anything that might hereafter arise, and, through some mistaken philanthropy or mistaken argument, set them against the Sabbath, and deprive them of God's holy day." Had Dr. Wood lived a little longer, doubtless his

voice would have been heard in the Town Council protesting against the holding of "Sunday Concerts" on the Promenade.

A few weeks subsequently Dr. Wood gave a lecture on "Life's Progression" in St. George's Hall, Southport, under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association. The subject was illustrated by large coloured diagrams, and on a table were a great number of costly fossils, etc. The Mayor commenced his address by saying that, although he was about to talk on geological, zoological, and biological subjects, he was neither geologist, zoologist, nor biologist. He had been reading the works of some eminent scientific men, and he would give his audience a brief digest of what he had been studying. He then delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture, in which he traced the gradual development of the world from the protozoic period unto the creation of man. He gave the whole story, so far as the short time and the abstruseness of the subject allowed, in a remarkably clear and lucid manner, and was frequently applauded by his audience. He concluded by saying it was an undoubted fact that throughout the progression of life the Hand of the Almighty and Living Creator was everywhere to be seen.—(*Southport Visiter.*)

In May 1884 Dr. Wood's health gave way, and he was obliged to seek rest and change on the Continent. At the expiration of his two years

of mayoralty a vote of thanks was given to him by Alderman Sutton, who proposed most heartily on behalf of the Council a resolution—"That the warmest thanks of this Council be given to James Wood, Esquire, LL.D., J.P., for his valuable services during his term of office, and more particularly for the uniform kindness and courtesy with which he has presided over their deliberations, and for the unwearied exertions and graceful hospitality by which during the first year of his mayoralty the visit to the Borough of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was made so conspicuous a success. And feeling that this does not complete the record of his services, the Council desire by this resolution to express their appreciation of the eminent ability and zeal which he has manifested during the whole of his official career, in seeking to promote the educational, moral, and, which is more rare in a chief magistrate, spiritual well-being of the Borough. They desire especially to indicate his wise forethought and his liberality in promoting the establishment of a permanent School of Science and Art in Southport; and they fervently hope that he may be spared to see that institution completed and in vigorous operation, and that he may long continue to serve the town with the same uprightness and public spirit which characterised the administration of his much-respected father, and which have equally distinguished his own management of public affairs;

and that this resolution be suitably prepared in an illuminated form, framed and glazed, and presented to him." This appreciative gift, tastefully framed and illuminated, was shortly afterwards presented to the ex-Mayor. Dr. Wood in thanking the Council said he did so from his heart for the kind words which had been spoken, and for the beautiful testimonial, which he valued most highly, and which he should cherish as one of the pleasantest and noblest gifts which he possessed. Of course it was not in such cases as this the value of the gift, although the value of this particular gift was considerable, but the spirit in which it was given and the grace with which the presentation was made that appealed to the heart and made the gift appear the more precious. He had almost been going to say that he would like to hand the testimonial down to his children's children. But he was afraid he was not in that happy position. He was rather in the position of the Chinese; for when a Chinaman received an honour or a title, it was said that he ennobled not his descendants but his ancestors. He should have to go back to his ancestors, and think of the pleasure it would have given his father and his grandfather to be there that evening and see that testimonial.

An interval of nine years elapsed before Dr. Wood again occupied the civic chair. Several important events occurred during that period. Not the least of them was his marriage in 1886. The

next year he was elected an alderman of the Borough; he continued to serve the town with assiduity, chiefly dividing his time between the Bench and the Council Chamber. The Southport Centenary year (1892) was one of special interest to him. The celebration of this epoch was most successful, and rewarded Sir G. Pilkington and others who had taken part in carrying out the various schemes for the pleasure and benefit of the locality.

In December 1893 the newly elected Mayor, Mr. Henry Hodge, died after a short illness. The Council in this unexpected emergency applied to Dr. Wood to fill the vacancy. He had refused the invitation to occupy the position two months previously, but now, under the sad circumstances, he felt it to be his duty to accede to the wish of his fellow-councillors and to accept the mayoralty for a third term.

In a few months after his election the Mayor presented to the Corporation, for the Art Gallery, a fine oil painting, entitled "Saved," by Charles Vigor. In the following August the hearty thanks of the Town Council were given to him for a life-size oil painting of his father, Dr. Peter Wood. With reference to this gift one of the local papers remarked: "Without the portrait of a man who in the early history of the Borough did so much for its development, the gallery would have lacked its most desirable possession, but by

the generosity of the present Mayor this void will now be filled, and a faithful presentment of one who always threw his whole heart into municipal undertakings will now take its rightful place." The Mayor in acknowledging the vote of thanks said that he was very glad thus to be able to pay an act of homage to one whom they revered so much.

Lord Curzon (the Right Honourable G. N. Curzon as he then was) being for many years the Southport Member for the South-Western Division of Lancashire, Dr. Wood wrote to him at every suitable opportunity, urging him to give his powerful influence and support to the passing of the Sunday Closing Bill for England, and other measures likely to promote the cause of temperance. In this way a long correspondence ensued; and it is not too much to affirm that thereby each grew in the estimation of the other. Lord Curzon's replies were always courteous; he was, however, more favourable to Local Option than to a prohibitory and universal law such as the Sunday Closing Act.

At this time a series of very enjoyable and successful temperance fêtes were held. On the 9th of July all the teetotalers of Southport and the immediate neighbourhood were invited to meet the President and the Executive of the British Temperance League at the Botanic Gardens, Churchtown. This was an effort to encourage temperance workers, and to express sympathy

with their cause. The next day all the juvenile pledged abstainers were entertained in the same place. Some thousands of them walked four abreast in procession and joined in singing the National Anthem. It was a memorable and impressive sight.

On the 9th of November this year Alderman Dr. Wood was unanimously re-elected Mayor of the Borough for the fourth time. In accepting this position, as one of his friends reminded him, he had to sacrifice a great deal in giving up work of another kind which he had been accustomed to do outside the precincts of the town to take up the duties which devolved upon him as chief magistrate. The Mayor, in his reply to the Council, referred to the promise which he gave to them at the time of his first election to the civic chair, that he would do all in his power to promote the social, intellectual, and religious welfare of the Borough. In each of his successive mayoralties he had, he said, earnestly tried to carry out that programme. After the duty of electing the Mayor was over, another interesting ceremony took place. Dr. Wood was presented with a handsome silver cradle mounted on a silver stand. In the centre of the cradle was a gilt shield bearing the following inscription:—

PHILIP LOVEL WOOD
Born at Grove House, Southport
July 4th, 1894.

The gift commemorated the hearty appreciation of the Town Council and of the residents of Southport for the services conferred upon the Borough by Dr. Wood during the year 1893–94, and also it was a memorial of the happy event, unique in the annals of the Southport Corporation, which had occurred during that period—the birth of a son to the Mayor and Mayoress. The wish was earnestly expressed by the Council that if the boy were spared to grow up to manhood he might as faithfully follow his father's example as that father had followed the steps of his parent. The Mayor on rising to reply was greeted with renewed cheers. He had searched for a precedent in order to see in what terms his thanks should be given. He could only find one similar incident, and in this case the Mayor said that cradles were not in his line, he should prefer a teapot! (laughter). Now cradles were exactly in his line, and though the little boy whose name was inscribed on the cradle slept snugly in the one in which his father reposed as an infant, yet still he would find that elegant piece of workmanship very useful. It should be left to the child as a memento of the occasion and as an heirloom in the family.

The culmination of the day's proceedings was the turning on by the Mayor of the electric light, which illuminated all the Municipal Buildings and their surroundings in a most effective manner;

this successful display was witnessed by thousands of spectators.

An important feature of the Southport Centenary celebrations in 1892 was the laying of the foundation stone of a new Infirmary. The site comprised nearly five acres; the building itself was large and handsome, with every modern appliance and arrangement. The total cost, including furnishing, was about £25,000. One of the first duties of the Mayor was to open a bazaar for the purpose of raising funds for the furnishing of that institution. In a clear and forcible manner, illustrated by extracts from ancient records, he showed that before the advent of Christ men worshipped force and power, and knew nothing of mercy. Slaves were cruelly used, and the sick were left to perish. It was literally true what Jesus Christ said: "A *new* commandment (absolutely new) I give unto you, that ye love one another." Christ set the example and sent forth His disciples not merely to preach but also to heal the sick. It was impossible to enumerate all the blessings that accrued to mankind from the teaching of Jesus Christ. He might say all the charities of the world originated here. It was a splendid opportunity to honour the religion of Christ, the common Saviour, before a vast and promiscuous assembly; both in public and in private he was thanked for so doing.

January 3, 1895, the Mayor, by request of the

rector, Rev. J. Denton Thompson, attended a parochial tea-meeting at Churchtown. He spoke some deeply earnest words appropriate to the season, and referred to the golden opportunities before them which once past would never return. "Once to every man and nation, comes a moment in the strife" when the truth is more clearly seen and felt, and when it is more easy to do the right than ever it will be again. He concluded by giving to his hearers a motto—"A new year, a new heart, a new life." By consecrating themselves to God and to His work this year would be the best and happiest of their lives.

Month after month the list of the Mayor's daily engagements, Sundays not excepted, was sufficient to appal any man who lived beyond a day at a time. The Rev. Dr. Jenkins wrote to him, fearing that even his strong health might be affected by the multiplicity of his duties, but he was upheld by the prayers of many friends.

Presiding at a meeting of the Young Men's Swimming Club in 1895, he mentioned that he himself was passionately fond of swimming and diving. "We are not all born to be water-dogs; all unnecessary exposure must be avoided, though I have broken through the ice to get a dip!" He strongly advised every youth on rising in the morning to take a cold bath. To this habit he attributed any health or strength he possessed, and certainly without it he would not

have been able to go through the work of the past two years.

A social gathering and Methodist reunion was given by the Mayor in the Cambridge Hall and adjacent buildings on 15th February. It was similar in many respects to the one held by him during his mayoralty in 1883, only the attendance was much greater and everything connected with it was on a larger scale. More than twelve hundred persons responded to the Mayor's invitation. As on the former occasion, the last hour was spent in the singing of Methodist hymns to old tunes, a choir of one hundred and fifty voices leading. The meeting was a most happy one; the Mayor was warmly thanked for his kindness and hospitalities, and for exerting an influence for good not only locally but also over Lancashire and England.

At the Southport Band of Hope Demonstration, Cambridge Hall, in April, the Mayor delivered the presidential address. He had spoken to them on previous occasions of the evils of drink, but notwithstanding the urgency of the question nothing had yet been done by Government. Canon Farrar had said that one man had purified the prisons, another had removed the horrible and oppressive burden laid on childhood, a few men had swept away the slave trade, but the evil of intemperance had defied all the efforts of Christian philanthropists for more than fifty years.

The President, continuing, remarked that they must all work together patiently and cheerfully. There was in the Hospice of the great St. Bernard a motto carved in the woodwork and painted on the walls: "*Fortiter—Fideliter—Feliciter*," bravely, faithfully, hopefully. In that spirit they must march to battle; all parties, all creeds, united on this great question.

Lord Curzon was married in the spring of this year. The celebration of that event took place at Southport in July, when the Mayor, in the presence of a large assembly, presented the bridegroom and his bride, "from friends in the Southport parliamentary division of the county of Lancaster," with a handsome piece of plate, consisting of a central stand on a plateau, with four side stands, all of silver, holding seven crystal dishes. Lord Curzon, in presenting the vote of thanks to the Chair, congratulated the Mayor on being raised to that position on three previous occasions, and added that though he had not had the pleasure very frequently of meeting him on public platforms, yet through the press he was fairly familiar with his work. "This I do say, that in the whole of the boroughs of England which are gifted with municipal Corporations, there does not exist a man of a higher public spirit and a more righteous and philanthropic aim than the present Mayor of Southport."[1]

[1] *Southport Visiter.*

Thursday, 26th September, was a high day in the history of Southport. The new Infirmary had at length been completed. It was unanimously agreed that the Mayor should be asked to open the building. There was a large procession from the Town Hall to the Infirmary. After the devotional exercises were concluded, the Chairman presented Dr. Wood with a gold key, and he then entered into the new building, accompanied by Sir. G. Pilkington and Lord Curzon, and declared it open. The Mayor, ascending a platform which had been erected in the front of the Infirmary, gave a résumé of its history from its beginning as a Dispensary in 1825 to the building of an Infirmary in 1870. The latter soon became too small for the requirements of the town, so his father (Dr. Peter Wood) offered one thousand pounds for the purchase of a site if a new and larger institution could be erected. This offer was, however, premature, the money was paid, but it was used in the reconstruction and enlargement of the existing building. There were other additions from time to time until now, twenty-five years since the first stone-laying, the hopes and aspirations of former days were fulfilled. He received this grand new Infirmary that day in the name of the town of Southport. He was sure it would be the means of blessing to thousands of poor sick people. Once more on behalf of the town he heartily thanked those who had given

the land most generously, and those who had given money, labour, time, and in any way contributed to the completion of the scheme; he had great pleasure in declaring the building open. In the evening the Mayor gave a brilliant conversazione in the Municipal Buildings. The next day, in auspicious weather, the new Marine Drive was opened by the Mayor in the presence of a large company of spectators. Afterwards he started the engine at the extension of the electrical works.[1] Next he proceeded to open the recreation ground at Blowick, and, by telephone, a second park at the end of Portland Street. This business being over, the Mayor, still clad in his official robes, took part in a game of bowls with other dignitaries of the town on the new green, which was perhaps the best way of opening it.[1] On the evening of this festive day the Mayor entertained the officials and nurses of the Infirmary, and on Friday evening about nine hundred hospital convalescents of the town were regaled in the same way. On each occasion the provision made for the amusement and refreshment of the guests was very complete, and gave much enjoyment to all parties.

The foundation stone of Emmanuel Church was laid in October. The Mayor, who had promised one thousand pounds to the building, was present on the occasion. The rector (Rev.

[1] *Southport Visiter.*

J. D. Thompson), a clergyman of well-known evangelical views, had his heartiest sympathy and prayers; he was always glad to co-operate with him in Christian work and fellowship.

The last act of this official year was the sending of the copy of a resolution passed at a largely attended town's meeting expressing sympathy with the suffering Armenians, and hoping that Government may be able to aid them. In his reply to Dr. Wood, Lord Curzon mentions his deep regret that he can no longer address him by the title of Mayor, and warmly congratulates him on the success of his four times repeated mayoral career.

A writer in *The Christian* (29th June 1899) says of Dr. Wood: "He gave of his best to the public weal of Southport for upwards of twenty years. He knew nothing of expediency. His conduct was characterised by *daring rectitude*, and those who had no sympathy with his deep religious convictions were bound to admire the transparency of his character." The Rev. T. H. Davies, in his sermon on the occasion of Dr. Wood's death, remarked: "All who knew Dr. Wood knew that he carried with him into all the engagements of public service the highest sense of Christian duty. For the last twenty or more years he had been actively engaged in the public life of the town—a splendid force making for righteousness and the kingdom of God."

CHAPTER IX

HOME LIFE

Home is the place where character is most tested, and if piety be not shown there it cannot be shown anywhere. Abroad in the world men may wear a cloak, but at home it generally slips off and true character comes out. . . . In the home piety exerts its mightiest and most blessed influence. . . . Home, if God be there and His Book revered, becomes the sweetest and most sacred spot on earth.—REV. E. DAVIDSON.

UPON the death of his father, James Wood became the head of the family at Woodbank. He was a true brother to his sisters, a great comfort and strength to them, especially in the first years after their bereavement, a master reverenced and esteemed by all the servants of the household. In their early infancy the motherless children of his sister Margaret lived at Woodbank; their father, the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, seeing them constantly as he journeyed to various places to fulfil his preaching and other appointments. To these young ones he was a most devoted uncle, enjoying a game of play, or singing hymns with them, or patiently teaching them how

to sketch and draw, arts in which he himself was an adept. Often in summer evenings his little niece and nephew would stand admiringly by his easel as he executed a large picture in crayons or pencil, the delightful occupation of his leisure hours. His habit of early rising, and the not less beneficial one of retiring promptly at ten o'clock p.m. (not always possible in later times), contributed not a little to make the wheels of daily life run smoothly, whilst the devout and earnest exercises of morning and evening family worship conducted by him gave a hallowing influence which all around him shared.

In 1877 Mr. Wood was requested to fill his father's place as one of the Circuit stewards at Mornington Road. He strongly felt the responsibilities of this office, the duties of which he conscientiously discharged for several years. Previously to this time he had been appointed leader of a junior society class of youths connected with the Sunday school, Mornington Road. In 1878 he was transferred to an adult class, of which he had charge until his death, a little more than twenty years. He was also the morning superintendent of a class of boys. The earnest addresses and lessons which he gave to the young, in many cases fell like seed into good ground and brought forth fruit unto salvation. One of his former scholars, hearing of his esteemed teacher's death, wrote: "Many years ago now, somewhere

in the 'seventies, I was a member of Dr. Wood's Bible class at Mornington Road. It was then a pleasure to me, but I have looked upon it ever since as a privilege and an honour. It must be more than twenty years since one Sunday morning he said in his impressive manner: 'Boys, the most important day in your lives will be the day when you decide for Christ.' And I am thankful to say one of his boys did, I believe, then decide for Christ; and all through the years pleasant memories of those times have always been with me. Circumstances have never just seemed favourable, but I have often longed to tell him how grateful I was for the lessons he then gave us." Early in 1883, when the engagements of the mayoralty and other public work were in danger of over-taxing his strength, Dr. Wood felt compelled to give up the superintendency of the morning school. His resignation was accepted with great reluctance; and the following resolution was passed at the next teachers' meeting: "That this meeting desires to express its deep regret that Dr. Wood has felt obliged by the pressure of other duties to resign his office as one of the superintendents, and to convey to him its warmest thanks for the long and invaluable service he has rendered to the school." In conveying this resolution, the senior superintendent, J. F. Stead, Esq., added: "Allow me to express my own personal regret that we are no longer

'co-workers' in the dear old school, but I am sure we shall still be in spirit, and that its interests will ever be near your heart."

The Young Men's Christian Association was an institution in which he was greatly interested. In 1880 he accepted the office of being the President of the Southport branch, an office which he held until 1891. Some of his most earnest and sympathetic words were spoken to its members. As we have before noticed, he loved young men. He knew their difficulties and their temptations. He had a long experience of intercourse with them both in business and in church life. He sorrowed deeply over some whose morning of fair promise ended in gloom. He rejoiced over others with exceeding great joy. And the young men honoured him. Many a time he would come home from Liverpool, take a hasty meal, and then set forth to visit some sick young man, perhaps a Sunday scholar, or a member of his class, or a stranger of whose illness he had heard, or one who had sent for him to offer up prayer on his behalf. Only a short time before Dr. Wood's death he visited a dying youth of whom he had been told. Day by day he was found at his bedside until the invalid rejoiced in the assurance of pardoning mercy. Not long before he passed away he joyously exclaimed: "I shall be another star in Dr. Wood's crown." Another young person in whose spiritual welfare

he was much interested during his temporary residence in Southport, wrote to him after leaving the town: "I feel that I must write and tell you (as I told those who were at the lovefeast last Sunday afternoon) that Christ has saved my soul. How the change has been wrought in me *He* only knows, but I rejoice to say that a change *has* taken place; for I feel that instead of finding those words, 'Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee,' a difficulty, as I did before, I can now say from my heart that when I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died, I feel indeed that Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all. I want to thank you for the help you gave me, and I pray that God, *my* God now, will bless you for it."

To this letter Dr. Wood replied—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday, and I do heartily rejoice with you. To our loving and gracious Lord be all the glory! Keep trusting Jesus for all you need—for wisdom, for guidance, for power. If any cloud comes over your heart, at once go and tell Him all about it, and don't let Satan trouble you about your feelings. Trust, trust, trust Him, and you shall not be ashamed.—Yours in Jesus Christ *our* Lord,

"JAMES WOOD."

Mr. Wood was a great traveller. He was enthusiastic about exploring new places. Every summer he enjoyed a tour either in the British Isles or on the continent of Europe. One of his letters, written to his sister in July 1877 from Switzerland, has been preserved—

"This is my third visit to Chamouny and my *first* visit to the Mer de Glace. I am staying to-night with my guide at the Montanvert Hotel, and to-morrow we cross the Mer de Glace, all being well, and descend to the upper end of the valley of Chamouny, and proceed by the Tete Noir Pass to Martigny. It is a beautiful night, the sky perfectly clear, the stars shining brightly. Jupiter is wonderfully bright. I do not think I ever saw a planet like it. I feel deeply thankful to the Providence which has so wonderfully favoured me, my journey has been very successful so far. *July* 12.—With my guide yesterday I crossed the Mer de Glace and traversed the Mauvais Pas, but it is merely a few steps cut in the side of a steep rock, with an iron railing to hold on by. We arrived at Martigny about 8 p.m. much fatigued, and I parted with my guide with regret. . . .

"*Baths of Leuk.*—I arrived at Löeche les Bains at 1 p.m. to-day. I am likely to stay here over Sunday; it is a most romantic place. I have just seen the baths, men and women, a few up to their necks in water, reading and playing dominoes,

but I had to hurry away to post this letter. Our ride from Sallenches to Chamouny on Monday was grand, and indeed all through it has been a most delightful tour. The ride from Susten up here to the foot of the Gemmi Pass is most romantic, it is grand, and the weather beautiful. . . .

July 18.—I have seen two magnificent cascades, the cascade du Barbarine and the cascade du Reichenbach; the latter was very full of water. I had often wished to see it, because I have a coloured French lithograph of it at Woodbank; but it far exceeded my expectation, being so full of water. We had followed the river for perhaps some miles when it gave this plunge into Meyringen Valley [sketched]. The river fell on a ledge of rock and then bounced off, and consequently the *serpents* of water were exquisite, chasing each other down the fall. I could have stayed there about a week. I am now on my way to the finest fall in Switzerland, the falls of the Aare, at Handeck, thence to Grimsel, from there to the Rhone Glacier, and to-morrow to Andermatt and Lucerne. . . .

"*Hotel of the Rhone Glacier, Friday, 20th July* 1877.—I arrived here about 9 a.m. having left the Grimsel Hospice at 7.30 a.m., where I had every comfort. . . . I am glad to be through the pass, it was almost enough for *me*. If it is like this in July I wonder what it is like in winter? From the Grimsel Hospice we climbed the Col

or Head of the pass, nearly 1000 feet above the Hospice, and went on through the clouds over the snow, water (and some ice) all around; the water streaming down the rocks, and rain and mist all the way. At last there was a gleam of light, and down below I saw a large glacier which I knew from its shape must be the Rhone Glacier. I had just got off my horse, and I walked down to the hotel. I am now writing this on the mantelpiece in the salon whilst I dry myself before a wood fire. I send you a photo, but it is of little use, it gives you no idea of the grandeur of the fall. I made a sketch, and have just got out my paint-box to colour it when I find to my regret I have left my paint brushes at the Wengern Alp. Thousands of tons of water [the river Aare] are precipitated down a chasm 250 feet deep, in one fall; the water is turbid, and of a yellow colour; the stream is also divided at the top by a small granite rock. The chasm is filled with spray, and the rainbow from it seems to move with the sun; this of itself is splendid. But in addition, just as the Aare comes over the rock (the water being just like *honeycomb*, yellow and gurgling) the Erlenbach comes down a slide in the rock at great speed and falls into the same chasm, in fact makes one fall. Now the water of the Erlenbach is as pure as crystal, and the roaring yellow Aare and the sliding crystal Erlenbach make a fall perfectly unique [sketched].

I stayed about half an hour, quite enough at once, the roar is so great."

His sisters had so long looked upon their brother as a confirmed bachelor that it was with no little surprise that they received the tidings of his intended marriage. The lady of his choice was Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Charles Garrett. The wedding took place on 14th September 1886, in Grove Street Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool; the father of the bride and the Rev. Dr. Jenkins officiated on the occasion. After the happy event the bride and bridegroom left for Rowsley, and afterwards proceeded to Scotland. They greatly enjoyed a week's visit to Edinburgh, and thence went on to Strathearn Hydropathic establishment, Crieff. On the next Sunday evening Dr. Wood was invited to conduct a religious service in the large drawing-room. He consented to do so, and, as a minister who was present on that occasion subsequently remarked, he made good use of what he had seen of leprosy in the East in an admirable discourse on our Saviour's cure of the ten lepers. It was an address not easily forgotten by those who heard it.

In October Dr. and Mrs. Wood took up their residence at Grove House, Southport. From the commencement that home became a centre of Christian fellowships and activities. The children that were given to them were received as loans from the Lord, to be trained for His service pre-

GROVE HOUSE, SOUTHPORT.

eminently. Love and obedience were the rule of the house. The father delighted in the children. The children found their happiness in their father's presence and counsel. The simple hymns sung at family worship, the Bible narrative impressively read, the short and appropriate petitions offered in prayer, made the domestic altar a joyous institution and a blessed link uniting the hearts of parents and children. The Rev. J. G. Mantle, who was frequently a guest at Grove House during the meetings of the Southport Convention, wrote (on 18th February 1899): "To think we shall never have that loving welcome from that loving heart when we come to Southport! You don't know how bright and memorable those hours always were which we spent in your beautiful and hospitable home, a home in which I always felt that God was first, and in which He loved to dwell." Another minister who had visited at Grove House, when attending the same gatherings, subsequently wrote to his host: "Most heartily do I thank you for doing so much to make last week one of the happiest seasons in my life. . . . If my overflowing joy made me a noisy visitor, you are partly responsible for bringing more blessings to me than I could contain."

It was a picture to see Dr. Wood in God's house on a Sunday morning with his arm round one of the younger children, pointing out the words in the chants and hymns, and singing

clearly and softly in the child's ear the notes of the tune, so that they could be easily taken up.

The Rev. Dr. Allen remarked of him: "I shall never forget the triumphant tone in which Dr. Wood, both in prayer and in speech, used to quote those words from the 'Te Deum'—'Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.' The music of that glorious sentence is in my ear and in my soul still. I remember also the ring of his laugh. It was so bright, indicating a soul in full health. How much help we get from the individuality of our Christian friends!"

A few extracts from Dr. Wood's letters to his children may be given here:—

"DUNBLANE, PERTHSHIRE,
"*30th May* 1896.

"MY DEAR MARY,—Since I set out from home I have seen, or passed near, five cathedrals and five battlefields.

"1. Marston Moor is near York.

"2. Neville's Cross is near Alice's house.

"3. Falkirk is in Scotland.

"4. Bannockburn is near Stirling. (I have been there to-day), and

"5. Sheriff-Muir is about three miles behind this house. I walked to the Bore Stone last night.

"Of the cathedrals, Ripon is comparatively

small; that is, much smaller than Westminster Abbey, which you saw.

"Fountains Abbey is very beautiful, but it is in ruins.

"York Cathedral is very large, but nothing like so interesting as Westminster Abbey.

"Durham is large and beautiful, perhaps the most interesting cathedral next to Westminster Abbey; I was charmed with it. It stands on a high bank with beautiful trees, and a river running below; and it is in one of the most beautiful situations (for a church) in the world.

"Dunblane Cathedral was in ruins, but it has been restored; and I expect to go to the service there to-morrow, but it will be a Scotch Presbyterian service, and not the kind of chanting you heard in Westminster Abbey.

"It has been very hot here to-day, and I had a long walk back from Stirling, which took me nearly two hours. When I came in I went into the Russian bath, and then into the warm spray, and then under the wave bath, which came pouring out of about eight holes in the wall, nearly enough to knock me down (the attendant had to hide behind the door), and then I jumped into the cold pool and the attendant put a hot sheet round me, and after lying down for about a quarter of an hour I got up and dressed and had some tea, and now I am waiting for late dinner. I am very tired and shall expect to

sleep like a top to-night. Father sends you a kiss and love.

"P.S.—Do you know what they say about the fight at Sheriff-Muir?

A battle there was that I saw, Man,
An' we ran an' they ran;
An' they ran an' we ran,
An' we ran an' they ran awa', Man.

"I can explain this when I come home."

"CRIANLARICH HOTEL, PERTHSHIRE,
"*1st June* 1896.

"MY DEAR FRANCES,—I am staying at a little white inn away amongst the Scotch moors and hills. Before leaving Dunblane this morning I had a long three hours' walk. I first saw a farmer ploughing, and white birds (seagulls) and black birds (rooks) were following him wherever he went, to pick up any seeds or worms which he turned up. Then I passed through a wood, and little rabbits were running about everywhere. As I walked on alone a big bird jumped from the ground and flew away with such a loud noise that I was almost frightened, Burr-r-r-r, Burr-r-r-r-r. Then I saw some large birds with long, hooked bills that made a loud whistling noise. Then I heard the cuckoo, and saw a bird with a crest of feathers on its head running about. Then I passed a field with four mother horses and four pretty baby horses with long legs!

Then I saw some wild ducks flying, and then I got into a puff-puff, and came on here; this afternoon I have been wandering over the bases of the hills watching the sheep and the trains, and I am very tired. By and by I shall have some milk and tea, and then go to sleep in a tiny little room with one little bed in it at one end. When the trains whistle here there is a very long and beautiful echo in the mountains close by. *Tuesday.*—This morning I got up, but what a change! Cold, very cold and damp. I travelled in the train to Fort William, and then got into a steamer sailing to Ballachulish, a beautiful bay, where the Channel Fleet is at present. The steamer was crowded with holiday folk and children going out to see the fleet; there were about seven large vessels and six small steamers and torpedo boats. We sailed round them to the Ballachulish Pier, and took on hundreds more, and then we sailed to the *Majestic* and let them all go on the man-of-war. What a crush there was to be sure! Then we sailed away to Oban, and arrived here half an hour late. To-morrow I expect to go to Staffa and Iona, and then I shall return to Dunblane, and perhaps come back to Oban on Monday. . . . There was a good deal of snow and mist on Ben Nevis as we passed, and in the train were six or seven men and one woman talking Gaelic. I tried to put down what they were saying. One man was

almost shouting, he was speaking so loudly. Can you tell me what they said?

Tirrah ra gihilee mahoorie,
Too hah moy mac-a-hoolah,
Warwick a pea say hoo
Mee a can hay a cara
Corry ah stree span
Veracha herricha!

"Father sends his love and a kiss to dear little Frances."

"GLASGOW AND HIGHLAND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS,
"R.M.S. *GRENADIER*, *3rd June* 1896.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I am off to see the ruins on the historic Island of Iona, where Columba landed, and where he lived and from whence he spread Christianity over the north of Britain. He was, perhaps, not the first Christian in Britain, but one of the first, and one of the foremost in turning the rough, warlike people from the worship of Woden to the worship of Jesus Christ.

"It is a wet day, and I am beginning to write this in the cabin before the ship begins to rock and shake in the sea. After sailing a little up the Sound of Mull we saw smoke in the distance behind us, and what do you think it was from? Why, the great ships of war were steaming on behind us! We have just put into Tobermory. . . . When we came out of the harbour we found the warships had gained on us. A gentleman

asked the captain to stop for ten minutes until they came up so that we might see them, but he would not, and we are going so fast and it is so wet and misty that they will soon be left behind out of sight. There are nine or ten men-of-war and torpedo boats steaming on after us, and we left two smaller men-of-war and one torpedo boat in the harbour of Tobermory. . . .

"We can see Staffa now, and in about a quarter of an hour we shall be there. . . . One thing is set against another. As it was raining fast, and the sea calm, no one wanted to land, so the sailors took us in a large boat both into Fingal's Cave and into the Cormorants' Cave, the first time I have ever known it done; only [possible] when there is a dead calm. In the latter cave there were lots of cormorants and seagulls and divers, which flew out. At the mouth of the cave were fishermen pulling up the pots they had set for lobsters.

"Now we are off to Iona, and the bell is ringing so I must say 'Good-bye.' A kiss and love to all from your affectionate FATHER."

"47 WELLINGTON ROAD, BRIDLINGTON,
"*2nd March* 1897.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I am staying at a place called Bridlington, sometimes Burlington, on the east coast of England. There is a beautiful bay like what I have drawn below, and a great point of

rocks jutting out into the sea, the point is called Flamborough Head. There is a great lighthouse on Flamborough Head, and a great many caves, and in one place there is a little bay and a sloping road down from the top of the cliffs to the shore; the fishermen live there, and when they have done fishing they pull up their boats out of the water and slide them up the road.

"You have seen the place in the south beyond the Salvation Army farm, where the Danes landed in England; they also landed *here* in the north, and they found a ravine across Flamborough Head and enlarged it and cut it right across the peninsula, the country inside the dyke or ditch they kept for themselves; it was called, and is called yet sometimes, 'Little Denmark,' and the ravine or deep ditch is called 'Danes' Dyke.' I have just been to see it, and I walked down the bottom of the ravine to the sea and came out on the shore. I thought if the Danes had been there now I should have had their arrows whistling past my head all the time I was walking there. When I got on the shore it was very beautiful but very cold; the sea was blue, the stones were white (chalk), and the cliffs were brown, soil and mud. The sea is washing the cliffs away very fast near Danes' Dyke, and there is a farmhouse on the top, and the cliffs have fallen away right up to the paling, and if much more fall the house will come down and tumble

on to the seashore below; indeed you have to get past the corner now on large planks. They are trying to stop the inroad of the sea by driving great piles of wood into the shore. The red marks (in sketch) show how I walked from Bridlington past the broken cliffs and through the end of the wood to Danes' Dyke, and down the ravine to the shore and across the wet shore back to Bridlington; in some places I had to walk across shallow water or over ledges of rock which cracked, crack, crack, under my feet. . . . I now am waiting for it to be time to go to the service at the chapel. Good-bye, Mary. Father loves you—and says 'Good-afternoon.'"

"NATIONAL CLUB, 1 WHITEHALL GARDENS, S.W.,
"*26th April* 1897.

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRANCES,—Do you know I got up so early this morning I was dressed about six o'clock, and I put my boots on, and coat and hat, and went out to St. Paul's Cathedral; the people were gathering there to see the royal carriages and horses practise for the Diamond Jubilee Service. I got on to the steps of St. Paul's and waited, with many others, for nearly an hour, and then just before seven the police came and sent us all away! I had to stand with others on the edge of the road. By and by more police came, then officers in a carriage, then seven carriages all covered with gold and little crowns

on them, then some darker carriages with four horses to each, then two large wagonettes for the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and then the Queen's carriage drawn by eight cream-coloured ponies and followed by twelve footmen on horses. All these drew up to the front of St. Paul's, but the Queen's carriage went over the footpath to the steps; they stayed a quarter of an hour, and then drove off one by one round the back of the cathedral and went home again. The Queen's carriage (empty) was the last, followed by the footmen. Father sends his love and a kiss to dear little Frances."

"ON BOARD S.S. *PRINCESS VICTORIA*,
"*21st August* 1897.

TO 'SCAMP,' A PET TERRIER.

Bow, wow, little doggie, how do you do?
Very well, my dear Master, pray how are you?
Dear little Scampie, do not forget me,
I'm sailing round Scotland o'er the blue sea;
I brought you from town in a nice paper bag,
And gave you some food, which made your tail wag.
I fed you with meat and fed you with bone,
And now you are fat, and a big dog you've grown.
You walked in the roads, which made you feel tired,
You whined and you cried, and you got your paws mired;
Then we gave you some biscuit, and when you had dined,
We asked you to follow, but you flatly declined.
And whilst I was thinking of catching the boat,
You jumped at my clothes and tore my topcoat.
You're a regular Scamp, and have many bad ways,
But I love you and pet you and write to your praise.

"J. W., *Oban*."

"*Thursday, 26th August* 1897.

"MY DEAR SCAMP,—I am sorry to hear you have no dog biscuits. I can't get them here, at least I could not at Stromness; but you shall have some when we get to Grove House on Wednesday. There are a few dogs here, but mostly large Skye terriers; and I don't think you would like them, nor the sailing neither. The wind is blowing and the sea is rough, I fear we shall have a tossing going back, and if you were on board you would be rolling from one side of the saloon to the other. Yesterday was a great holiday here; they had a regatta during the day, and fireworks at night, some lights, rockets, and Roman candles; but not nearly so good as at Southport. When you get a bone you growl if anyone tries to take it from you, but when the poor seagulls here catch a fish, before they can swallow it they are chased by a great bird called a 'Skua,' and they fly and scream until their mate comes to their help, and then the naughty Skua flies away. There are four little ponies on board this ship, one is such a funny little thing, with short legs and not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog. I saw them come on board; three came quietly, but one was frightened and they had to lift it and push it along the gangway, it was fighting and struggling all the time [sketched]. I send you a likeness

of yourself! and remain,—Your affectionate Master.

"To Master Scamp,
"c/o Miss Frances Wood, Aysgarth."

"1 Whitehall Gardens, S.W.,
"*20th September* 1897.

"My dear Frances,—As it was your birthday when I left home, I think I must write you a letter. I hope you had a happy day, and that you had plenty of cake for your friends and a piece to spare for yourself! I have been to Wareside. We had forty children to the little meeting on Saturday, and I think they all enjoyed the singing and the diagrams which I showed them, excepting two rude boys who talked and made a noise, and when they had seen about two pictures took up their caps and left, and we were glad to be rid of them.

"On Sunday morning I went again, and showed them some more pictures. In the afternoon I preached, and at night I preached again in the pretty little country chapel, which was full. It was quite dark when we came out at night, and we had three or four miles to drive. We had a little trap with a little black pony; how Mr. A. managed to drive I know not, it was so dark I could not see the road! When we got half-way home, he said, 'There, I am always glad when I get past that bad piece of road with a great, deep

ditch on one side!' I was very glad that we had not gone into it. At one part of the road on the way home we picked up a glow-worm, it stuck to the wheel and went round with it! and in the pitch darkness it was like a little electric lamp going round and round with the wheel! At the farmhouse where I stayed they had two cows, but one was very bad-tempered, and they had to tie its legs fast when they milked it or it would kick them and the milk and the stool all over together. The other cow stood by a stack of oats, and it kept on eating them the whole time; they tied it with a rope, and they put hurdles over the oats, but it got its nose in between the bars and caught hold of the ends of straw with its teeth and pulled it out and ate it up, a whole mouthful at a time!

"I have just been reading an account of snakes in India. The writer says some of them have two heads and two mouths, and they feed one mouth for six months in the year and then shut it up and feed the other for the next six months! And he says a long green snake was caught one day outside the verandah with two tails, one at each end! But when they came to examine it closely they found one tail was its own, and the other was the tail of a large green lizard which it had tried to swallow; it had got the head down, also the lizard's body, but its green tail was hanging out of the snake's mouth. I hope it won't

try to swallow *you*, and run away with your shoes and stockings hanging out of its mouth, and Scamp running after you, barking! Good-bye, Frances. Father sends kisses and love."

In June of this year (1897) Dr. Wood went to London with some of his family for the purpose of seeing the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Procession. On the Sunday previous to the celebration, the party attended service in St. Paul's Cathedral in the forenoon, and in the evening they went to the City Temple. "Splendid seats," and the august presence of royalties in the former part of the day; "a grand service" in the latter part, Dr. Parker's text was, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." On the eve of the great pageant Dr. Wood wrote to one of his sisters: "I have just had prayer with the children, and P. is now putting them to bed. We are to breakfast at 7.30, and I suppose from 9.30 to 12.30 [to-morrow] we shall be looking down on such a sea of excitement as probably London never saw before."

CHAPTER X

TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

BYRON.

IN April 1887 Dr. Wood went for a short tour, visiting Lucerne, Milan, Turin, and thence through the Mont Cenis Tunnel to Aix-les-Bains. He wrote to one of his sisters: "I stayed at Aix partly because I was tired, but chiefly to see the flints and bronzes (?) of prehistoric man found in the Lake Bourget. My guide-book stated that in 1885 the Queen stayed at a certain Villa Mottet. So I thought after tea I would have a look at it. . . . After going a little way I was stopped and turned back by a soldier. . . . I afterwards learned that the Queen is there

now with the Princess Beatrice, who takes the water (the Queen does not). Would not you have stayed to see! They have been there a week, and are going to stay until the 25th inst., and Prince Henry of Battenberg is coming to join them." At Geneva he describes seeing the "after-glow." "At night I noticed all the mountains round Geneva glowing in the sunset light. I hurried to the Mont Blanc Quay, and saw not only the hills round Geneva, but the Mont Blanc range itself, fifty miles away, glowing like a furnace. I was only just in time, and the glow passed off first [on] one mountain then another, beginning, of course, with the nearest and lowest, until only Mont Blanc itself was left aglow, and then it faded gradually away in the cold clouds of night."

In the spring of 1889 he had a longer and very enjoyable tour in the same countries; the latter part of it in connection with one of Mr. Cook's parties. He left Southport 4th April, arrived in London, had a beautiful passage over to Calais, and took his seat in the "Schlaf-Wagen" for Lucerne. He was astonished to find that he was the only passenger in that carriage. The superintendent explained that it was owing to the day of the week (Friday). "Yesterday," he said, "I could have filled one or two other 'Wagen'" (they hold about twenty persons). The sleeping arrangements were not

very satisfactory; "sheets like damp towels" and a lack of pillows made sleep for some hours impossible. The next day he wrote home from the Swan Hotel, Lucerne: "I am very well, but tired, considering I have been travelling all night, and since then have been up the Funicular railway, through the Gütsch, and up to the Cross above Sonnenberg. The view was beautiful, the clouds had lifted a little, and the sun shone out as I was there; the exercise will do me great good. . . .

"*Sunday morning.*—I heard last night that though the English Church was not open yet for the season, there would be English service in a house or room close by; I have just been, to find some of the company coming away saying 'place full,' 'no room,' so I have returned to the hotel to write to you. . . . To-day it has been lovely, a fine spring morning, sun shining, clouds rising, and the high Alps partly visible. I find (what I did not know before) that there is a hill on the opposite side of Lucerne from Sonnenberg, with a promenade on the top called the Three Lindens, from three old trees with seats, and an avenue of younger trees. I found my way up this morning after breakfast; there was a beautiful view, and I enjoyed it very much. If the fine weather continue I think I shall stay here another day. . . . The people here seem all bent on going to the cathedral, I suppose because of Lent. It was

full this morning to the doors, and an ecclesiastic was preaching. The crucifixes in the church were all under mauve covers. I suppose on Good Friday they will be draped with black. In one place, I remember, years ago, they put a great crucifix with figure life-size on the floor, and the women knelt down by it and kissed all the wounds.

"*Sunday evening.*—The day has been beautiful. . . . I think I never saw anything finer at Lucerne. I have just been out to see the last rays of the sun on the Alps, hardly powerful to bring on a true glow, but very lovely. I cannot describe the picture as seen from the linden trees; it may give you some idea if you imagine the view we had of the upper part of Lake Derwent Water, only much larger. Then imagine behind the English mountains a range, or circle, of higher Alps streaked and capped with snow, about 5000 feet high, and in some places behind them a third row of higher Alps, pure white, 7000 to 9000 feet high. If it is as fine to-morrow, I shall probably stay and take a trip on the lake.

"I went to the English service this afternoon, about thirty present at 4 p.m. The lady at the harmonium was probably nervous, she played like a steam-engine; it was of no consequence whether the congregation could keep up or not, the thing in view seemed to be to get to the end

of the hymn as soon as possible! The ladies managed the first few lines and then fell into confusion, gave up, and made a fresh start with the next verse, and so on.

"*Monday morning.*—It is finer and warmer to-day even than yesterday! So I am going to take a sail down the lake, and then take the railway up to the Great Tunnel and down again, so as to see more of the line, returning to Lucerne for another night. I am most fortunate with the weather. . . ."

"LUCERNE, *Monday night.*

"This has been a really lovely day. After breakfast I sailed in the steamer to the other end of Lake Lucerne. It was rather cold when the boat was moving quickly, but warm when it stopped in the sun. . . . Sky perfectly clear, the white peaks of the Eiger-Monck and Jungfrau appearing in the second row of mountains, apparently quite close to the lake, but in reality about forty miles away, at Fluelen. I got into the train with two other gentlemen, and travelled with them up to the mouth of the tunnel at Göeschenen; here I got out and walked part of the way down to Wassen, where the line doubles back upon itself, making three heights of railway one above the other. . . . As I got back, almost to the station, I met a man with a bicycle (!) going down the pass. He was walking with the

machine, as there was snow on the road. 'Is this the way to Altdorf?' he asked. 'Yes, near Fluelen.' 'Is the way not good?' he inquired. I left him to find out. The road is good, but the decline all the way to the lake at Fluelen! I should think he would know something of the character of the road by the time he got to Fluelen on a bicycle! As I neared the station I found I had time to spare, so I thought I would go *up* the road a little, above the tunnel. To my surprise I found sledges going up, and a man called after me to know if I was going to Andermatt? . . . I wanted to go, but had not time. However, the man hailed the driver of a sledge before us. 'Ho, ho! fine sledge, good horse, rugs, and a nice young lady going up to Andermatt.' Just the thing for me. I could not resist the temptation. 'How long will it take?' 'One hour.' 'No,' I said, 'half an hour.' I got in, and away we went up hill and over the snow. . . . Then we came to the remains of an avalanche across the road, and then to a fine waterfall, but I was afraid of missing my train, so had to cry 'Stop!' I was so sorry to leave my company, rugs and all! . . . It was a long railway ride back here, and I am very tired, so after 8 p.m., when I go out to see Venus and Saturn, I shall go to bed. I hear that if to-morrow is fine like to-day they will run a train up the Rigi if there are five passengers. If there are four others, I will go

for one. The view will be magnificent. This will prevent my setting out on the Italian journey until Wednesday, when I hope to reach Milan about 6 p.m. Thursday, Genoa; Friday, Pisa; Saturday, Rome.

"*Tuesday night.*—I have been up the Rigi as far as Kaltbad, deep snow beyond. View magnificent, beyond description. I enclose a photo, but the reality far exceeded the photograph. Since coming down the railway I have had a sail up to Brunnen, near to where Mr. F. S. stayed. The evening view was superb. Coming back it began to rain, and before we reached Lucerne some thunder and lightning. The glass has been falling all day, I believe, and it looks like a change; however, I don't care very much now, as I have explored the lake and the pass pretty well, and I must hasten on to Rome."

"MILAN, *Wednesday night.*

"We left Lucerne at 9.20 this morning. . . . I leave here at 8.30 (all being well) to-morrow for Genoa, and I expect to go on by night train to Pisa, this will save my airing (!) a bed at Genoa, and will enable me to reach Rome without Sunday travelling. Now, as to my journey here. This morning we seemed to have gone back from July to March or April. Part of Lucerne looked like Windermere! and part like a Scotch lake! The grandeur all gone, the clouds down on the first

row of mountains, and we have been treated to rain, snow, hail, thunder, lightning, etc. We arrived at Milan in a storm, but a mild one compared with the tropical storms they have here sometimes. I remember one when the rain came through the top of the railway carriage, between the boards and the roof. There was comparatively little to be seen of the scenery, but I did not care much, as I had had such splendid views on Monday and Tuesday and knew the route pretty well; of course the Italian side was much brighter than the Swiss. . . . We had a rush at the frontier: first I had to get my rugs and knapsack passed by the Custom House officers; then the portmanteau, which was registered; next they turned us back to have our tickets stamped for Milan, it being our first stage in Italy. A nice, middle-aged Englishman was glad of some of my experience, and we laughed heartily at the red-tape and routine, and helped one another. I am very thankful to have had such a prosperous journey. I have often longed for a few fine days at the Swiss Lakes, and was permitted to enjoy them, when least expected, in April. It seems like a dream; the views, especially on Tuesday, were superb; something like a combination of Italian sky, best Swiss scenery, and English July weather. I think I shall never forget it. The evening views just before sunset the best of all. . . . I enclose an edelweiss, or celebrated Alpine rose,

it grows at a great altitude. I bought it at Göeschenen, near the tunnel."

"HOTEL DE LA VILLE, GENOA, 11*th April.*

"We arrived about noon. It rained nearly all the way from Milan, and there was a burst of rain when we reached here, but I hope it is going to clear now. This hotel is down by the sea (docks?), with an entrance under arches, like the Goree Piazzas in Liverpool; yet inside it is very nice. . . . I went, about 6.30 a.m., into Milan Cathedral; don't be astonished at the time, it opens at 6 a.m.; it was very cold—at least my feet were; I had warm clothing, thick socks, good boots, yet it was almost like walking on ice. I love the place; to me it is the finest building in the world; the exterior is priceless with statues, but to me the interior is much more beautiful, it gives such a sense of simple grandeur and repose. I almost long to worship there. It is worth nearly all the other churches I have ever seen put together. I know nothing to compare with it. I will try and send you a small album with some sketches or photos. There were a row of boys waiting for the Confessional; one little fellow was kneeling before a priest, who was instructing him whilst the others waited. In another place a circle was formed with little boys, all on their knees, by a Sister of Mercy, or nun (also kneeling), who was praying with

them. I wondered what might be done if our ministers and teachers took such pains with little boys. They [the boys] seemed very quiet and devout.

"I am going on, all being well, to Pisa to-night. . . . Before then, if the weather permit, I will go out with a guide to see the cathedral here, and the Campo Santo or cemetery. . . .

"P.S. . . . 1. I have seen a grand palace full of pictures.

"2. The marble entrance-hall of the University.

"3. The front of the King's palace.

"4. A church all gilt and paintings inside.

"5. The monument to Columbus. I am now going to the cemetery."

"GENOA, *Thursday night.*

"I went on to the Campo Santo; thunder again, with drenching rain, but most of the monuments are under cover. It is almost worth coming to Genoa to see them, they are magnificent. I enclose photos of several.

"1. The Campo Santo itself.

"2. Deathbed scene in white marble.

"3. The Montanaro Monument.

"4. Child escaping to the Flower Land. (Perhaps the most beautiful piece of sculpture there.)

"5. Wife finding husband asleep, etc.

"6. Widow lifting little child to kiss its father's bust. (Magnificent.)

"7. Christ extending His hands over the widow, saying, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' etc. (This, I think, is about the most exquisite monument ever conceived or executed.)"

"HOTEL VICTORIA, PISA, *Friday.*

"We left Genoa last night in a thunderstorm, vivid lightning and heavy rain; nearly all the cab-horses had black leather shields over their heads and necks, with two holes for their ears to come through. . . . When the train [for Pisa] came up I tried to get into the sleeping-car. . . . I got a sitting place, as I was only going to Pisa, but not a berth to lie down upon, which I much desired, being very tired. Thunder and lightning every instant.

"We arrived at Pisa about midnight. The hotel is very nice and clean, like a palace; but only the floors are real marble, the rest paint, still beautifully white and clean. I need hardly say I was not in the cathedral by 6.30 this morning, but made myself comfortable until between 8 and 9, then had coffee and got to the cathedral at 10. [It was] lovely; can't describe the beauty of the cathedral, Leaning Tower, Campo Santo, the sculpture, and the Baptistery with its marvellous echo. Pisa is simply a gem. . . . It was a fine morning after the storm. . . . When I

ascended the Tower there was a cutting wind. . . . I have had great difficulty in finding my bedroom in this palace of a place, full of staircases and passages, large rooms and small leading out of one another, all white, nothing to distinguish. I have just laid hold of a housemaid's brush or broom and propped it up in front of the right turning to my room! But I fear it will be taken away by [the time] I go up again. Lest it should be, I have put a small 'x' in pencil on the spotless wall."

"HOTEL D'ALLEMAGNE, ROME, *13th April.*

"I cut short my visit to Pisa (so clean and comfortable, and splendid water) yesterday, and was sorry to do so; but I found there was an express in the afternoon to Rome, so I took it, had a very comfortable journey. . . . and arrived in Rome about 11 p.m. The Hotel Continental is full! I could not get in there; they did not seem to know about my luggage sent from England, and the telegram I ordered to be sent from Pisa advised them that Dr. *Moore* was coming! so please tell sisters, and everyone who wishes to write, to address me at Hotel d'Allemagne, Via Condottii, Rome.

After posting the letter or letters to you this morning I took a carriage and drove to [Rev.] Mr. Piggott's; he was out, but came in shortly. He and Mrs. Piggott were very kind; they are

going to send a boy for me to-morrow (Sunday) to take me to the Wesleyan Mission service (in Italian) in the morning, and to an English service, or drawing-room meeting, in the afternoon, when Mr. Piggott will give an account of his mission work to the English visitors in Rome. Afterwards we went to a shop, and then I set off in the carriage to the Hotel Continental and secured your Pisa letter, which had just been forwarded to Rome. . . . After this I drove round by some of the principal streets, squares, churches, etc., to the Coliseum, Arch of Titus, Arch of Constantine, Arch of St. Severus, Forum, and back to the hotel. My feeling with regard to Rome is something similar to my feeling with regard to Palestine; you require *time* to bring yourself down to the reality of things. The place is so much larger, better, cleaner, than I expected; that is, it has been modernised—to which some greatly object.

"When we arrived at the station last night (11 p.m.), fountains were playing under lime-light, wide streets, large rows of shops and houses, like Paris. I was quite surprised. Of course I have been through much narrower and dirtier places since.

"Mr. and Mrs. Piggott say the water is quite good in Rome, but not in Naples. This hotel faces a good, but rather narrow, street; on another side it looks upon a kind of square, just under the

Pincian Hill, and you can go up steps or slopes on to the hill, and there are beautiful terraces and trees and gardens from which [the terraces] you can see almost all over Rome, from St. Peter's nearly to the place where the Coliseum stands; the Coliseum itself is hidden from sight as you stand on the terrace.

"*Sunday afternoon.*—This morning, after an early breakfast, another gentleman and I walked to St. Peter's. It being Palm Sunday it was thought there would be a grand service, with a procession. It was announced to be at 9.30; however, the procession did not take place until about 11, or a little before. Even then the Cardinal was not in the procession, but there were about one hundred priests. They sang in responses at the great central front doors, and then, as if to a demand to open the gates, the doors were thrown open, and we inside were dazzled with the entrance of the sunlight as they marched in again and up the church singing. I was particularly struck with one thing,—although it was Palm Sunday special service, carriages and omnibuses going to St. Peter's all morning,—when we got there, to our amazement the church looked *empty!* all that congregation and the priests were crowded into a side chapel which you would hardly have noticed otherwise. My friend told me a story of an officer who was ordered to take a battalion, or battalions, of troops numbering 10,000 to church

(St. Peter's), the captain came up after and said he could not find them! So immense is the edifice. It may be a cram, but certainly people were going all this morning, and, except the folks in that comparatively insignificant side chapel, we could not see anything of them except a few walking about here and there.

From St. Peter's I walked back to Mr. Piggott's (I did not need the boy), expecting the service was in one of their rooms, to my surprise I was directed to a chapel in the main street, beautiful stone walls, marble (or else polished imitation marble) pillars inside, open pews, lighted from a lantern or sort of dome; the chapel will seat probably four hundred, as well as I could count; only forty people were present, including children, but the singing, led by a lady at an harmonium, was very nice. Rev. G. Zocco preached in Italian. This afternoon I took a walk to the Via Sacra, Arch of Titus, and Coliseum, and then hurried back and was just in time to hear Mr. Piggott's address in his own drawing-room. . . .

"*Monday.*—This morning I have been to a lecture by Mr. Forbes [Mr. S. Russell Forbes, Archaeological and Historical Lecturer on Roman Antiquities]. It was overpowering, beyond anything I had anticipated. I feel as if I wanted a week to think about it and read up books. He pointed out or mentioned—The Capitol, Temple of Castor and Pollux, Julian Basilica, Temple

of Saturn, Temple of Vespasian, ascent of the Capitol, the Senate House, site of the Prison, Arch of Septimus Severus, site of Temple of Janus, site where Constantine proclaimed the Christian religion to be the religion of the State, etc. etc. I am so glad I have three extra days in Rome, I cannot possibly take it all in.

"*April* 16.—It has been wet all day, so Mr. Forbes did not lecture. I have done the best I could, going round by myself, but of course could not get any reliable information. . . . However, I hear Cook's party, forty strong, are expected at 9 to-night, and then there will be hardly time to write after their arrival.

"I had written thus far, and then went downstairs to inquire about Cook's party. I found a French conjurer giving an entertainment in the reading-room, and very clever it was. He told us to write the names of towns in Europe on cards and put them into envelopes and close them up; and by looking at them from a distance, through a kind of sham telescope, he told what was inside, though the writing was very small, and in some cases the names were outlandish places. He was right in every instance. He then borrowed a five-franc piece from a lady, and went round asking for others, when they said they had not any, he shook them out of ladies' fans and books, pulled them out of gentlemen's hair, etc. In some cases made them fall out rapidly,

until he had quite a number. Next he got a newspaper from the waiter, tore it in two, crumpled half of it up, gave it to a lady to hold, and asked her to choose which she liked the best of three things. She said a bird. He asked her to open the parcel, when there was a flutter, and the lady ran after the man beseeching him to relieve her of the parcel; when fairly opened it contained a large pigeon. But the most remarkable thing was that by holding it, either by its neck or its tail, he made it into two, and left two live pigeons hopping about the floor! I was very glad of the entertainment, and willingly contributed to the collection.

"*Wednesday.*—It poured during the night and early morning like a shower bath, but it is finer now, 8. a.m., and I hope it will clear. Cook's party has arrived, they came about 10 p.m. last night, after I had gone upstairs. The first thing I hear is, 'You must be at Cook's office at 8.30 a.m. to get into the Vatican with Mr. Forbes. It is going to be closed for Easter.' This shows the advantage of Cook's party. *Afternoon.*—It has been partly fine this morning, just a little rain, it did us no harm as we were in St. Peter's and the Vatican galleries; such galleries and sculpture as I never saw; it exceeded my anticipation, the wealth of the world (in art) is here. I found Cook's party agreeable; Mr. Forbes accompanied us; one grumbler; but I got amongst the ladies,

three very nice people, middle-aged, one of whom seemed to know me and asked me to join with them to make up a carriage. We have just had lunch and are now going out for a drive, perhaps to the Baths of Caracalla; all depends on the weather.

"*Wednesday evening, 17th April.*—This morning we set off in good time to St. Peter's, and examined much inside the church. To give you some idea of its size—St. Paul's, London, would go inside (I don't say it would fit); the letters round the dome are five feet long, and the pen in the hand of one of the saints in the mosaics in the ceiling is said to be seven feet long! We saw the bronze statue of Peter (people were still kissing his toe, which is worn with the constant wiping). Then we went into the picture galleries and saw some splendid old paintings and frescoes; then we drove round St. Peter's; it is quite a drive, the cathedral covers, I think, five acres of land. Then we went into the Vatican galleries of sculpture and saw some of the grandest statues and old works of art the world has ever known. . . . This afternoon we drove to the Baths of Caracalla. Wonderful ruins; but more wonderful still that the Romans should ever (say 200 years ago) have been possessed with such a utilitarian spirit as to tear down all the marble to build Roman Catholic Churches, and even burnt

a lot of it for lime, so that there is very little left. One of the halls was fitted up magnificently with porphyry columns; a Pope coveted these for a Roman Catholic Church, and tried to take them out without sufficiently propping up the building; the consequence was, one night there was a kind of earthquake in Rome, and with a noise like thunder the upper storey came crashing down, shattering the porphyry columns, and bulging the mosaic pavement below into waves like the sea. We passed under the Arch of Drusus. They say both St. Peter and St. Paul passed under here, and one of the great aqueducts to supply Rome with water passed over here. Close by, almost touching the Arch of Drusus, is the Gate of St. Sebastian. . . . We drove through the gate outside of Rome to the church of St. Sebastian, and saw his tomb. We went down into the Catacombs below; a monk went first, and we followed in a line with tapers, Mr. Forbes bringing up the rear. His instructions before entering were—'Keep up with the guide, always follow him exactly, but if any of you by any means get separated, *stop* where you are, on no account wander about, and I will come and fetch you.' Notwithstanding these clear instructions, the party got slightly separated at one point . . . however, we were reunited in about a minute; some of the ladies were very glad to get out again. We drove along the Appian

Way; there are tombs, or ruins of tombs, along most of the roads outside Rome, as they were not allowed to bury in the city. The chief of these tombs along the Appian Way is a round one to the memory of Cæcilia Metella. We passed the circus of Maxentius, and having reached the top of the road, where we had a good view over the Campagna to the hills in the distance, with the aqueduct of Claudia in view, the carriages turned round and we drove home to tea. So endeth the story of to-day's proceedings.

"*Thursday morning.*—A little wet. Mr. Forbes says there will be no change before new moon. We have spent the whole morning with him on the Palatine Hill; quite too much to take in even at twice. I should like to spend a whole morning on the place by myself with a plan, quietly examining the various spots. This afternoon we are going round to the churches, as the Good Friday services commence this afternoon; they antedate the day it seems.

"*Thursday evening.*—I have just received your letter. . . . I am glad to hear what you say about our dear little one. Is it not remarkable how their young and fresh natures respond to religion even before they can be made to understand! . . .

"This morning we spent on the Palatine Hill, where we saw, among many other ruins, the chapel,

bedroom, throne-room, and Hall of Justice of Domitian. The latter, Hall of Justice, is in rather better preservation; so that you can see the place where the Emperor sat, where the advocate pleaded, the gallery where the public listened, and the spot where the prisoner stood. Mr. Forbes says, below where we stood is an earlier Hall of Justice, and on the very same place, only some thirty feet underground, Paul must have stood before Cæsar. The house of Germanicus, father of Caligula, with a passage communicating with the palace, is in better preservation than anything of classic times; that is to say, some of the plaster on the walls with the painting on it has been preserved. We saw also the aqueduct and Nymphœum (or cistern and filter-beds dedicated to the nymphs) by which Rome was supplied in part with pure water. The aqueduct was built by Nero, finished by Vespasian, and the filter-beds and waterworks were added by Marcus Aurelius. From the top of the ruins there is a splendid view over the Campagna, or country round Rome. Please understand all these grand places, palaces, and temples are in utter ruin (except the house of Germanicus), almost undistinguishable except by the learned. It is the Romans themselves who have pulled them all to pieces, chiefly to build Roman Catholic Chapels! And it is chiefly by means of the clear descriptions given in the classical writers of events and

sites, and even of portions of palaces, that they can now be recognised. I felt angry at the Turks for destroying the Parthenon at Athens, I have no word for this destruction, it is better perhaps to pass it over in silence; to think that but for their own folly, and the pride of the priests and popes, the Romans might now be able to show the city of Romulus in fairly good preservation, and the palaces and temples and baths of their progenitors, almost perfect, for they were built as it were to last for ever. There is one specimen of baths which we visited to-day still quite perfect (Michael Angelo turned it into a church, I think in the sixteenth century), and the others might have been preserved the same. Please remember that 'baths,' so-called, embrace not merely Turkish baths, which should be called Roman baths, swimming baths, etc. etc., but pleasure gardens, art galleries, theatres, Halls of Justice, places where poets could recite, and, in fact, places of general entertainment for the Roman people. It is said as many as 1600 people could bathe in the Baths of Caracalla at the same time. . . .

"This afternoon it has *poured* with rain, but it did not matter much as we were in closed carriages and went the round of the churches.

"1. Church of St. Mary of the Angel, really the Baths of Diocletian turned into a church and preserved.

"2. Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, of the thirty-nine churches dedicated to Mary in Rome (!) this is the greatest. Pope Pius IX. was to have been buried here, and there is a shrine and everything prepared for him, most costly, but when he lost the temporal power the Italians brought back the old law, no one to be buried within the city, and in his will he would not allow his successor to ask leave of the Italian Government to make an exception for him, so he is buried in some little church outside the walls! There are in this church about thirty immense pillars of Phrygian marble taken from Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, and here the Catholics claim to have the body of St. Matthew.

"3. St. John's Lateran, founded by Constantine, the old church and palace of the popes before St. Peter's; they profess to have here the *heads* of St. Peter and St. Paul. In front of the church stands on a pedestal an Egyptian obelisk from Thebes, said to date back to 1660 years B.C.

"4. From there we went to the *Santa Scala*, and saw crowds of people going up the stairs, as Luther did, on their knees; when they got to the top they bent over an image of Christ lying on a kind of bed, and kissed all His wounds. We got up by side stairs; you are not allowed to go up the real stairs except on your knees.

"5. After the Santa Scala we went to the *Pantheon*; here it poured, so that some of the ladies could not get out of the carriages. This church is really part of the Baths of Agrippa, then it became a pagan church (Mars Ultor), then a Christian. Here are the tombs of Raphael and Victor Emmanuel.

"I forgot to mention we saw the Church of St. Peter in Vincoli. The tradition is that *here* the chains which bound Peter in prison at Jerusalem, and those which bound Paul in Rome, fell down from heaven, and a church was erected on the spot; and here is Michael Angelo's masterpiece—'The Statue of Moses.' I enclose a photo."

"*Good Friday, 19th April.*

"We have had a most enjoyable day to-day; this morning in the Forum and Coliseum with Mr. Forbes, this afternoon a drive out of the city to the church of St. Paul. They profess that both Paul and Timothy are buried under the high altar. The church is indescribable; of its kind, the finest in the world; a grand climax to our sight-seeing with Mr. Forbes, to whom now the *party* has said 'Good-bye.' *I* hope, however, to hear him lecture to-morrow on the Jews in Rome; at all events I shall try and find him.

"The four great Italian churches, viz. St. Peter's, Rome; St. Mark's, Venice; St. Paul's, outside the

walls of Rome; and Milan Cathedral, are so different you can't compare them; each is incomparable, but give me Milan after all! It may not be so great, nor so gorgeous inside, but there is such repose, and such harmony, you walk about entranced. I enclose photos of the Forum, Arch of Constantine, Temple of Vesta or Hercules (Byron called it Vesta in mistake), and the *Tarpean Rock*. I went out to see this rock by myself, after we had finished with Mr. Forbes, and found it at the back of the Capitol. . . ."

"*Saturday morning, or rather noon.*

"This seems like our first summer day, beautifully fine, but not too hot unless you stand in the sun. I have just come in from Mr. Forbes' lecture on the Jews' Quarter, Ghetto of Rome, and have received your letter dated Tuesday 16. . . ."

"*Easter Sunday, 21st April* 1889.

"It is beautifully fine to-day. After breakfast I walked to St. Peter's, three-quarters of an hour. The scene disappointed me; they had erected an altar before the shrine, with an organ and orchestra to the left, and railed in a large space with high backed forms, (beyond the rails) a multitude of people were massed together, and all standing, excepting some ladies who had brought camp stools. This part of St. Peter's was crowded,

"The service did not seem to be the worship of God, but the worship of a man. They attended (two) on the Bishop (or Archbishop) the whole time; they incensed him and the books; at certain parts of the service they put on his mitre (plain yellow) and at other parts they took it off. The Bishops in cloth of gold carried the great books and held them open before him, also a candle to give him more light, and an attendant stood by him all the time. I should say there were two or three classes of attendants. The first class ministered to the Priests in gold, the second class ministered to *them*, thus—second class fetched the book and gave it to first class; first class gave it to man in gold; man in gold held it open before the Archbishop acting for the Pope, who is ill, the choir all the while singing from 10 to 11 a.m. After 11 they took the yellow mitre off the dignitary and put on him a jewelled mitre—great big jewels about the size of walnuts; then he went up to the altar accompanied by the Priests in gold, they began to wash out the vessels and, I suppose, prepare the Host, and then I backed out and went to our own chapel. Rev. H. J. Piggott was preaching, about eighty were present; only about five left at the end [of the service], all the rest stayed to the sacrament, and all participated I think, except the children. Rev. David Roe and Rev. Mr. Fowell (the invalid and his wife I met at Pisa) were present. In the afternoon I rested for

two hours, and then took a long walk to the Coliseum and back. Then I went to the Methodist Chapel; Mr. Zocco was preaching. . . . After service I was invited to go to Mr. Piggott's house to meet Mrs. C. and some friends; we sang some nice hymns. . . ."

"*Monday afternoon, 22nd April.*

"This morning I went out with a carriage to see a few things I had missed, and the King passed me, driving a kind of 'whitechapel,' with three attendants. I took off my hat, and he graciously acknowledged the bow. . . . I feel I have done Rome pretty well for a first attempt, and am quite ready to be off. I shall not be able to write so frequently after we leave Rome (on Wednesday morning)."

"*23rd April* 1889.

"The fête last night at the Coliseum was rather a 'sell' as far as we were concerned [a special illumination for Easter]. It was announced to begin, that is, the Coliseum would be open, at 7.30. Band to play. Illumination at 9 p.m. A party of us left this hotel at 8.20 in a wagonette, we arrived at the Coliseum at 9 punctually, and agreed we would leave at 10. We waited, and waited—the English clapped, shouted, and whistled—until five minutes to 10 p.m.! and just before we left the illumination commenced. We saw the first rocket and the first set of lights, they were commencing the

second when we came out, as we did not like to fail in keeping our appointment at the wagonette.

"I cannot get loose photos of the King and Queen, but I send you a coloured print of the Pope I picked up at one of the churches. . . .

"I attended another of Mr. Forbes's lectures this morning, and enjoyed it very much. . . .

"*Tuesday night.*—I have packed up my things, sent off the portmanteau and tin case of photos and pictures, they are expected to arrive in Liverpool in about a month. Since then I have had a drive (with a wretched horse, glad it lived to bring me home) to the Borghese Villa, just outside the gates at the back of the Pincian Hill. I don't know anything about the villa; the museum was closed to-day, but the park looked lovely after the bustle and crowd of the city, and I much wish you had been there, then I would have taken a proper carriage! As I was returning the King passed me again.

"Rome grows upon you; it is an education to come here, and yet in some senses it is a crucifixion. To give you an idea of its former grandeur in A.D. 540, Hare says according to a monumental record Rome had 324 streets; 80 gilt statues (only one remains!), 66 ivory statues of the gods; 46,608 houses; 17,097 palaces! 13,052 fountains!! 3782 bronze statues; 22 great equestrian statues (of which only one re-

mains!); 2 colossi; 9026 baths!! 31 theatres; 8 amphitheatres!

"The popes have 'purged' the baths and the heathen temples with a vengeance. They have pulled them to pieces to build churches, and Hare says twelve years of Sardinian rule (1870–1882) did more to destroy Rome than all the Goths and Vandals; they have even pulled down the walls of Romulus to build houses with the stones!!! . . .

"We leave, all being well, at 7 a.m. to-morrow for Naples."

"NAPLES, GRAND HOTEL NOBILE,
"*Wednesday evening.*

"Here we are at last, and Vesuvius is smoking in the distance, but you must not suppose we can see it! Our rooms are at the back of the hotel, and where this grand view is I have not yet found out (view on letter sheet). I tried to go out just now, but a rainstorm is coming on and I had to turn back. We rose at 6 a.m. this morning, left the Hotel d'Allemagne, Rome, at 7, and the station about 8; the interval between 7 and 8 was occupied with driving to station, taking our seats, and waiting whilst officials ran, shouted, gesticulated, and looked as if they were losing their heads; if they had to start a L. and N.-W. train in ten minutes, instead of three-quarters of an hour, I don't know what they would do. We had a comfortable journey to

Naples, excepting for a young gentleman who smoked one cigar after another in my face. [Dr. Wood never smoked.] We reached Naples about 2 p.m. Mr. Smith, the conductor, looked after the luggage, and Mr. N. (a gentleman from Edinburgh) and myself drove to the National Museum, as it closes at 4 (most of the places in Rome close at 3 p.m!) and we may not have another opportunity of seeing it. . . . I came away at 4 p.m. and had not found the 'Fuller's Pillar' then, and should have missed the Pompeian model and relics but a friend showed me them at the top of the building just as the porters were closing. . . . To-morrow we ought to go to Capri, I believe, to see the Blue Grotto; Friday, to Sorrento and Pompeii; Saturday, to Vesuvius; but these excursions are doubtful at present. It has been raining fast; the wind is rising; the lightning is playing round the shoulder of Vesuvius; and the storm is beating the steam, etc., from the crater down the slopes; besides this, Mr. S. fears the railway up Vesuvius is not complete, *i.e.* is not in working order. So it is doubtful if I get up after all. I regret this, as I have always wished to see a volcano."

"NAPLES, *28th April* 1889.

"This is the first really hot day we have had. . . . This morning I went to church (of England), about ten minutes walk from here. . . . I am so

glad of this day of rest. I have just been to church again; beautiful building with quiet but very pretty stained-glass windows and white pillars; about 200 to 300 present this morning, and about 40 this afternoon. There was a great concert going on in the drawing-room of the hotel whilst I was away, and now it is over there is such a babel in the room we can hardly write. . . . We start to-morrow (*D.V.*) on our homeward journey. . . . I hear two of our party are ill; I expect the lady with bronchitis is one; I don't know what Mr. S. the conductor will do with them if they are not better. I have been several times asked if I was a *medical* man, as several members of the party wished to consult me! I was obliged to disappoint them.

"The young American belonging to the army was first up Vesuvius, I believe, yesterday, and he was showing off finely coming down by leaps and bounds in the fine ashes. I have just met him hobbling to his bedroom with a stick, and a sprained ankle in consequence!

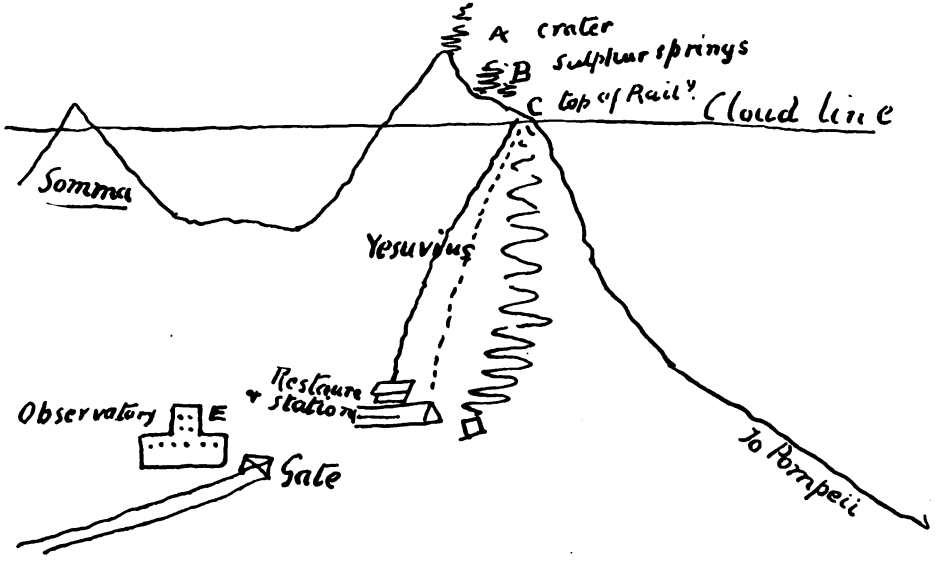
"6.30.—I have just been for a short walk on the lower promenade; beautiful view of the bay and the mountains, but I had to return quickly because of the chill—the sun going down behind the hills—and I had forgotten to take my top-coat.

"Now I want to tell you in few words about

our ascent of Vesuvius on Saturday [plan of mountain sketched]. We had a most fatiguing ride from Naples up to the gate on the side of Vesuvius; it took five hours nearly in one stage, without any rest for the passengers or baiting for the horses! When we got to the gate there was a row, and they said we could not go through until they telegraphed to the Government officials at Naples. We could not understand it, but it was clear enough afterwards. The guides, quite a little company of whom followed us, were at variance with Mr. Cook, so that he dare not complete the railway yet; and his manager at the restaurant was really in considerable danger. The guides would have nothing to do with the railway; in fact there were hints that they had destroyed or broken it. They would make no terms with Mr. Cook or his manager; they said the mountain belonged to them, and it was all in vain that Mr. Cook pleaded if they would give up their extortionate practices and have a fixed tariff he would bring to them more people than they could possibly get otherwise, and pay them for conveying his people from the top of the railway to the top of the mountain. No, they would have nothing to do with it. When we got to the gate it seems there threatened to be a free fight, and finally the guides (?) burst open the gate, entered upon Mr. Cook's property, and went with us up to the restaurant and station. There the

manager treated us with the greatest politeness, but said, 'Gentlemen, I will treat you as my guests; I dare not charge for anything, nor can I give you any advice; if you like to take the guides you must make your own terms with them and accept all responsibility, it is almost as much as my life is worth to advise you in any way at all.' Fortunately, there was in our company a big, strong fellow like ——, who could speak French well. He went out at the back and bargained with the guides to take us up at six francs a head; special assistance, chairs or carrying, of course, extra, double or treble the price. I saw my chance, and at once followed (this friend). They allotted an old guide to me, and away we went up the mountain-side by the zigzag path from D to C. It was not as hard work as I expected, because there were pieces of rock amongst the loose cinders, so that you could get foothold; from C to B was quite easy, but in the clouds; at B we crossed the sulphur springs, and were nearly stifled with the fumes rising in clouds from the ground. Then began the stiff pull up the top cone from B to A (the top). After climbing some way I heard cinders falling, as if someone was disturbing a great ashpit; then I saw what looked like burnt paper in the air; then an indescribable noise, and then we were stopped by the guides. The noise was eruption, the mountain was blowing off about

two or three times a minute; the burnt paper was really burning lava; as we got nearer we could see it thrown high into the air at every explosion, like a discharge of rockets. The other noise was, I suppose, the cinders rolling back down the crater. The guides asked for a franc and a penny, they watched where the lava fell not far in front of us, and for a franc took the risk and ran forward and put a penny in whilst the lava was still soft, then they poked the piece with a stick and got it on to a cold stone and carried it to us; in about twenty minutes or half an hour it was cool enough to bear in your pocket, though of course still very hot. Just at this time there came a gleam of light through the clouds, and I saw the eruption! The guides ran up towards the point A for the lava, and I wanted to go too, between the discharges. My guide would not let me. 'Very dangerous,' he said. I replied, 'I know it is.' But I wanted to have a run up, and started, but another guide turned me back, so I had to descend. We came down quite easily alongside the railway (see dotted line) in deep ashes. We had only to plunge in and we sank nearly to our knees; the ashes also slipped down with us, so that we could come down, say, in twenty minutes what had taken one and a half hours to go up. The guides were very polite, as they had taken the law into their own hands they were afraid of the consequences, and got us to


A crater
B sulphur springs
C top of Raily.
Cloud line
Somma
Vesuvius
Observatory
E
Restaurant & station
Gate
To Pompeii

sign a paper that we were satisfied; as it turned out we were treated well by both sides, and so ended an experience unique in a lifetime. I never dreamed of seeing Vesuvius in action; you could scarcely call it eruption or we could not have gone [up it]. One lady went up—but she was carried on the shoulders of two men most of the way—and perhaps twenty-five gentlemen.

"On Monday I rose at 6 a.m., breakfasted at 7, and then took the train to Pompeii. I had a grand time for three hours, with a guide to myself. I did enjoy it; it was my third visit. I was fortunate in getting an express train back to Naples in time to join the party at the railway station. We found a Pulman car going to Rome; several of us jumped in and paid the difference. The station was crowded, there was great excitement; two bridal parties going off by our train. One bride and one bridegroom were in our saloon, windows open, and such touching farewells. . . . Nor was this all. There were two saloon cars, and in the other was the King of Italy's brother, formerly King of Spain, and at several of the stations there were crowds of people, a band, and a respectful ovation. Before we got to Rome we found that Mr. Smith, our conductor, and the rest of the party had been left behind; however, they came on by another train! Then we had supper, got into the night train (some of us into the

sleeping-car), and arrived in Florence at 6 a.m. this Tuesday morning."

"HOTEL EUROPE, FLORENCE,
"*1st May* 1889.

"We have visited so far—

"1. Cathedral.

"2. Baptistery (bronze gates).

"3. Loggia dei Lanzi (or Lancers' guardroom).

"4. Uffizi Palace (or rather galleries).

"5. Church of Santa Croce (the Westminster Abbey of Italy).

"6. Church of the Annunziata.

"7. Michael Angelo's house.

"8. Church of San Lorenzo, with statues of 'Day' and 'Night,' by Michael Angelo.

"We are going to take a drive this afternoon. I am very tired, probably reaction after Pompeii and Vesuvius. . . .

"The drive was a very pleasant one this afternoon, we first went to the cemetery, with an old and curious church on the top of a hill, from which there was a splendid view; then we went through the King's Drive (the Hyde Park of Florence) and saw the carriages, etc. etc.

"We have to be up at 5 a.m. to-morrow, so good-night."

"GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA, VENICE,
"*Friday night.*

"We have had rather a heavy day, yet a pleasant one. This morning we went over the Doge's

Palace, Dungeons, Bridge of Sighs, then to St. Mark's, then, immediately after lunch, we fed the pigeons in the Square. They are quite tame, will eat out of your hand, and with a little coaxing will rest upon your arm. Anyone who molests them is put in prison. Then in ten or eleven gondolas down the Grand Canal to the church of St. Paul, where we saw Canova's monument, Titian's monument, etc. Then the church of the Scalzi, fish-market, vegetable-market, Old Square with figure of Hunchback, from the top or back of which the old laws were announced to the Venetians; Shylock's house, very disappointing, only two old barred windows in a house in a back street, near the Hunchback; old church of St. James, now locked up, one of the oldest buildings in Venice; then to the well-known church of Santa Maria della Salute—the altar-piece represents a figure of Venice beseeching the Virgin. This church was so cold, like a vault, going into it in a state of perspiration and taking your hat off was enough to knock you down with rheumatics in the head! We met the Cardinal going (in) as we came away. Then to a lace manufactory—most beautiful, as they seemed to me, cream lace curtains. . . .

"I think I shall be comfortable here, and shall be glad to rest until Monday morning. It is a great relief to get into a gondola, the motion is so easy—I wish I could say and the water is so

sweet! I don't know what the programme is for to-morrow, but I shall try to do as little as possible. Sunday ditto. Monday we go to Milan. Then, I think, to Como, Menaggio, St. Gothard Tunnel, Andermatt, Lucerne, Basle, Paris, where I expect to arrive on Saturday, Hotel New York. Sunday, Rev. McAll; Monday, Exhibition; Tuesday, London; Wednesday, Home, sweet home!"

"*Saturday, 4th May* 1889.

"To-day is bright and fine. . . . This morning we have been to see some of the interior sights of Venice; a kind of Gothic circular tower with stairs; two or three squares with statues; the palace, formerly belonging to the Duke of Chambord, beautiful new marble staircase said to have cost £40,000, or one million francs. Then we went to the Picture Gallery and saw Titian's masterpiece, 'The Assumption'; some grotesque pictures, which caused us much amusement; and then I came out with two of the ladies and went in a gondola down the Grand Canal.

"*Saturday, 6 p.m.*—We have had a most delightful afternoon in gondolas amongst the outer Islands of the Lagoon. First, we were rowed to the Armenian Monastery of St. Lazarus, over which we were taken by a Holy Father who spoke English. Lord Byron came here to study the Armenian language. Then we went on to the outer Island of Lido, which we crossed by a tramway, and bathed in

the open sea beyond; beautiful bathing-place; shallow shore; café, band of music, etc., then we returned to Venice. To-night we hope to hear some singers on the Grand Canal.

"*Sunday.*—Fine and warm, the sun gets more powerful every day now. . . . This morning I went to service at the Palace Retzonico; the large hall was full to overflowing; the prayers took about an hour; no sermon. I was obliged to take a gondola, I was fairly shut up to it. If I was to go at all I must either take a gondola or swim! I chose the former. It is astonishing how sweet an English service is, however plain, when you are away from home surrounded by so much superstition and darkness. Every sentence seems to come with power, and to feel it is all true and that Jesus is your Saviour is enough to make you thrill with joy. I had to keep the gondola to bring me back!

"*Monday evening.*—We left Venice this morning about 9.15, and arrived in Milan about 4.15. Seven hours to travel two hundred miles, besides an hour at the hotel and station before you set off! Pleasant journey, but slow."

TO ONE OF HIS SISTERS

"VENICE.

"It is Sunday evening; all the rest of the company are at late dinner, so I have a quiet

time to write a line to you. As you see, I decided not to break away from the party. Our short stay at Venice is quickly over, and the orders are to have our portmanteaus packed and all ready by 7.30 in the morning for Milan. From there we go on by Como, and I think Lugano, to the St. Gothard Pass, and then by Lucerne and Basle to Paris. I have written to the Rev. R. McAll to expect me in Paris next Sunday; it will be a treat to see the dear Christians again. This morning I went to the English service; . . . this afternoon I went to the Scotch service, which I learned was in a room or house off St. Mark's Square, which you can reach in a few minutes from this hotel without a boat. Though the service was short this morning and the reading poor, it was a great treat to get to worship after seeing so much superstition and worldliness. It is a treat to get up and say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins,' and to feel the truth at the same time. I felt almost choked at some parts of the service; no sermon; I think the regular clergyman was ill. The Scotch minister seems very nice. . . . he spoke in a very sweet and interesting way, but the room was poor, and the children made such a noise in the court below we were nearly distracted! Then I came home and had tea and went for a walk, noticing that a storm was at hand I returned quickly. The weather

has been getting perceptibly warmer the last day or two, and it was quite a trial *to-day*, when you were thirsty, to pass all the cafés with beautiful ice-water, ice-creams, etc., and must not buy. The storm has arrived! the lightning is playing all around the hotel and *the thunder rolling out its noise almost continuously*. . . .

"The church of Santa Maria della Salute here was nearly enough to knock you down, like coming into a vault when you were perspiring! and then to take your hat off—it gave you a shock of cold in the head from which I have hardly recovered now. Ladies ought to be thankful they have not to take their bonnets off!... I expect to reach home on Wednesday week. I think it will be May 15...."

Letters home resumed—

"MILAN, *7th May* 1889,
"*Tuesday morning.*

"I have had a good night, and feel refreshed this morning. This hotel is more comfortable than many we have been to. The nearer I get, the more I desire to reach home, yet I am glad we are going to stop to-night at the lakes, so breaking the journey, as these long rides are very exhausting. . . ."

"MENAGGIO, ON LAKE COMO,
"*Wednesday morning.*

"We had a pleasant ride to Como yesterday; very slow, but the time was beguiled by some

pleasant company: two young ladies who had a coronet in silver on their umbrellas and could speak English or anything. They came from Vienna, and were very friendly with me; they followed us to this hotel, but their mamma was with them!

"The weather was not bright, but a sail on the lake in a large steamer was a pleasant change from the railway travelling. This morning we rose before 6 a.m. and saw the sun rise over the opposite mountains. We are now waiting for breakfast, and then we go by a steam tramway to Lugano. . . . To-night we sleep (*D.V.*) amongst the snows of Andermatt, up at the top of the St. Gothard Pass.

"*P.S.*—Still waiting for breakfast! The Italians seem to have no idea of time or punctuality. When I asked the guide yesterday when we should start from Milan, the only answer I could get was, 'When you will! When you are ready!' I had to stand firm and say, 'No, no. This won't do. What time are we to leave this hotel for the train?' When we got to the station we were packed into a first-class smoking-carriage with the young ladies, and three gentlemen who were smoking strong cigars. Then we waited, waited till time was up; then more people came, and then the officials were almost at their wits' end. The train was half an hour late in starting; at last we got off. We reached Menaggio 7 p.m."

"ANDERMATT, *8th May* 1889.

"We left Menaggio, on Lake Como, about 7 this morning, and travelled by a steam tramway over the mountain pass to Porlezza on Lake Lugano; we sailed down the lake to the town of Lugano; ascended by a Funicular railway to the station, which is above the town on the side of a hill; took train to Bellinzona; Faido; Airolo; and then through the great tunnel to Göeschenen. We were just nineteen minutes in the tunnel. At Göeschenen we had a nice lunch, and then came up the pass in carriages to Andermatt. The day has been fine though the sky is overcast. We had no real sunshine at the Italian lakes, but they were very beautiful, and the party have enjoyed this bit almost more than anything. I enclose a card, pricked, showing our route. To-morrow, all being well, we descend to Lake Lucerne. I shall probably spend the night at Axenstein, where I believe the S——s stayed when in Switzerland, and then go on to the top of Lucerne, pick up my luggage and letters and start for Paris. I am rejoicing in the thought of being home in a week (*D.V.*) . . .

"*Thursday.*—I have just time to close this letter at Lucerne, the post is going. We have had a glorious day. I have been up to Axenstein, but the hotel will not be ready for visitors until 1st June. . . ."

"LUCERNE, *Thursday night.*

"DEAR MR. K——,—I have reached Lucerne again safely, and have received your kind letter, for which I am much obliged. . . . We have had a wonderful trip and, for the most part, enjoyable weather; to-day has been splendidly fine, and I have enjoyed both riding and walking very much. Our company is breaking up; some have left us already, nearly all the rest leave early in the morning. I expect to leave Lucerne on Friday night, and I hope to arrive in Paris on Saturday morning. On Sunday I hope to see some of my old friends connected with the McAll Mission. On Monday, all being well, I shall have a peep at the Paris Exhibition. On Tuesday I hope to be in London, and on Wednesday at home again in Southport. . . ."

"HOTEL NEW YORK, PARIS,
"*Sunday, 12th May* 1889.

". . . I went to bed last night as soon as I got back from the Exhibition, about 8 p.m., rose early this Sunday morning, had a stroll after breakfast down to the Madeline and St. Augustine's; there was very little doing, no singing. I returned to the hotel. . . . About 3.30 I expect to walk down to McAll's meeting in the Rue Royale. I have received a 'card telegram' to say he (Mr. McAll) has taken a chill and will not be able to come out, so I am afraid I shall not see him, but I

hope to see dear Mrs. McAll and many of the workers.

"*Monday morning.*—Last night I went to the Salvation Army Meeting, they have splendid premises here now, near the opera, but leading out of an open yard or space where they can be quiet. I heard the Maréchale and her husband, also about four converts and their leader just come over from India. One was a Buddhist priest in his robes! I got to the hotel very late last night and very tired. . . . In the afternoon I expect to pay a last visit to the Exhibition, and then go to McAll's meeting; and to-morrow morning early, all well, I shall be on my way home.

"'Oh, that will be joyful,' etc.

"I saw Mrs. McAll yesterday, and Miss Noblett and Mr. ——, one of the gentlemen who came first to Southport. Mr. McAll and Mr. S—— are ill, so I fear I shall not see them."

CHAPTER XI

FOREIGN MISSIONS

It is not very long—this life for which we are so careful—and yet it is so long! Because long, long after we shall have passed away out of men's sight and out of men's memories, the world, with something that we have left upon it, that we have left within it, will be going on still!—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE conversion of the world and the evangelisation of the masses were two objects blended into one in the mind of James Wood. To further these objects was the great purpose of his life. We have already seen him, as a young man, presiding at missionary meetings, and giving himself to evangelistic work. In May 1874 he was invited to speak at the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Meeting held in Exeter Hall. "It was a masterly and yet a popular speech," to quote from the *Methodist Recorder*, "calmly and powerfully delivered." He spoke of the scheme of human salvation as the result of the omniscient intelligence of God; what the intelligence of God has planned, the will of God has determined; and, moreover, God has sworn that He will carry

it into effect; behind His word there is a power omnipotent, and the word has gone forth. He has said to Christ: "Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession." When we send out men of God to work in the mission fields, when we co-operate with them at home, we feel sure that we are co-operating with God in a work which He has planned, which is in accordance with His will, and which shall have a triumphant issue. What would best promote the success of the missions abroad? A revival of the work at home. Give us a revival of the work of God at home, and we shall not lack men to go to the mission field; give us a revival at home and the means will flow into the exchequer until it is full and running over. Is not the action of the heart felt at the extremity of the human body, and are not the pulsations of spiritual life at home felt at the farthest mission field abroad? Why not a great revival? If there should be found here a multitude of men truly consecrated to God, truly believing in Him, there would be a power felt that would move the world. The foregoing is only a slight sketch of a speech which elicited repeated applause from the audience.

It was at this period that James Wood became intimate with the Rev. W. Scarborough, missionary from China, whilst the latter was in temporary residence in England. Through his friend he

grew much interested in that part of the world, and especially in Hankow. The great need which existed for a new chapel to be erected in that city touched his heart with a longing desire to help the missionary in his difficulty. He promised to supply the want by giving to Mr. Scarborough £500 for that object. Mr. Scarborough returned to China in September 1877, but he was not able to commence his building operations until January 1878. The chapel was formally dedicated to God in the following summer. It was a "capacious, substantial, and handsome structure"; it could seat 250 persons. On the day of opening it was crowded with worshippers. "I felt a shiver of delight run through me as I stood up before that crowd and gave out—

> O for a thousand tongues, to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise!" etc.

So wrote William Scarborough to James Wood. The dedicatory services were crowned with the divine blessing in a remarkable manner, and the hearts of the missionaries and their helpers were greatly encouraged. A tablet was suspended in the chapel, of which the following is a translation:— "This chapel is rebuilt at the expense of James Wood, Esq., a Christian in Great Britain. His desire in building it is that glory may redound to the Triune God; that the people of the Flowery Land may hear the gospel, and quickly entering

the Church of Christ, be saved. And also that the honoured name of his departed mother may thereby be kept in memory.—WILLIAM SCARBOROUGH. The year of our Lord's Advent, 1878."

In March 1880 this missionary writes again to his friend: "It does one good to hear of your increased interest in mission work. I think you must be deeply engrossed by your Home Mission interests, and by your aiding temperance movements. You will be glad to hear that total abstinence is being vigorously advocated, and successfully, amongst foreign residents in China."

Another letter from Mr. Scarborough (January 1883) says: "At Hankow I have had the privilege of baptizing seventeen converts, old and young, and although that is not a large number, it means a good deal in a place like this." He continues: "I think I may safely say that the greatest need of Christian Missions in China is not foreign missionaries, but God-appointed native preachers." Again: "I am thankful to have a good helper here in the city of Hankow. He can, and he almost daily does, preach right on for two or three hours at a time. He never seems to weary; and what surprises me more is the congregations do not seem to weary either!" Mr. Scarborough, by Dr. Wood's request, wrote several special letters full of information concerning the Chinese, their idols, customs, etc., and

his own experience as a missionary. These interesting epistles were read to the Sunday school at Blowick, and pictures designed and executed by the skill of Mr. Scarborough (who was a clever draughtsman) were exhibited, and various Chinese idols were also shown to the children. Earnest prayer, in which they joined, was always offered on these occasions for the missionaries in China, and especially for the work in Hankow. In May 1884 Mr. Scarborough writes from Hankow to Dr. Wood: "Yours of the third of March did me and my colleagues much good. We do most earnestly thank you for your daily prayers, and for the warm interest you feel in our welfare and success. God grant we may realize the great revival for which you pray! Certainly your faith has quickened and encouraged ours! We are having very good services, crowded classes, and large parties at our nightly prayers. We cry unto God for an outpouring of His Spirit, and surely prayer cannot fail. . . . Mr. Hill [Rev. David Hill] has been led by Mr. Nightingale's death [Mr. Scarborough's colleague] to decide to take up his abode with me for the present, so we shall work the two Circuits of Hankow and Hanyang, as well as outstations, together. This is a great comfort and help to me, as Hill is in labours more abundant; and has a zeal for God which helps to keep us all on fire."

The Rev. D. Hill was in England on furlough in 1892. Dr. Wood met him on several occasions, and had interesting conversations with him on the progress of the work of God in China, particularly in the Hankow district. As a result of this intercourse Dr. Wood set aside £500 for the benefit of the Hankow Mission. In one of the conversations the Rev. D. Hill had mentioned the "felt need of a greater evangelistic agency in the great centre of trade and population" situated in a special part of that city. Though about two thousand people heard the Word daily in our own chapels and those of the London Mission, there was yet room for more work of that kind. Mr. Hill writes: "Our plan was to open another chapel in a street, or part of a street, where we should touch a new population. It was proposed that we build in connection with it rooms for our Itinerant Evangelists, Joyful News Brethren, and others, who could make that their headquarters when not on their journeys." Dr. Wood replied that he should be particularly glad to aid in the erection of a new chapel if rooms were added for the accommodation of the Joyful News Brethren and other lay-workers. The amount needed for the proposed building was £600.

The Rev. D. Hill in his letter of 14th February 1893 writes: "I am hoping to leave [for China] by German mail, along with a young lady missionary and some ladies and children, about

7th March, so that my time in England is now getting short. Would that more of our Methodist sons and daughters saw the privilege and heard the call to this great work. It makes me feel—

> What am I, O Thou glorious God!
> And what my father's house to Thee?
> That Thou such mercies hast bestowed
> On me, the chief of sinners, me!
> I take the blessing from above,
> And wonder at Thy boundless love."

Dr. Wood returned answer—

"DEAR MR. HILL,—I am in receipt of yours of the 14th inst., and after careful consideration of the matter named, I have decided to give you what is needed for the building of the new chapel in Hankow (at the place indicated), and I enclose herewith cheque, value £600, to that end; if I am right in understanding this to be the entire cost of the building. Perhaps you can put a little tablet in the chapel (as in the former one) stating that the building is erected to the glory of God, and in memory of my dear relative, Miss Lucy M. Holy, now in heaven, whose life was devoted to God. Praying that the divine blessing may rest on all your labours.—Yours affectionately,

"J. WOOD."

Mr. Hill replied—

"YORK, *17th February* 1893.

"DEAR DR. WOOD,—Your noble gift of £600 for the new Hankow chapel reached me this

morning. This will more than cover the cost of the building itself I imagine. We shall therefore be indebted to you, under God, for *both* our mission chapels in that great city, and, along with thousands of Chinese, my brethren and myself will have cause to bless God for the employment you have made of His talents. We thank you very heartily. It is very generous of you to give the additional £100, and as all your gifts are accompanied with prayer they are a thousandfold more welcome. . . . And if I could only believe that it is the prelude of consecrated lives from the class you represent, how it would cheer and enhearten me. . . . May I close with the request for a prayer that we may be guided to the best locality for future ingatherings? Kind regards, etc.—Yours affectionately and respectfully,

"D. HILL."

The following letter from Mr. Hill will be read with much interest, especially in the light of recent events:—

"HANKOW, *29th January* 1895.

"MY DEAR DR. WOOD,—After long waiting we are nearing the realisation of your intent in the generous gift you made nearly two years ago. The Hankow new chapel, to be known as the Kung Tien Chapel, is nearing completion. It is in one of the busiest thoroughfares of Hankow, and in one of the busiest parts of that

thoroughfare. The chapel is not so large as the one Mr. Scarborough built, but it is as broad as the plot of ground would allow it to be; that plot being very long and very narrow, having a frontage of not much more than twenty-five feet. There are two small rooms for the doorkeeper next to the street in a small courtyard, then comes the chapel, a neat semi-Gothic structure, then a vestry behind that, and a guest-room behind the vestry. And after that a native house (as yet unadapted) for the resident preacher. To that office I was appointed at the Synod just held in Hankow and Wuchang, and Mr. Pullan along with me, so that I shall, all being well, have the honour of being one of the first resident missionaries in your new chapel. It is a responsible post; offers great opportunities of sounding forth the gospel far and wide; for the hearers will almost certainly be very largely men from other parts of China, traders and boatmen traversing the streets of this busy town. No native preacher is free to give permanent help, so supplies from other Circuits are to come and go. To me, though so long in China, it seems like a plunge into a new world; a closer contact with mercantile China than I have ever had before. This chapel has been made the head of a new Circuit called Hankow East, and a small country station has been annexed. The chapel will be ready in twenty days probably, but the house

behind will take twice as long to put right. Meanwhile my duties call me first down the Yangtsze, then up the Han. After that, perhaps about the time this reaches you, I hope to be back in Hankow and to have the chapel opened. I write with grateful memory of your gift, but with more eager wish for the help of your prayers. It is with a keen sense of need that I enter on this new work, and yet with a desire that the chapel and its preachers may be a fountain of living water in this dry and weary land. Our work will be chiefly preaching to heathen people, holding conversations, selling books, and in whatever way we can seeking to make known the gospel, and by this means bringing men from sin to God. You will, I am sure, remember us before God.

"I know few men who, without my saying it, will understand more readily than you the great need which a man stands in when placed in such a position as this; so, for both these evangelistic halls which the Lord has put it into your heart and placed it within your power, to build for His name, please pray. The last year's increase was only fifty-six throughout the district. It is small, very small; but we hope and pray for greater things.

"The war-cloud threatens in the north; it has spread to China proper, and will probably rain blood in Peking before it passes away. Then will come the question of the continuance of this

"Mary." A memorial tablet in remembrance of the donor's father was placed in the vestibule of the hospital, and so the whole of the building was associated with his name. A few years later Dr. Wood had the great gratification of hearing from Fatshan the welcome tidings that in both the "Peter" and the "Mary" wards "a number of very important cases had been successfully treated during the year." One woman who came into the "Mary" ward blind from cataract, not only had her sight restored, but while under the treatment learned to see Christ as her Saviour, and a fortnight afterwards was publicly baptized and received into the Church.

The Rev. E. Rigg, who with his family had resided in Southport for some months during his temporary absence from his missionary station in North Ceylon, also wrote to Dr. Wood from time to time (1880-1885) letters full of interesting detail about his daily life and engagements, about baptisms and conversions, about idols and idolatry, and the various hindrances in the way of the progress of Christianity which depress the heart of the earnest missionary. From these and other sources Dr. Wood was well informed as to the state of much of the work of God in heathen lands; and being frequently invited both to preside and to speak at missionary meetings, he was able to address his audience with accuracy of detail as well as with fervency of spirit.

Dr. Wood was earnestly requested to take the chair at the Missionary Breakfast Meeting held in Cannon Street Hotel, London, on 1st May 1880. Dr. Punshon introduced him to the assembly as "a Methodist, a real Methodist of the third or fourth generation." "The speech of the Chairman was thoughtful and suggestive, and breathed throughout a spirit of earnest conviction and fervent faith and glowing zeal. . . . May we ever have a succession of men who to affluence of means and accomplishment of mind and distinguished social position, add the crowning grace of ardour of Christian devotedness!" (*Methodist Recorder*). The Chairman spoke on the encouraging aspects of missionary labour, and continued: "Thank God there is no shifting in the rock upon which our faith has built its hope. Thank God there is no failure in the gospel plan of man's salvation. The groundwork upon which this Missionary Society rests, and upon which all Christian work is based, remains unchanged. We believe in a universal Fall. We believe in a universal remedy. We believe in one plan of salvation. We believe in one Saviour, Jesus, all powerful, ever faithful, unchangeable, the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe. In this age of searching inquiry and scientific investigation, it may be necessary in some matters to hold the mind in a state of suspense, and to keep it open to further conviction; but with regard to the

fundamental truths of our religion, never! For in the matter of our salvation to remain in suspense and indecision is to be without Christ and to be lost for ever. The glory of Methodism is in her mission to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land, to show to the world an example of faith in exercise, of Christianity in earnest; and God Almighty grant that she may never either lose her character or forfeit her mission. Instead of yielding to worldliness and scepticism, may we hold the truth more firmly than ever, pronounce it more clearly, and spread it more widely; for ever singing not we 'think,' or we 'hope,' but

> We *know* by faith, we surely *know*,
> The Son of God is come;
> Is manifested here below,
> And makes our hearts His home."

At the close of the meeting the President of the Conference (Rev. B. Gregory) said: "Before I propose thanks to men, I will express my own devout thanks to God, Mr. Chairman, that He has given your grandfather such a grandson, your father and mother such a son, and your uncles and aunts such a nephew."

Presiding at a meeting held to celebrate the Centenary of the London Missionary Society, in April 1895, Dr. Wood quoted the remark that the period of her late Majesty's reign was pre-eminently that of Missionary Church History.

The proportion of Christians to the population of the world is larger now than it has ever been. But, he added, the whole sum expended in foreign missionary operations all over the world from the beginning of the nineteenth century until the present time, does not equal the amount spent by Christians in Great Britain in *one year* for alcoholic drinks. The Chairman continued: "True missionary work is the offspring of a living soul. It has always seemed to me that you could no more force zeal and enterprise into missionary work than you could force health and strength into your child. Missionary enterprise is a spiritual growth. Agnosticism will never beget martyrs for the truth; but, on the contrary, wherever you have earnest, spiritual, soul-saving work, there missionary enterprise arises and develops as naturally as fruit forms and matures upon a healthy tree. You cannot prevent it. I was astonished a year or two since to reckon twelve instances in which missionary operations had resulted from successful spiritual work which was not in connection with any missionary society. But when the Church has lost its high spiritual tone, when the barrier has been broken down and worldliness has come in like a flowing tide, you may preach and exhort, you may arrange and hold meetings, you may engage the most eloquent speakers and make the most pathetic appeals, but you cannot get life out of the dead!

Brethren, we need neither more preachers, nor more preaching, so much as we need to get into closer touch with God and to be filled with His Spirit.

> Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
> And these dry bones shall live;
> Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
> 'The Holy Ghost receive.'"

The McAll Mission in Paris was one in which Dr. Wood was greatly interested, and to which he largely contributed. Its founder and president was the son of Dr. McAll, the popular preacher and first minister of Cavendish Chapel, Manchester. Dr. R. W. McAll, like his father, was a Congregational Minister. He was in Paris on his way home after a short holiday, when he was unexpectedly led to give himself up to evangelistic work in the French capital. This occurred when he was about fifty years of age. From the first the work was a marvellous success. It was only a simple service, but scores of *ouvriers* listened to the Word spoken unto them, and believed on Jesus as their personal Saviour. Dr. Wood heard of this mission, and his sympathies were at once stirred by it. In October 1884, when he was the Mayor, he presided at a public meeting held on its behalf in Southport, and earnestly advocated its claims. Early in the next year Dr. Wood went over to Paris to see the work for himself; he stayed in that city for three months, visiting

all the mission halls, giving addresses, and in other ways taking part in these simple, earnest services. He delighted to hear the personal testimonies given by the people to the wonderful power of the "old, old story" believed and received into the heart. He held one or more drawing-room meetings at Grove House in its favour. After that first sojourn in Paris, Dr. McAll wrote again and again asking his friend to renew his visit. "You are deluged with engagements, but I am sure you find your highest joy in being about the Master's work." Dr. Wood responded on many subsequent occasions with great willingness. In his letters Dr. McAll mentioned not only the good which had resulted from Dr. Wood's appeals delivered in the various "Salles des Conferences," but also that which had been effected by the influence which he unconsciously exercised upon the workers.

In April 1894, ten years after the former meeting held in the Mayor's parlour, Dr. Wood again presided as Mayor at a public meeting called for the benefit of the McAll Mission. This time he spoke from his own personal knowledge of the work and of the workers, with increased effect. He pronounced it to be "one of the most spiritual and successful Christian agencies to be found on the face of the earth." The next evening Dr. Wood took the chair at a meeting for the same object in the Congregational Chapel. Here he gave

sketches of the services which he had attended, of the words which had been spoken to him and other workers, and of the cases of conversion which had come under their own observation. He was particularly affected with the case of one man who exclaimed, with tears of joy running down his face: "La lutte est terminée, elle a été longue, mais c'est terminée; moi, je suis sauvé."

Love for the ancient people of God was a distinguishing feature of James Wood's zeal for the welfare of others. His visit to the Holy Land, in company with the Rev. John Wilkinson, Missionary to the Jews, fostered and developed his tender regard for them, which was manifested in many ways. He frequently preached on the captivity of the Jews and their future restoration to their own country, and gave Bible readings on the same topic in order to awaken sympathy and prayer for them in the hearts of his hearers. Connected with this interest in the Jews was his firm belief in the second Advent of the Messiah, and his eager, joyous anticipation of it. Early in 1892 Mr. Wilkinson wrote to him giving an account of the sufferings and privations of the persecuted Jews, many of whom fled to England, particularly London, in a destitute condition. Dr. Wood replied—

"DEAR MR. WILKINSON,—Many thanks for your kind letter just received. I feel so deeply

that we are entering the 'time of the end' and the 'time of Jacob's trouble,' and that whatever is done to the Jews now is done to Jesus Christ, their Elder Brother and their King, that I send you £100 herewith. Let it be expended in food and clothing, etc., and tell the Jews it is a small token of a Christian's love for them, and a token also that Christians abhor the persecution which they are made to endure, especially in Russia.—Yours in the service of the King,

"JAMES WOOD."

CHAPTER XII

HOME MISSIONS

The true benefactor of mankind is not the man who gives his money, but the man who gives himself.

Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, lively sacrifice unto Thee.—*Communion Service.*

HOME Missions, as they included the preaching of the gospel to the neglected and ignorant, the various social schemes for the benefit of the poor, the rescue of children from their evil surroundings, and the great temperance movements, were the subjects of James Wood's unceasing advocacy through the land. When the Rev. H. P. Hughes was President of the Conference, addressing a meeting of the Liverpool Mission he referred to the recent death of Dr. Wood: "One of the most prominent and influential of all the lay members of the denomination. He must always be remembered as the first leading official Methodist of our own time who had identified himself enthusiastically with the social side of Christian work."

The Rev. C. Garrett wrote to Mr. Wood in March 1877: "I suppose you will be thinking about your Home Missionary speech in London. You will find a little material in our Liverpool Mission Report, which will have come to hand, and I can give you more, if needed, when I return. It strikes me that the great problem that we have to solve is the relationship of the *suburbs* to the *centres*."

The important movements in Methodism for dealing with the masses, and for refilling old chapels on new lines with new congregations, had not commenced when the Rev. A. McAulay began his pioneering work in Bow and Stratford, East London, and then in Cranmer Street, Liverpool. It was impossible for James Wood not to know, not to admire, not to join hand in hand with such a man. As we have already noticed, a warm friendship existed between them, and when Mr. McAulay was made General Secretary of the Home Mission Department they together sought in every way to advance its interests. To a writer in *Joyful News* (March 1899) we are indebted for the following:—"In the late autumn, 1876, Dr. Wood accompanied Rev. Alexander McAulay to Norwich, and took an influential part in a District Convention held there in November. He was attended by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins and others. Whilst there Dr. Wood conferred with me in reference to the new movement of District

Missions, which in the Norfolk District at that time had been attended with much blessing; the numbers added being the highest increase, relatively, in the Connexion. Dr. Wood spoke very kind and encouraging words, saying: 'What can I do?' and offered to help me financially, and generously gave me £20 for tracts and £10 for distribution among extremely poor people in the villages of Norfolk and Suffolk. After that he kindly sent to me a large box full of valuable miscellaneous tracts for the same purpose. These gifts greatly strengthened the mission, encouraged the missioners, and some of them have known happy results abiding. The fruits remain."

The Wesleyan Methodist Thanksgiving Fund was inaugurated at the Bradford Conference of 1878 in gratitude for the harmony which prevailed throughout the Connexion at an important crisis in its history, the introduction of laymen into its assembly; it was resolved thereupon to raise a Fund which should be sufficient to set free from debt every department of the Methodist economy, and which should also provide means for the extension and consolidation of the various agencies for the promotion of the work of God both at home and abroad. A central meeting was held for each District, and these were followed by Circuit meetings in every town. There was a hearty and unanimous response to the appeal from the entire Connexion. The first

of the public meetings held in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, was inspiriting in a high degree, a never-to-be-forgotten means of grace. A similar experience was felt at other gatherings for the same object in the various centres. The amount raised exceeded expectation; nearly £300,000 was paid into the treasurer's hands. The heart of James Wood was fired at the thought of the quickened impulse which would be given to the promulgation of the gospel. He at once contributed £1000 to the Fund in memory of his revered parents. He was appointed one of the General Secretaries, also one of the Liverpool District Treasurers, and one of the Mornington Road Circuit Treasurers. He was deputed to speak on its behalf at the Inaugural Meeting in London, and at the Central Meeting in Manchester; also at the Circuit Meetings in Grosvenor Street, Manchester; Warrington, Chester, Bolton, Bacup and other places. He put forth all his energy to make every gathering a means of grace as well as a financial success. At the close of the one held at Grosvenor Street, Mr. Wood contributed ten guineas additionally from love to the honoured sanctuary of his childhood with all its hallowed associations. His father's intimate friend, Mr. J. Napier, wrote to him afterwards in words of grateful appreciation: "It will, I know, gratify you to learn that you gave a very good tone to our meeting the other evening, and

several references were made to your prayer and address; I am very thankful you came to us." After mentioning the large amount contributed at that time, he adds—"then, as a means of grace, I am persuaded good was done. To our blessed Master be all the praise."

Mr. Wood was very anxious that a considerable sum from the Thanksgiving Fund should be devoted to the hiring of halls and other places to assist evangelists in their labours; he wrote to Mr. McAulay on the subject; the latter replied: "If I mistake not you offered £1000 on condition that £4000 were added from the Thanksgiving Fund for *assisting* earnest workers to *hire mission rooms*. For lack of such a stimulus many deplorably destitute localities in large towns are untouched by Methodist labourers. Few things in my career have given me more satisfaction than the renting of Cross Street Mission Room, Liverpool. Had I not been able to lay my hand on money to pay the rent (outside of Circuit resources) the premises would not have been secured. In the *Recorder*, for two or three months, there was a statement of the progress of that mission, and it was affirmed that the workers and converts were sufficient to fill the place. The Rev. John Eglinton, the superintendent, lately informed me that the moral character of the immediate neighbourhood was thoroughly changed, according to police information. In this way you may, through the Thanksgiving

Fund, stimulate evangelistic work better than in any other." Out of the £21,000 ultimately apportioned to Home Missions, £5000 was set apart for the Extension of Lay Agency.

The Rev. A. McAulay worked indefatigably in the futherance of this connexional effort, and contributed largely to it. On retiring from his official duties Mr. McAulay determined to visit the West Indies at his own expense. The blessing of God richly followed his labours, and multitudes of converts gladdened his heart. After a brief period spent in England he went to Africa on another evangelistic tour, and, as before, at his own cost. He sailed 24th January 1890. Previously to going on board he took an affectionate leave of Dr. Wood, who had come up to London to see his friend once more, and wrote to him his last advice: "If thou wilt walk in His Covenant with thy fathers, God will bless thee and thine, and give them some glorious work. Amen. Farewell." At the end of nine months of happy toil in South Africa he was called to his rest 1st December 1890. A Memoir of the Rev. A. McAulay, the Apostle of East London Methodism, by Mr. W. Sampson, the Cornish evangelist, who had been associated with Mr. McAulay in some of his tours, was published a few years subsequently; Dr. Wood presented a copy to every minister in the Liverpool district.

In the summer of 1879 the Rev. W. T. Bulpit,

vicar of Crossens, cordially invited James Wood to lay the foundation stone of a new school in that place. "You love Home Mission work, and my sphere of labour is in Southport itself. I would there were more like you who would care for the evangelization of the masses around them." Mr. Wood (as he then was) consented, "if no more likely friend could be found." After the ceremony was performed, he said to the assembled crowd: "I am very glad to be here to-day to show sympathy with evangelical Christian work in a church other than that to which I belong. I believe that religion and morality are the very foundation of a nation's prosperity. Almost every day instances of crime come before us. Almost every day we have to deplore the lack of moral character in someone. There is something better than gold, and that is moral character. You may find many men who will serve you, but how many of them can you *trust*? Therefore I think a true patriot should embrace every opportunity and put forth every effort to encourage the building of schools and churches to promote the spread of evangelical religion. In time past I had much pleasant intercourse with the rector of this parish. He was interested in my work at Blowick, and he wished me God-speed. I am here to wish you the same. May your vicar long be spared, and may your school prosper! May many a young person be trained

in habits of sobriety and diligence, be led to the Saviour's feet, and be the saved of the Lord!"

The next month Mr. John Napier wrote, passing on the earnest request of the friends at Chancery Lane School, asking Mr. Wood to lay one of the memorial stones of their new building. Mr. Napier urged his petition for "auld lang syne"; in that old school James Wood's grandfather and father had worshipped before Grosvenor Street Chapel was built in 1820. Here, too, in the year of the Warrenite Secession, when nearly all the teachers left the school, his father, Dr. Peter Wood, as a young man, with others, came to the rescue by offering his services to fill one of the vacant posts. It is needless to say that Mr. Napier was gratified by a quick response in the affirmative from his young friend at Southport, who was glad to contribute to this noble undertaking, and to be associated with one so beloved and honoured in so good a work.

At a public meeting in London Mr. Wood had said: "I feel it to be an honour to stand and plead for Wesleyan Home Missions, because they are the special work to which God has called our Church; because of the great benefit which they are to the young men and to all who are engaged in this enterprise; and, lastly, because of their reflex benefit to the Church at large." In a letter to him from the lamented Rev. J. Chalmers, M.A., formerly superintendent of the Mornington Road

Circuit, there occurs a paragraph bearing on this point. The date is 24th February 1882. "There is a very gracious work going on in almost all parts of my Circuit just now. Every Sunday we have conversions in the city chapels; and in the country, at several places, special services have been going on for some time with the best results. I have let loose a band of fine young men on the Circuit, and they are going out on Sundays and week-day evenings and doing revival work. I am learning a great lesson, namely, that to do the best work in the way of saving souls is not to send for this or that preacher, but to use well those about me in the Circuit. This I am doing, and resolved to do."

After speaking at the Missionary Breakfast meeting in May 1880, Mr. Wood was appointed to address the Home Missionary Meeting held in Great Queen Street Chapel on the following Tuesday. He spoke on the great problem how to elevate and save the masses of the English population. He referred to the terrible statistics of the crime which existed in London and Liverpool. "Evil spread with fearful rapidity. Science and education without the gospel made the evil more dreadful and more dangerous to the community. If, as a people, we lost our faith in God, if we lost our hope of another life, if the Sabbath were desecrated and the elevating influence of Christianity counter-

acted, what would become of our great populations? As one had said, 'there would be children whom you could not train, wives you could not trust, men you could not employ, sinners you could not save, and masses of mankind sunk in misery and degradation without God and without hope in the world.'" With regard to the Sabbath, he appealed to all Christian people to put forth, in the Lord's name, every effort to preserve the sanctity of that day. The Sabbath was the great bulwark of our Christian liberties, and he besought Christians to hold that bulwark against all foes. "What was the position of Christians with reference to all this increasing evil? They had the organisation and the wealth. They had the means to reach the masses. What should they do? Prevention was better than cure. First, let them try to save the children. What should they do? Preach the gospel, 'for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' It must be preached to the heart if it was to exert its influence. If it was to produce the right result it must not be aimed at the stars. In the outskirts of a fashionable town he was walking one day through the fields when he came across a notice-board. He tried to read the notice, but it was so high he could not. So he got over the stile and went on his way rejoicing! The question was often asked, 'Will the people come

to the services?' Yes, they would come if the services were short and lively, if the hymns were sung by the congregation, if poor people heard something they could understand and feel. But if the services were cold and formal; if the wants of the poor were not mentioned, and their trials overlooked; if the tunes were such as they could not sing, and the sermon such as they could not understand, they would go away disheartened and never come again. How many there were who entered God's house on the Sunday, seeking rest and finding none; longing for someone to take them by the hand and lead them to Jesus. Multitudes might be saved who only wanted drawing to Christ.

> Rescue the perishing,
> Care for the dying,
> Snatch them in pity
> From sin and the grave.
> Weep o'er the erring ones, etc.

The Lord had many labourers in His field. It was seldom that He allowed one man to sow, reap, and garner. Generally one ploughed, another sowed; one sowed, another reaped; whilst another bound up the sheaves and gathered in the harvest. In the natural world some seeds were provided with feathery wings that they might be lifted up by the breath of heaven and carried to other lands, and to the far-off islands of the sea. So it was with the seeds of the heavenly kingdom.

'A word spoken in due season how good it is.' Followed by the help of the Holy Spirit it might result in incalculable good. Let them sow beside all waters and leave the result with God." Mr. Wood concluded this "model" speech by repeating the hymn beginning "Sow in the morn thy seed," with great effect, and resumed his seat amid much applause.—(*Methodist Recorder.*)

One of the objects contemplated by the promoters of the Thanksgiving Fund was the building of a new Theological Institution for the reception of students who intended to enter the ministry. An advantageous site was purchased at Handsworth, near Birmingham; Mr. Wood, at the invitation of the committee, laid one of the memorial stones on 8th June 1880. After returning thanks for the honour accorded to him on this occasion, he remarked: "It is sometimes argued against the building of these colleges that the early Methodists were untrained and uneducated men. So many of them were; but they were men of spiritual power and ardent zeal, and had we as Methodists retained the same degree of spirituality we should have turned England and the world upside down. But that is no argument against a trained ministry. I am sure that in the present age there is need of an educated ministry, not merely for intellectual purposes, not merely to exhibit refined and subtle distinctions, but that every power may be bent into the service

of the Saviour; to exhort, entreat, persuade men to accept Christ and His salvation. I have always loved to think of Methodism as exhibiting the living power of Christianity; not as an organisation to propagate doctrine, but a *Society* of men striving to follow Christ, desirous of leading others to Him, and of helping one another to show the power of Jesus in a holy life. Brethren, nothing else than this will suffice." After some hopeful and encouraging statements as to the future of the church, he prayed that God would bless the work then inaugurated, and send forth from that college many a band of men, valiant soldiers of Christ and true-hearted heralds of the Cross.

It was in this year that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon paid his memorable visit to the Wesleyan Conference. "It was a scene never to be forgotten," says the *Methodist Recorder*, August 1880, "when the greatest preacher of the age discoursed on fidelity to gospel truth to a congregation of Methodist preachers a thousand strong—a congregation of Methodist preachers—a title more honourable and significant than even the more modern one of Wesleyan minister." "If there be any denominations," said the faithful and fearless pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, "that have a firm grip of truth, I believe they are the Methodists and Baptists." James Wood was present at the Representative Session which

followed upon the Pastoral one; he heard with delight the report of Mr. Spurgeon's words, which encouraged him to hold fast the form of sound doctrine which he had received. He was elected a Representative to the Conference several times, and on each occasion urged the need of continued supplication to God for a larger measure of spiritual power to be poured out on the Church.

As the population of Southport increased, the necessity for extending the work of God became more apparent. A small chapel was built at South Bank Road in 1877, followed by a larger one in 1888. The memorial stones of Leyland Road Chapel were laid in 1878, one of them by James Wood, in memory of his father who had recently died. In the same year services were begun in a large room over a co-operative store in High Park Road to meet the spiritual need of the inhabitants of that new district. These services were so well attended that a Sunday school was also commenced with equally gratifying results. Steps were then taken towards the erection of a school chapel. An eligible site was purchased, and when the committee met to consider ways and means for raising the required amount for building a suitable place of worship, Mr. Wood came forward and offered to pay the entire cost of the proposed chapel, the Circuit undertaking all outside expenses connected with the scheme.

On a beautiful sunny afternoon, 9th June 1881, Mr. Wood laid the foundation stone of this new house of God. He rejoiced in the presentation of this gift, for here he knew spiritual work would be carried on and the gospel preached to the poor. Dr. Jenkins was detained in London by the illness of one of his colleagues, and could not give his promised address at the ceremony; he wrote expressing his regret that he had not been able to be present, and added: "I am thankful that you had good services on Thursday. May God enable you to complete the work and make it the beginning of a new spiritual history in the neighbourhood." Five months later, on 3rd November, the chapel was opened by Dr. Jenkins. The Revs. J. Chalmers and F. L. Wiseman occupied the pulpit on the next Sunday, and Rev. C. Garrett preached in the following week. The blessing of God rested on all the services, and some then gave themselves to Christ who continue to this day. At the December Quarterly Meeting a very hearty vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the donor for his "generous gift of so beautiful a chapel." "There had been the greatest judgment shown in the selection of the site and in all the arrangements and appointments of the building." The Minutes of Conference, 1882, contains the following resolution:—"The respectful thanks of the Conference are presented to James Wood, LL.B., of Southport, for the gift

of a chapel, of the value of £1500, at High Park Road, in the Southport (Mornington Road) Circuit." The Christian workers at High Park Road continued to be encouraged by signs of the Spirit's presence and power. The Rev. J. Chalmers and Mr. Wood conducted a prayer-meeting immediately before the opening service on 3rd November. At that gathering a special request was offered on behalf of a young man, a member of the Bible class. On the first Sunday in December, at the close of the evening service, both he and his wife gave themselves to Christ. The teacher of the Bible class wrote to Mr. Wood to tell him the good news: "You doubtless have heard that six more trophies were won for Jesus, Sunday night; four of them were from Blowick and two from High Park. . . . Come, dear brother, oftener amongst us in *person*, I know you are in spirit. God bless you abundantly in your heart for the beautiful Sabbath home you have, as God's steward, given us. . . . Glory to the Lamb, the promise is—'The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple.' The Lord *has* come; and this moral desert is beginning to blossom as the rose!" It is not given to every man to preach in a house of God which he himself has built for His worship; that joy was given to James Wood, and on several occasions we read of "good and impressive services" held there wherein the Lord filled His servant's cup to

overflowing. The Rev. J. S. Harris writes to him, 23rd September 1898: "I had a glorious time at High Park Road last Sunday night. The mighty power of the Holy Ghost came down upon us. Twenty or more followed me into the vestry to give themselves afresh to God, and two that were unsaved were seekers. I came home greatly encouraged." A lecture hall in connection with the chapel was built in 1896; it has added much to the efficiency and completeness of the work done in that neighbourhood.

In 1883, when Dr. Wood was Mayor of his own borough, he was asked to lay the foundation stone of a mission chapel at Brighton Road, Birkdale. This building was the outcome of the devoted labours of some Christian men and women. At that time he spoke of the urgency of social reform, but above all other things, of the supreme importance of leading the ignorant and degraded to the feet of Him who can save to the uttermost. The work here, like that in the localities previously mentioned, was eminently successful, and in 1894 a large mission chapel was erected by the side of the former one, which is now used as a Sunday school. The first stone was laid by Dr. Wood, who was again Mayor, his little son standing by his side. Mr. Mathwin, J.P., in presenting the trowel to the Mayor said, that wherever there was any Home Mission work, and

all that it involved in the reclaiming and the uplifting of fallen men and women, no appeal was ever made to him (Dr. Wood) in vain. They were building that mission hall in the hope of gathering in the people who never crossed the threshold of the house of God. By so doing they would touch the springs of action which had influenced Dr. Wood to his knowledge for the last twenty-five or thirty years. The Mayor, responding, said, he remembered the pleasure with which he laid the stone of the adjoining building eleven years ago. Since then the Brighton Road people had maintained a record of untiring and prosperous labour in the Lord's service. If they wanted to see where their work lay, let them act on the epitaph to Sir Christopher Wren (in St. Paul's Cathedral) "Circumspice"; look around and see the large population of the district. There was never more money in England than to-day, and never more misery. Oh that men would leave political reforms and first give themselves to God—body, soul, and spirit; and then with all the earnestness of which they were capable, throw their time, talents, property, and energy into the work of seeking to save those around them who were lost and who were giving way to despair. People often laughed at him for the importance he attached to mission work. He prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon their efforts.—(*Southport Guardian.*)

The Chapel was opened in March 1895. Dr. Wood presided at the evening meeting held on the day of dedication. He had recently been to London and had heard the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preach. He spoke most enthusiastically about that true-hearted minister of Christ, and the text from which he took his sermon (Jer. vi. 16), "Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths," etc. When he (Dr. Wood) saw the worldliness which exists among professing Christians in some places, he could weep for the Methodism of his fathers! Referring to the singing at the Methodist Reunion at the Cambridge Hall, he remarked: "How people could sing when their hearts were all on fire." The congregation at Brighton Road had his warmest sympathies because they were not ashamed to look for conversions, and they went in for active spiritual work.

At a Home Missionary meeting at Saltaire, Dr. Wood addressed his audience on the attitude of the working classes towards religion. "It is a melancholy fact that at present so large a portion of the labouring population are indifferent to religion, but let us thank God that as a rule they are not *opposed* to it, owing in a great measure to our charities and Sunday schools. The masses of the people are not yet given over to atheism; they believe in religion, but they are driven from it by drink and by the example of those around them. The work of the gospel is to save men,

body and soul; if Christian people will allow the bodies of men and women to be ruined, how shall they save their souls? Working men are apt to think that a religion which is not good for this world cannot be good for the next. Judge Talfourd in his last hours said: 'If I were asked what is the great want of the English people, I would say it is the want of sympathy.' A cheerful smile, a loving word, a warm and friendly grasp of the hand, will oftentimes do more than the most eloquent sermon which can be preached. Some of the lower classes, judging from our larger churches, seem to think that religion is a matter which hardly concerns the poor. Then take a plainer building in the midst of their humble homes and let your young people and your new converts arrange for the services. Throw some fire and energy into the meetings. Let the ladies of your neighbourhood come out and sing for their poorer sisters, and see if you cannot gather an audience. Why, there is nothing in the whole world that 'draws' like the simple truth as it is in Jesus. Then as to the children, God bless them. Christ yearns over them. God save them. How little we do for them, and yet how much they need our help! So many services in the year for adults, so few for children. I regret to say there is little hope for old, confirmed drunkards, but I beseech you, save the children! By Sunday schools, by Bands of Hope, by Brigades, by Blue

Ribbon Societies, by emigration; any way, every way, save the children—

> Open the door for the children,
> Tenderly gather them in;
> In from the highways and hedges,
> In from the places of sin, etc.

There must be individual effort. *You* must take the trouble, you must exercise humility, you must receive in Christ's name if you are to receive His reward." Again: "Bishop Simpson, preaching on John xvii. 22, said, 'The Glory of which Christ here spoke was not the glory of His divinity, but the glory of going down into the depths amongst sinners—cheering, helping, raising, saving men.' Nothing can raise the degraded masses but the religion of Jesus Christ. If scientific men think they can find any other means, let them try; they have not found anything yet. Some cry—'Educate, educate.' Well, education has been tried, and it is very good in its way. I am entirely in favour of education; but, after all, it may polish the surface, it cannot change the heart. We have much to be thankful for, there are many Christian agencies at work. What this country owes to voluntary workers will, perhaps, never be told; but let us as a nation shake off our lethargy and rouse ourselves to more vigorous action, or there may be trouble. I repeat, the only hope of salvation lies in the gospel. And what is the best means of

spreading the gospel among the masses? Why, Methodism is the most prolific and widely spreading organization I know. What is there Methodism could not do if it had more life? Therefore I say to myself, and I say it to you, 'Let *your* light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

The Presbyterian minister at Waterloo, near Liverpool, the Rev. J. J. Muir, was a pastor highly esteemed by Dr. Wood for his fervent piety and Christian work. A sincere friendship existed between them. On many occasions the latter conducted special services in Mr. Muir's church, and also gave addresses in his schoolroom. One evening when Dr. Wood was preaching at St. Andrew's a lady invited a young man to come and hear him. He had been brought up a Methodist, but for years he had neglected divine worship. "Yes, I will go and hear Jamie Wood," he replied. He went accordingly, and was deeply impressed by what he heard. He did not publicly avow his felt need of salvation, but we may hope that afterwards he surrendered himself to Christ, and was not ashamed to confess Him before men.

At the Wesleyan Conference held in Nottingham, 1891, Dr. Wood was asked to preside at a working men's meeting in the Albert Hall, 1st August. Dr. Jenkins and Rev. H. P. Hughes were among the speakers. The audience numbered about two thousand. The Chairman addressed the men on

the subject of social rights and wrongs, and when he had secured their full sympathy he set before them in telling, earnest words that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom, the foundation of all true character and progress in life. He illustrated many of his statements from cases of persons whom he had known, and with whom he had had to deal. "'Let all the people praise Thee, O God,' said the psalmist. Yes, but let all the people *fear* God first, and then they will praise Him. Do you wish to know what it is to live without the fear of God? Then live in France. You will soon feel the unrest of the people. Inquire into its sensuality and crime; see its agonies of despair and count its suicides; visit the Morgue in Paris, inspect its dead; look at the results of communism everywhere, in ruined palaces, in falling houses, etc. *God* was disestablished, and this was the consequence!" Then he besought them to fear God and to honour the Queen, and to uphold righteous laws.

The Salvation Army had his sympathies and his liberal gifts, because they endeavoured to uplift the masses and to save the souls of the perishing. He knew General Booth personally for more than twenty years; he visited his Homes, and understood practically the working of his social schemes. He appeared on the platform of Cambridge Hall when the General and Mrs. Booth came to Southport in 1884 and in 1892. He did not endorse

all the sayings and doings of the Army, but he could not withhold his support from those whose lives were devoted to the restoration of the fallen and the saving of the lost. "No, whatever comes of it, I am in sympathy—my whole heart is in sympathy—with soul-saving, evangelistic work." "If people wished to reach the multitudes, they must break through conventionalism and save them as the Lord directed them." Side by side with the objections to this work he put the question of Jesus Christ in His parable of the Good Samaritan: "Which now of these, thinkest thou, was neighbour to him that fell among thieves? . . . He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do likewise."

Dr. Wood rejoiced in Mr. Alsop's work among the children of the Manchester slums. He presided at a meeting held on their behalf in Southport. In the previous week he had appeared on that platform in connection with the Band of Mercy. That was a good work, but the rescuing of children was a nobler one. He did not care by whose agency this work was done, whether by Mr. Alsop or by any other party, but by some means or another they must wake up the Church and the nation to action in this matter; they must stir up public sympathy and cry aloud to God for wisdom and guidance to know how to deal with it. One thing is certain: this mass of pauper humanity must be purified; the children must be rescued;

they must be fed, clothed, educated, and saved. If you do not spend the money upon them now in rescuing them whilst young, and in removing them from their present associations, you must spend the same amount of money at a future date in increased police, workhouses, and jails. What is required is State-aid united with individual effort. The work of Christian philanthropists will always be needed. They can give help, encouragement, and counsel such as cannot be afforded under any State system; and it is one of the glories of England that, whilst the great wheels of the State lag behind, Christian men and women are found flying to the rescue of the helpless, and, like their Master, surrendering ease, wealth, and even life, in the attempt to seek and save those who are lost.

The appeals became increasingly numerous for "one of his inspiring addresses," or for "some of his stirring words." A letter from the Wesleyan Sunday-School Union, 22nd February 1886, begs that he will preside and speak at a meeting for young men only, to be held in Irwell Street Chapel, Manchester. "We have most happy recollections of your speeches on two former occasions, and the glow of holy enthusiasm you threw into the meetings." Dr. Wood consented to the request, and gave an impressive address on the necessity of being delivered by faith in Christ from the power and indwelling of sin, as well as

from its penalty. After speaking in London at the Home Missionary Meeting in May of the same year, he was invited to give an address on "Service for Christ" at a Young Men's Convention in Great Queen Street Chapel in July. Revs. H. P. Hughes, J. E. Clapham, and F. W. Macdonald were his co-speakers. The line of thought was as follows:—"The essence of all true service is self-sacrifice. Until it reaches that point it is a vain offering. Let us yield ourselves fully to God," etc. In concluding, in his most earnest tone, he said: "It has been remarked that Methodism is a force played out. That is a statement which depends upon *us* for its answer. Young men, the future of Methodism is with you! The honour of our fathers' Church is in our hands. Oh, may we be faithful to our trust! But deliverance comes before service. 'That we being delivered from the hand of our enemies might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness.' Are you saved from your spiritual enemies? Some of you may be saying—'There are things in my life which must be altered if God is to have His right.' Christ came to deliver us; He came to redeem us from all iniquity. 'Sin shall not have dominion over you; ye are not under the law, but under grace.' Brothers, have you got the victory? Do you live the overcoming life?" And then he led the assembly in prayer.

In December 1894 Dr. Wood, by the invitation

of his old friend and former tutor, Archdeacon Clarke, gave an address at a mission conducted in the Christ Church schoolroom, on "Decision for God and entire surrender to Him and to His claims." The whole life is to be put into His hands. There is no little thing with God, either to be withheld or given up. He will do better for you than you can do for yourselves. And by several illustrations he showed to his audience how God's providence works in harmony with His grace. The next day Dr. Wood received the following gratifying note from one who had been present at the service:—"I cannot refrain from writing to you just to convey my best thanks, and grateful ones too, for your beautiful message in our schools last night. I feel sure that the bread which was cast on the waters will be found to have satisfied many a hungry soul. Your words on 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' etc., were a wondrous help to me personally, and I believe they would help many another."

The building of the new Temperance Hall in Southport was a work which evoked his practical sympathy and aid. He had a census taken of the number of total abstainers in the town. He was rejoiced to find that it reached about 7000, not including those who were favourably inclined to temperance reform, but had not joined any of the societies. When the institute was opened in the following year (1892) he presided at the

evening meeting. He stated that at the Wesleyan Temperance Meeting held for the Liverpool District, one of the largest in British Methodism, the Rev. C. Garrett was empowered to draw up and send to the newspapers a manifesto on behalf of all the Wesleyan ministers in this large district, in favour of temperance generally, and of the direct Veto Bill in particular. He was thankful for this advance of Christian sentiment with regard to temperance work. After one of his addresses given in the old Temperance Hall, the Rev. D. C. Ingram wrote to him: "Your speech was like windows to outsiders, politicians, etc., showing them what ought to be done."

He wrote to the Rev. T. Champness many hearty and encouraging words concerning his work, to which he contributed with great liberality. It is needless to say that the missions in our cities and large towns were regarded by him as organizations which carried out on a large scale the evangelism so dear to his heart. He literally revelled in their success, and in many of his public utterances he quoted the testimonies given by new converts who had been won to Christ out of the lowest depths of despair and wretchedness, as showing that in these days there were miracles of grace to be known and read of all men. With the Irwell Street Mission, which now forms a part of the Manchester Central Mission, he was intimately connected. He was accustomed to be

present every year at the anniversary gatherings, speaking and preaching, and holding consecration meetings for workers which were pre-eminently blessed. "His work there will never be forgotten," wrote the Rev. H. M. Nield. The Rev. J. S. Harris, the Home Missionary minister in charge at Irwell Street, laboured there with great acceptance and success for six years until his health gave way. His views of the importance of evangelistic work exactly coincided with those of Dr. Wood; their intercourse was most brotherly, and many blessed seasons of prayer they had together.

His last appearance in London on behalf of Home Missions was in May 1896, when he took the chair at the Annual Meeting in Wesley's Chapel. The *Methodist Recorder* states that he began a powerful address by restating the facts concerning the Connexional decrease. He very soon left figures, and roused the congregation by proclaiming the unchangeableness of God and of God's truth. The gospel was as efficacious as ever. Persons could be saved by it in the nineteenth century as well as in the eighteenth century. He believed that we might yet live to see some of the great events which would usher in the end of the present dispensation. He thought God was now making special appeals to the unconverted to surrender to Christ, and to the churches to be faithful. He believed that if ever there was need

of a red-hot religion it was now. It was of no use trimming between the Church and the world, between God and mammon. For himself, he would rather worship in a barn or in a kitchen where souls were saved, as in the days of our forefathers, and where especially young people were converted to God, than in the grandest Cathedral that could be built, where the service was simply cold and formal. If they would get back to the glorious times of old they must get down on their knees and seek God's blessing on their labours. The Chairman then led the congregation in prayer. It was a new departure, but the earnestness of his supplications and the solemnity of the moment made a deep impression on the minds of those who were present that evening. He was called "an old-fashioned" Methodist, and in this title be gloried; and was ready to say I would to God that all who hear me were (in this respect) such as I am.

An event which called up happy memories of the past and gratitude for present prosperity, was the laying of the foundation stones of a new chapel at Blowick, 26th June 1897. In commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee year it was named Victoria Chapel. Seven ladies took part in this ceremony; the eighth stone was laid by James Wood, junior; his father, well practised in that art, stood by and instructed his young son in the performance of his duty. His strong wish

was that from his earliest days his boy should take an interest in the spot where he himself had laboured for so many years. At the meeting which followed Dr. Wood gave an account of the origin of Methodist work at Blowick, and touchingly alluded to his former colleagues who had passed away. In conclusion he spoke of the blessings which had come to the nation through Her (late) Majesty's reign, and quoted the sentence: "In sixty years of diversified Court life, trial and temptation, there has not been an act, as far as we know, inconsistent with one professing the fear of the Lord." The chapel was opened 6th July 1898 by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins. In anticipation of the day, Dr. Wood had prepared an interesting pamphlet, *Reminiscences of Blowick*, which he distributed to the friends and workers, who received the memorial with grateful appreciation. We may breathe the prayer with which the little volume closes, and which came from the writer's heart—"May the presence of the Holy One abide there; may souls be saved, and may the glory of the latter house exceed that of the former! Amen."

"The Million More Scheme" interested James Wood greatly. He considered it to be the finest social and moral effort ever made in England. It was launched in October 1891 by the United Kingdom Band of Hope. Thousands of homes were visited, and large numbers of pledges were

taken. The year 1897 being the Diamond Jubilee, and also the Jubilee of the Band of Hope movement (1847–1897), it was resolved to make an effort to complete the original scheme. Our beloved Queen Victoria accorded to it her "special patronage." It was proposed that 50,000 visitors should visit one million homes; that teachers in Sunday schools should appeal to their scholars to join the Band of Hope; and that the large number of children who are enrolled should try to induce one million more children to enlist as abstainers with them. Besides the adherents to be gained, a Central Fund was to be raised towards the establishment of Scientific Temperance Lectures in day schools; Special Temperance Missions in rural districts; and the erection of a Memorial Hall in London. The scheme progressed successfully, especially in Lancashire and Cheshire. Dr. Wood, who was President of the Southport Band of Hope Union, presided, and spoke at many meetings on its behalf, both in his own neighbourhood and in other places. In Southport a canvas of the town was taken, 1364 pledges were obtained, and over 500 children joined the Bands of Hope. After the town had been canvassed, Dr. Wood invited the workers to meet him in the Temperance Institute, November 1897. Tea was provided, and afterwards reports of the work and the experiences of the canvassers

were given. It was a very encouraging gathering. Some of Dr. Wood's family not only became members of the Band of Hope, but they also advised other children, with the consent of their parents, to sign the pledge — "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages."

At the close of one of his temperance addresses, Dr. Wood commended the words of John Wesley to his audience: "To stem in any degree the torrent of vice; to repress the floods of ungodliness; to remove in any measure the occasions of blaspheming that Holy Name by which we are called, is one of the noblest designs that can enter into the heart of man to conceive."

CHAPTER XIII

EVANGELISTIC TOURS; CONVENTIONS

O! strengthen me, that while I stand
  Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
  To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O! fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
  Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
  Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

IN 1885, and in many of the following years, James Wood was earnestly solicited by several Boroughs successively to stand as their Parliamentary candidate. It was, as he himself stated, the hope of gaining greater experience on the social problems of the day which induced him to think seriously of accepting the request. The Rev. C. Garrett advised him to take this step, as also did other friends. Mr. Garrett wrote to him: "I think you ought to be in the House. You would give it the very element it wants, and be one of just the band that we shall want in the

future; for, Ireland out of the way, social questions will rapidly come to the front. . . . May God guide and bless you!" The Rev. D. C. Ingram sent to him: "I enter into your solicitudes, and am rejoiced to find that God holds your heart in peace the while so much that may be of immense importance in your future is happening." In doubt as to the right course to take, and anxious only to know the will of God in this matter, he betook himself to prayer. He had recently made that absolute surrender of himself to the Lord which filled his subsequent life with so much peace and joy. In the sacred retreat of his closet he thus poured out his soul before his Saviour: "If Thou wilt take me I give myself to Thee—time, talents, property, all to Thee. If Thou wilt guide, I will follow. If Thou wilt direct, I will work. If Thou wilt save me, I will (*D.V.*) save others. I put myself into Thy hands, do what Thou wilt with me, for Thine own mercies' sake. Amen." Visions of the House of Commons, and what might there be effected by loyal, faithful men, faded from his view. Henceforth he would spend all the leisure he could command in evangelistic work. Invitations to accompany the Rev. T. Cook on his mission tours reached him from many places; he accepted them joyfully, and the abundance of the divine blessing which rested upon him wherever he went was a satisfactory indication that he was in the right path.

The appointment of the Rev. T. Cook as a Connexional Evangelist by the Conference of 1882 (he had previously been a District Evangelist) was a supreme gratification to Dr. Wood, and to be associated with his friend in the work which they both loved pre-eminently was an added delight. In April 1884 Mr. Cook and Dr. Wood conducted special services at St. John Street Wesleyan Chapel, Chester. The latter had been there before, in the days when the Rev. J. Chalmers was the superintendent minister of that Circuit, and had spoken at their Home and also at their Foreign Missionary meetings. Many were glad to see and hear him again. The mission was very successful; about 300 persons entered the inquiry room. In December 1898, at the time when the President's Convention was being held in Liverpool, during one of the meetings a little note was handed up to the platform addressed to Dr. Wood, who was one of the speakers. It had reference to this mission. It ran thus:—

"DEAR DR. WOOD,—I was converted under your preaching about fourteen years ago in John Street Chapel, Chester, when you conducted a mission service for children conjointly with the Rev. Thomas Cook.

"I have been a Sunday-school teacher twelve years, and God has blessed my work.—Yours truly in the Lord, L. R."

In October 1885 Dr. Wood took part in a series of special services held at Preston. A lady who had received much blessing through him during this mission requested him to preside at a meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, of which she was the secretary. He complied, and she, in returning her grateful thanks for his consent, said that her large class of girls were eager to hear him again, and one of them remarked that she had been praying for another opportunity of doing so. After the meeting the secretary wrote again: "We praise God that He gave you a message to touch the hearts of several of our members who always took it for granted they were 'good enough,' and they have expressed the wish for me to ask you to give us two or three meetings on Consecration. I rejoice to see so many hearts are longing to see more of their need of this." But Dr. Wood could not undertake such a work as was desired single-handed; and also he was on the point of leaving for Cornwall with Mr. Cook, so he reluctantly declined the proposal. However, after his return he held an evangelistic service in Lune Street Wesleyan Chapel, by request of the minister, the Rev. G. Fletcher.

One of the most heart-cheering and fruitful missions conducted by the Rev. T. Cook and Dr. Wood was the one held at Truro, November 1885. They came to a people prepared of the

Lord and expectant of great blessing. The congregations increased in number day by day; on the second Sunday evening not fewer than 2000 were present. The sight was most inspiring on the last night of the mission, when the new converts were asked to rise as a confession of their faith in Christ. About 400 adults and juniors professed to find salvation. The afternoon meetings for Holiness were very precious and edifying. Letters were written to Dr. Wood "in grateful remembrance of wondrous help received in time of need"; "because you inspired me with new hope when you knelt by my side and spoke words of cheer." The friend who received Dr. Wood as his guest wrote to him subsequently: "Your visit in connection with Mr. Cook's Mission will never be forgotten; the results are most blessed. The larger number of converts have been drafted into classes connected with our own Society, where they will be cared for and helped. Some have joined other churches, and a few are in our country classes. The Sunday Communion after you left was a day which will be remembered. There were over five hundred communicants. The watch-night service also was well attended, the body of the chapel being filled." The Rev. F. R. Bell wrote with reference to this work after Dr. Wood had passed away: "His death is a great loss to our church, as well

as to his dear family. He was a man greatly beloved, and *worthy* of love and esteem. I remember his mission at Truro with Mr. Cook in 1885, and the rich blessing that attended it. I was visiting there at the time. A relative was among the converts. He has remained true." Mr. Kennerley, the Home Missionary at Blowick, writing to Dr. Wood, says: Many thanks for your kind note to hand. We are glad to hear of your heavenly visitation, and that the Holy Spirit is fulfilling His office and mission in turning the people from darkness to light. We hope you are now having the showers of divine grace. It is grand when ministers and people are all prepared. No wonder that God honours their faith." In commemoration of the great blessing received during this mission the congregation subscribed for, and placed in the Wesleyan Chapel, Truro, a beautiful stained-glass window.

In December of this year Mr. Cook held a mission at Hull. For the first week the message given was chiefly to believers. The record runs: "On Thursday and Friday, 10th and 11th December, Dr. Wood of Southport was with us. His words were made a great blessing. Friday night's service, again for believers, was a time of great searching of heart. Scores yielded themselves to God, a living sacrifice. Our people say that they remember no revival in Hull so full of divine power and blessing. Early in 1886 we find

the two friends at Tiviot Dale, Stockport, at the Home Missionary Anniversary. Mr. Cook was the preacher; and in the afternoon of that Sabbath Dr. Wood delivered an address at a special service which had been arranged for men only. We take the following sentence from a letter which he wrote to the Rev. C. Garrett, dated 19th January: —"I am still working with Mr. Cook. We had a good day on Sunday at Tiviot Dale; seventy names taken, including children."

From 24th January to 4th February a memorable mission was held at Rochdale. The secretary of the united committee for the two Circuits, the Rev. J. S. Harris, had done everything that work and forethought and prayer and preparation could do to ensure success. A report of it says: "The Rev. T. Cook was assisted most ably by Dr. Wood of Southport. The chapels were filled; both Wesley and Union Street. At times hundreds went away because there was no more room. Every house in Rochdale was visited. In many cases whole families were saved. In one school the whole number in a senior class decided for Christ. Day by day, as the crowds gathered to listen to the old story, so simply, forcibly, and lovingly told by the two evangelists, and as we saw them earnestly seeking the Lord, we were obliged to exclaim: 'It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The number of inquirers during the

mission was 812. We thank God who had so richly gifted the two mission preachers, and devoutly pray that His abundant blessing may rest upon them in all their arduous labours." A young lad, who with his two companions was pigeon-flying on the Sunday morning, came to Union Street Chapel at night, and was converted. "I left it rejoicing;" he said, "I felt as though I could have leapt over a five-barred gate. I can now say, 'For me to live is Christ.'" With his Bible under his arm he to-day invites his former comrades to the house of God. Another case was that of an ostler. One of his mates told him after his conversion that at one time he was always whistling *songs* (he is a good whistler), and asked him how it was he was now always whistling *hymns*. The ostler replied that he had whistled long enough for the devil, but now he was going to whistle for Christ. The good work did not end with the close of the mission. Some weeks afterwards Dr. Wood received a cheering letter from one of the Union Street friends, in which he said that the fire was still burning, the members were full of love and zeal, and the new converts were striving to bring others to Christ. As a small token of grateful appreciation of the services of Mr. Cook and Dr. Wood, a bound copy of Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ* was presented to each of them.

A mission at Brunswick Chapel, Newcastle-on-

Tyne, commenced 12th February with a meeting for workers conducted by Mr. Cook. During the next week Dr. Wood joined him and rendered "valuable assistance." They had very encouraging and delightful seasons both in the ordinary services and in the Holiness meetings. On some occasions the spacious sanctuary would not hold the crowds who sought for admission. Many were added to the church, and many believers were led into a higher spiritual life.

From 28th February to 6th March the two missioners were at Seacombe. An account of the meetings reads thus: "A Singing Band, headed by an English concertina, sang through the village on the Sunday evening before the service. This was well attended, and was under the charge of Dr. Wood. After that evening the weather was against us, but the faithful few, headed by the concertina, went out on Monday evening and every night of the week, though the marches were made under difficult circumstances. A great work was also done among the young. On Sunday afternoon, 28th February, Dr. Wood appealed so faithfully to the children and young folks that about one hundred went into the inquiry rooms, and a very blessed work was the result."

In the beginning of April Dr. Wood assisted Mr. Cook in a mission at St. Paul's Wesleyan Church, Didsbury. Here also he had the charge of a service for children and young people, which

was well attended, and a deep impression made on the plastic minds of those who listened to him. From his papers we find five hymns marked down for this meeting. He was very fond of singing, especially with children, and having a rich, sonorous voice and a good knowledge of suitable tunes, he could always in this manner interest them, as also by his earnest words. The next month took him to Globe Road Chapel, London. Mr. Cook and he taking a meeting on Saturday evening, and services on Sunday 2nd May. This was all the time that could be given here on account of previous engagements at the meetings being held in the City. Dr. Wood had recently given £330 to the Rev. T. B. Stephenson for the enlargement of Gordon Hall in the same neighbourhood as a place for carrying on evangelistic and social work.

A "Three Days' Mission" was held at Wesley Chapel, Waterloo, in the middle of May; and at the end of the month Mr. Cook and his friend went to Hull, on their way to the docks to set sail for Norway. Here on Thursday and Friday, 27th and 28th, in Brunswick Chapel, they again conducted two very blessed and successful services. On Monday 31st they entered the *Angelo*, and sped across the North Sea to Norway. Mr. Cook had made the acquaintance of a minister named Jorgensen, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, some years before during, a

mission in Cardiff. He pressed Mr. Cook to visit Norway, where he was then labouring as minister of the church at Tonsberg, a small town on the gulf of that name. Mr. Cook promised to accede to his request as soon as an opportunity occurred, provided he would interpret for him. Pastor Jorgensen agreed to do so, and in the interval succeeded in acquiring sufficient English for the purpose. Dr. Wood, as he himself told at the Southport Convention (1886), had seen something of the Norwegians in this country, having met with several of them in business, and he had formed a strong desire to go to Norway. This wish he kept secret, resolving that he would only go there when the Divine Will indicated that the time had come. When therefore the Rev. T. Cook invited him to accompany him on his mission to that country, he could not but accept it as a providential leading.

The evangelists arrived at Tonsberg on Monday evening. The next night they held their first service in the Methodist Chapel, which is a neat wooden building capable of accommodating 250 persons. Mr. Cook says: "We entered upon our work with much fear and trembling, but believing in the power of God to enable us to surmount the difficulties. Dr. Wood spoke first, because he had had experience in speaking through an interpreter when in Paris. He had not spoken many minutes before I felt I could

praise God for the victory we were going to have. I felt as sure of success as though I had seen it, and when I spoke I told the people so. We closed the service full of heart and hope. We feel we are highly favoured in having a man of such a choice and beautiful spirit as Pastor Jorgensen. In every respect he is in sympathy with us, and this enables him to convey the spirit as well as the letter of our addresses. We shall never forget the scene on the Thursday night. The power of God strangely rested upon us, and when after the addresses were over we asked inquirers into a large room behind the pulpit, they came in such numbers the room was far too small to hold them, so we had to invite them back into the chapel and deal with them *en masse*. It was eminently a season of grace and delight. The next day the congregations were larger, and the interest deeper than in any meetings before. In the afternoon, when those who were seeking Christ were asked to stand up, nearly half the congregation responded; and in the evening twenty-five persons knelt at the communion rail in old-fashioned Methodist style, and cried to God for mercy. The minister says: 'We never saw it on this fashion;' and the members are rejoicing and praising God for the wonders He hath wrought."

Dr. Wood, in a letter to one of his sisters, describes their first service as "a sweet little meeting." After the benediction had been pro-

DR. WOOD, REV. T. COOK, AND PASTOR JORGENSON.

NORWAY, *June 1886.*

nounced, the warm-hearted people crowded to the vestry-door to shake hands with them, exclaiming: "Welcome! Welcome!" The letter continues: "Is it not nice to think of the principal buildings in the town being beautiful schools for the education of the young instead of gin palaces, etc. It impreses you deeply as you see them here; especially the common school, standing high up above all the town, surrounded by a kind of park, without trees, where the children can walk and play when released from school. . . .

"*Thursday.*—Ascension Day. We are to have three services to-day. . . . We had a larger congregation last night, seventy to eighty persons. Mr. Cook spoke powerfully on the Barren Fig-tree; the people winced and groaned and responded, they would not come forward; but some held up their hands to be prayed for. I think this was very good, considering we have only been here about two days, and all is so new and strange. I hope we shall have good times to-day. I have just been out for a walk before breakfast. The climate here is peculiar. It shines hot and blows cold at the same time. . . . *Afternoon.*—I have taken the service both morning and afternoon, with help from Pastor Jorgensen and Mr. Cook, and we have had much blessing; the little chapel nearly full. Children's service this afternoon. I hope we shall have a good time and souls saved to-night. Praise to the Lord!

"*Friday.*—I had written so far in faith, before going to the meeting, praising the Lord for the souls that were going to be saved, but I little thought what a blessing the Lord was about to give us. Praise the Lord! Pray and give thanks for us." The farewell meeting was most pathetic. A little card was put into the hand of each evangelist, on which was inscribed a tender adieu. The translation of Dr. Wood's card was: "Thank you for the work you have done. Thank you for the comfort you have laid as a foundation for me; that I with Jesus am washed and cleansed, and can go forward on the heavenly road. The Lord recompense you for your toil until you in the other world with Him shall stand. That is my one blissful hope, that also a place with Jesus I shall obtain. God be with you. Farewell. Pray for me, your sister in the Lord."

From Norway Mr. Cook and Dr. Wood went to Dublin, where they conducted some encouraging meetings, and then left Ireland in time to be present at the Southport Convention.

The Rev. E. Davidson had engaged to undertake a mission at Plymouth in November 1888. The Rev. S. J. P. Dunman, who was the resident minister at Truro when Mr. Cook and Dr. Wood were there in 1885, wrote to the latter requesting him "to come to our aid as you did three years ago at Truro. I shall never forget that mission, with its happy and blessed work. It has been a

help to me ever since." Dr. Wood gladly consented to go and assist Mr. Davidson from 14th to 20th November. He had just arrived at Plymouth on the evening of the 14th when a telegram reached him informing him of the sudden death of his sister Mary. This sad event necessitated his immediate return to Southport, and so the work which he had planned for these days had to be abandoned.

The last record which we have of Dr. Wood's accompanying Mr. Cook in evangelistic work was at a mission at York (Wesley) in February 1889. We read of large attendances, of beautifully quiet services, and of manifestations of great spiritual power. A very pleasing feature was that the majority of those who sought salvation were young people. One result of the mission was the formation of a branch of the "Out and Out Band"; a union of earnest Christians for Bible study and prayer.

The Southport Convention originated with the Rev. W. H. Tindall. He had been to the Keswick gathering; he had also presided over similar meetings on a smaller scale in other places. He conceived the idea that a great Methodist Convention conducted definitely on the lines of scriptural holiness might be held with most blessed results in this town on the north-west coast. Mr. Tindall was heartily supported in

his view by Dr. Wood. The latter entered into all the arrangements for the holding of these meetings with his accustomed energy and decision. From the first gathering in the Tent, until his death, he was the firm friend and ally of Mr. Tindall. Owing to business engagements and to municipal duties, Dr. Wood could not be frequently present at the forenoon and afternoon meetings, but he always attended, and in later years presided, at the early morning prayer-meeting. To the Tent he came at 7 a.m. with his little ones by the hand, greeting everybody whom he met on the way. How fervently he prayed, how heartily he sang the hymns! No one who was present on these occasions can ever forget with what deep feeling he read the requests for prayer and praise, and then brought them before God. From three to five hundred persons generally gathered at this early service, which was a time of special grace and refreshment. The Convention commences on the last Sunday in June of each year. The first Southport Convention was held June 1885.

Dr. Wood was called to give an address in the Tent, 28th June 1887. We give an extract from it:—"I am very glad that it has been made quite plain that we do not believe in what is commonly known as Perfectionism. We do not believe in perfect men and women, but in a perfect God alone. Yet we do believe that if we

name the Name of Christ, we must depart from iniquity; and that it is of no use speaking about these things unless we carry them out in our lives. The whole teaching is to this effect: that we see ourselves perfect sinners and perfectly helpless; but we are saved by a perfect Christ with a perfect salvation. There was a time when we tried to mend ourselves and to touch ourselves up, but in the end we had to surrender all and trust in Christ alone. That made a change in our experience, gave us rest and peace, and altered the whole current of our lives. We need to be down here at the lowest point, and to lift Jesus up, higher and higher, Master and Lord of all for evermore.

"At these meetings we have had statements of doctrine, we have had experiences and illustrations. I am longing for the time when we shall go a step farther, and go apart into some quiet place and seek the blessing with all our heart. The children of Israel could not cross the Red Sea until they came to it, and they might have come to it and not crossed it; but when Pharaoh was behind them and only God with them they got safely through. And so, dear friends, when you are brought to that point—no help, no hope but in God alone—then God will deliver you. Many people come into the inquiry rooms to find Christ when they are not ready to find Him. They are not ready to give up sin. The same with this

matter; some will have to give up a whole host of things—finery, pleasure, and various indulgences—before they can obtain the blessing they seek. If you renounce these things you will be buffeted and scorned by many of your friends, but you must be willing to 'return and do *whatsoever* the Lord thy God commands thee.' And then 'the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion on thee.' Don't let us dispute about terms; the question is: Are we willing to make the sacrifice and obtain the blessing? Every time I come to these meetings I see a fuller blessing, and long for it, and want to go and seek it. May we be enabled to give up all that we may get it." After singing a hymn, prayer was offered up by the Rev. Charles Garrett, and amidst deep feeling the meeting closed.

At the Convention of 1891 one or two smaller meetings were held, in addition to the gatherings in the Tent, for persons who were seeking to be entirely consecrated to God. The Rev. T. Cook and Dr. Wood conducted them, and they were made very useful. From this year, and onward, Dr. Wood gave a tea in the schoolroom, Mornington Road, at the conclusion of the Meeting of Welcome, to those who had come to the Convention, many of them from a long distance. It was always a happy hour of social intercourse and Christian fellowship.

In 1892 a friend wrote to Dr. Wood inquiring

about the doctrines which were set forth at the Southport Convention; intimating that they were full of mystery, and that the belief or non-belief of these doctrines made a separating line between Christians, even those belonging to the same family. Dr. Wood replied—

"I do not think I misunderstood your last; I hope not. I am sure you sympathise with all that is good; what I want is, as you say, 'more of that life and power.' I also regret to say my heart is not clean, and if my salvation depended upon my saying I was perfect, I fear there would be no hope for me. I have never said it. I trust to die claiming, as a sinner, an interest in the great Atonement. 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins'—and *we do*—'He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' As to the '*separation*,' I feel it very much; but *it must be*; not as between those who say they are perfect and those who say they are not, but between those who believe in real conversion, and consecration, and sanctification, and pray for the help of the Holy Spirit to live it out—and worldly Christians who do not so believe, and pray, and strive."

The eleventh Southport Convention was held June 1895. It was made especially memorable by the following circumstance:—On the Wednes-

day morning at the early meeting the attendance was very large; it nearly filled half of the Tent. Dr. Wood announced that the first of his long list of requests for prayer was a very special one. It had been made known to him that the Rev. T. Champness was not only ill, but at the end of his resources. Few men, he said, had done more for Methodism than Thomas Champness, and it was a scandal if they could spend money on so many minor things and leave Thomas Champness to starve. Let them pray for him. After prayer the Rev. W. H. Tindall rose and said this was one of the cases in which they ought to answer their own prayers. At once a good friend came forward and put half a sovereign on the book-board. During the singing of the next hymn many others followed his example and presented their gifts. The heart-moving scene was repeated on Thursday morning, there being about 800 persons present. After an immense number of varied and pathetic requests for prayer had been read and presented to God, Mr. Welsby (one of Mr. Champness's workers) was called to the front. He then spoke of Mr. and Mrs. Champness and their work, and their self-sacrifice, and how their resources for working their mission were exhausted. While a hymn was being sung a scene was witnessed even more remarkable than that of the previous morning. People all over the Tent wept and came forward with their offerings. Dr.

Wood took up some of the coins and said he could kiss them. Whilst the people thus offered willingly, there came down a mighty spiritual influence. Dr. Wood in an impassioned prayer commended Mr. and Mrs. Champness and their work to God. For deep, prolonged feeling there was nothing like it during the entire Convention. Altogether about £80, besides jewellery, was contributed as an expression of practical sympathy with this good work.

On 27th June 1897 Dr. Jenkins preached the preparatory sermon before the Convention (as he had done on previous occasions) in Mornington Road Chapel; Dr. Wood conducting the earlier part of the service, and Mr. J. H. Jenkins reading the lessons. The lecture hall was crowded on Monday afternoon at the Meeting of Welcome. Dr. Wood presided, and gave the first address. He said: "I heartily welcome you all who here are gathered from all parts of the country in anticipation of a time of Pentecostal power. We do not so much need more meetings, ordinary or special, or more buildings; but above everything the baptism of the Spirit is the 'one thing needful.'

> O! that it now from heaven might fall,
> And all our sins consume!
> Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee we call,
> Spirit of burning, come.

The invitation circular states that the need of a higher Christian life is being pressed more and

more by the Holy Ghost upon the hearts of Christians. I want it to be clearly understood that we are here to seek it; and that we are not here to dispute about theological definitions, or to declare ourselves perfect. We have met to seek the Holy Ghost for ourselves, and to pray that He may come down upon all orders and upon all ages, that young and old may be brought into the fold. Imagine what the effect would be if every preacher and every member were baptized with the Holy Ghost! And if every Sunday-school superintendent and every class-leader were filled with the Spirit, what marvellous results would follow! I have known a feast turned into a prayer-meeting, and a Christmas-tree and children's party transformed into a Pentecost! Some time ago, in a very old copy of the Minutes, I was astonished to find that John Wesley used as part of the business of Conference to question his preachers as to their personal experience of entire sanctification; and I ask you, are you seeking, or do you enjoy, full sanctification?

"Brethren, shall we have this baptism? If there is anything true in the New Testament, it is certain that we *may* all have this baptism; and if we are to do anything for God we *must* have it. One of the most useful Christian workers I know, said to me lately: 'It is of little use holding more evangelical meetings until we get more of the power of the Holy Ghost.' But we

must first put away all sinful and all doubtful things, and consecrate ourselves wholly to the Lord. Who will? I will. Taking the lowest place, let us yield ourselves to God. Let every heart breathe one prayer, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

> Jesus comes with all His grace,
> Comes to save a fallen race;
> Object of our glorious hope,
> Jesus comes to lift us up!"

In the course of this address Dr. Wood three or four times led off singing with great effect well-known verses, in which the audience reverently joined.

The Rev. J. Lewis, superintendent minister of Mornington Road Church, also spoke on the same subject, confessing his need of the baptism of power. "I mean to claim it, that I may be as good a minister of Christ as God the Holy Ghost can make me." The work of grace, which each of these two devoted Christians thus earnestly desired, was shortly accomplished, and ere long James Lewis and James Wood, one after the other, entered the paradise of God!

Dr. Wood was appointed to take the closing service of the Convention in Mornington Road Chapel, on Sunday evening, 4th July 1897. He preached from our Lord's parting command to His disciples: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high"

(Luke xxiv. 49). It was throughout an impressive season of waiting upon God. The following sketch is taken from the brief notes which he has left:—

"Christ sent out His disciples on a mission. A promise was given to them; a divine assurance of blessing and help. For this they were to wait. 'I send the promise of My Father upon you.' It was Christ the risen Saviour who would thus endow them, by sending upon them and upon all who would hereafter claim the blessing, the promise of the Father; eclipsing all other, the essential gift of God.

"Tarry 'until ye are endued,' that is, 'clothed' (R.V.), as Christ was clothed with the Spirit (Isa. lxi. 1). 'Clothed,' not with human eloquence, nor with human strength, but with miraculous power; a divine energy communicated by God to us to enable us to carry on His work, and without which we can do nothing; a power which does not come from beneath, nor from within, but from on high. It is something far beyond our reach. You cannot earn it; you cannot buy it, no, not if you had all the wealth in the world; you cannot produce it, no, not if you had all the power in the world. It comes to you as a free gift, the gift of God. Ask for it, agonise for it, wait for it. 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto

your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?

"See the necessity for this endowment. 'Tarry *ye*.' Surely not the Apostles! Men who had been called, commissioned, taught, ordained, sent out by Christ Himself? Yes, even they could not do anything until they were clothed with divine energy; and can we expect to do any successful work without being thus endued?

"Let us see what Isaiah (xxxii. 12–17) says on this subject. 'They shall lament for the pleasant fields, for the fruitful vine,' etc. The fields are as withered leaves; the vines are as sapless branches; the trees are barren of fruit. The land shall only yield briers and thorns. Burning shall come upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city. The Temple was magnificent; the palaces full of wealth and power; the city was crowded and prosperous. The Temple shall be overthrown; the palaces forsaken; the city left without the multitude, etc.

"Do you mourn for a vanished prosperity? Yes, mourn and beat your breasts and cry, How long? Until, what next? Until the Spirit be poured out from on high. Oh, when shall we learn this truth! The Lord impress it upon our hearts to-night. All our buildings, all our organisations are good as far as they go; but they are powerless until the Spirit come upon us. Then there

is a complete transformation! The wilderness becomes a fruitful field; the fruitful field becomes a forest. Then judgment or justice shall dwell in the wilderness, in the wild, uncultivated, unfruitful places; and righteousness shall remain in the cultivated, fruitful field; and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. Do we wish to see the wilderness become a fruitful field? Do we wish to see everywhere righteousness and peace? Then let us seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Nothing else will secure these results.

"We take still higher ground. Even Christ Himself was endued with the Spirit. (Isa. lxi. 1–3.) He was baptized with the Holy Ghost. He was full of the Holy Ghost. He preached in the power of the Holy Ghost. He was led of the Spirit. He was supported and sustained by the Spirit. If Christ needed the anointing of the Holy Ghost; if the Apostles needed it and were bidden to tarry for it, shall we presume to go forth without this baptism and then blame God because the fields are barren?

"'Tarry until I come and show thee what to do.' '*Wait.*' A word used fifty times in scripture. 'Wait, I say, on the Lord.' How little do we heed; we go on working, struggling, fighting. Why? Because it is so much more easy to work, struggle, fight, than to wait. Waiting—it

is the enacted confession of our helplessness! How shall we receive this baptism? How be clothed with this power? We must first be unclothed. Before we found salvation in Christ we were brought to an utter despair of ourselves, of everybody, of everything but Christ. Just so is it when we seek to be empowered with the Holy Ghost. We must be brought to an utter despair of every, and any, kind of power but that which comes from above. 'Lord, I can do nothing without Thee,' must be our cry. No prestige, learning, rank, wealth, will avail. We may as well sit down; but not in idleness, not in despair. No, we must wait upon God. The cloud must move before we can set forth. 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.' Wait! It is the hardest task of all. It means believing, persevering, agonising prayer. It means a taking hold of the promises of God! It is hard work for self and pride. Oh, my brethren, don't I know it! Has it not been branded on my soul as with a hot iron!

> Lord, I despair myself to heal;
> I see my sin but cannot feel;
> I cannot till Thy Spirit blow,
> And bid the obedient waters flow.

Lord, I despair of accomplishing this work; I cannot alter the hearts of men; all my arguments and entreaties do not seem to touch them. I

must and I will tarry until I receive the promise of the Father.

"Have you ever thought how long Christ has waited? The promise of the Father to Him was—'Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thy foes Thy footstool.' Nineteen hundred years He has tarried for the fulfilment of this word. He has paid the price; He is interceding for men that He may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Christ is waiting yet. But His day is coming. First He will call His own faithful ones to Himself, and then He will come to do His own work in the world. He will come with all the glory of His Father, and with His holy angels.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down. Amen.

"The cry shall be heard—'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever!'

"Lastly, the disciples had to wait in Jerusalem. That place of all others! Lord, anywhere but there! Persecution has already begun. Our enemies will find out the 'upper room' and take us all to judgment, or perhaps to prison. But

the command of Christ to them was so very clear there was no possibility of misunderstanding it. 'Tarry ye in the *city* of Jerusalem.' We are called to wait upon God in Mornington Road Chapel; to show our faith in the promise of God by waiting and remaining at our post of duty whilst we hold fast to the promise. Prayer will be answered. Christ will fulfil His own word. A revival will come. 'The glory of the Lord will be revealed.' If you believe this, tarry here with us this night and wait upon God in faith and expectation; in prayer and intercession; until the Spirit is poured out from on high, and the wilderness becomes a fruitful field, and the fruitful field becomes a forest."

In the prayer-meeting which followed this service, and to which some three or four hundred remained, God poured out upon His people in an eminent degree the "spirit of grace and supplication."

In the succeeding October, from the 10th to the 19th, the Rev. T. Cook conducted a very blessed and helpful mission at Mornington Road Chapel. James Wood, with heart and soul aflame, assisted in the services. Cards were distributed among the inquirers entitled "Helps to Seekers." The concluding sentence on the card read thus: "I do now take Jesus Christ as my Saviour; and resolve by the help of the Holy Spirit to obey

and follow Him. In token of this I subscribe with my hand unto the Lord." In the blank space left for a signature, James Wood solemnly and reverently wrote his own name, first adding the word "entire" before Saviour—"as my entire Saviour," and underlining the word "obey."

The last Southport Convention at which Dr. Wood was present was held 26th June to 3rd July 1898. The Rev. Dr. Jenkins preached as usual the opening sermon; Dr. Wood taking the earlier and devotional part of the service, as he had done in the previous year. The next day he presided again at the Welcome Meeting, and spoke kind words to the crowded audience before him. He pathetically remarked that he had never known a time when so many Christian workers were laid aside; or when so many had been called home. "There never was a year when Conventions were more needed than now. The fields were white unto the harvest, but where were the workers? The end was hastening on, but was the world being prepared for the coming of the King? . . . Someone had said they feared real labourers were not being made to-day as they used to be. The object of the Convention was to contribute something to the making of real workers; to lead to the full surrender of the life and work; to ensure a closer walk with God; and to seek a baptism of the Holy Ghost. More prayer was needed. Where there had been this

waiting upon God in prayer there had followed conversions and revivals." He then entreated his hearers during the week to wait before God in continued prayer, and there would not be wanting signs and assurances of the divine blessing.

He had passed away when the next Southport Convention (1899) came round. How deeply his absence was felt! But was he absent? Sometimes we thought not, so vivid was the consciousness of nearness to him and communion with him.

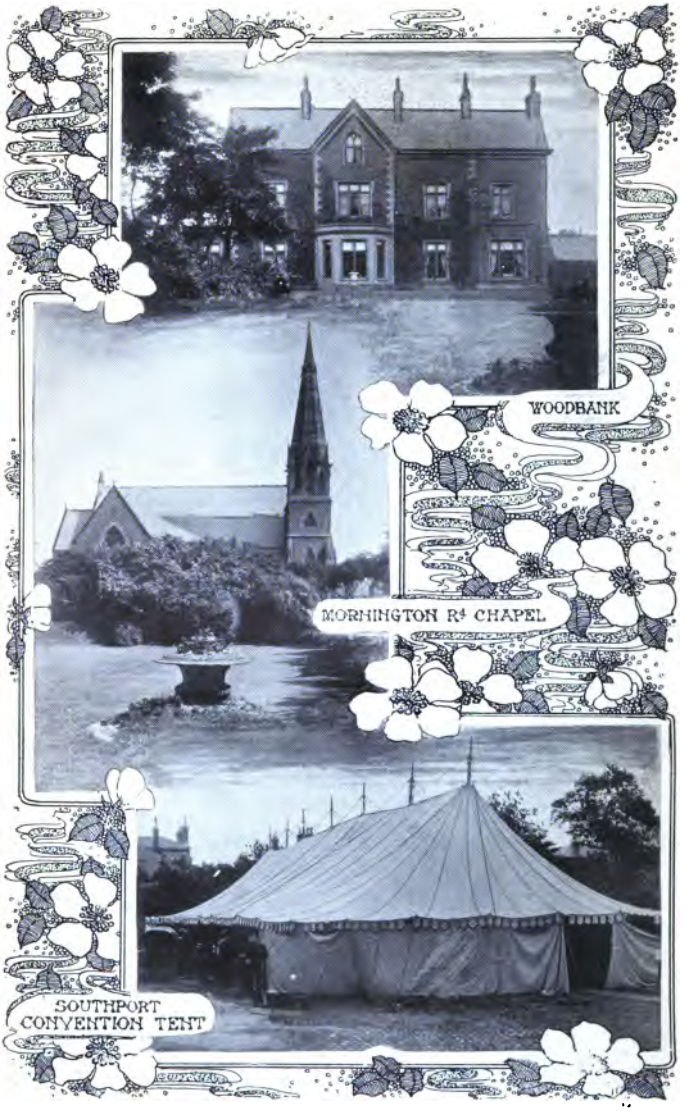
A resolution was passed by the committee recording "its high appreciation of the inestimable service rendered to the Convention by Dr. Wood, its Treasurer, and its keen sense of the loss it has sustained through his death. It recognises his great kindness and generosity in providing for a number of years the site upon which the Convention has been held, his unwearying solicitude for its success, his diligence and faithfulness in discharging all the duties of his office, and his courtesy and brotherliness."

Dr. Wood assisted at many Conventions held in various places for the deepening of spiritual life. Everywhere he was made a blessing to others; his powerful pleadings in prayer are still in remembrance. The record of his visit to a Convention at St. John's Wood in 1893 aptly describes his words and influence wherever he went.

"He was made a great blessing to the workers. He was in excellent form, and spoke with gracious power. His addresses were full of whole-hearted devotion. There was fresh thought felicitously expressed; he did not trust simply to fervour. I cherish his memory as a precious treasure."

In July 1898 the Rev. T. Cook was holding a Convention at Durham. Dr. Wood, who was on his way from Scotland to Harrogate, joined him and gave an address on Malachi iii. 6: "I am the Lord; I change not." He dwelt on the eternal nature of God's character. Man changes; circumstances change; the world changes; but God is from everlasting to everlasting the same. His laws are the same, unchangeable. His hatred of sin the same. The certainty that sin will meet its doom ever the same. Only one hope, one way of escape for the sinner. By believing on Christ. What is believing? The surrender of the soul to God. Then he applied the truth. Do you thus surrender? Do you surrender *now*? I do. God help me. I do now. Then tell God so.

For several of the paragraphs in the preceding pages the writer is indebted to the Annual Report of the Southport Convention, which appeared in *The King's Highway.*


WOODBANK
MORNINGTON Rd CHAPEL
SOUTHPORT
CONVENTION TENT

CHAPTER XIV

THE INNER LIFE

(*Communicated by the Rev. T. Cook*)

Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me;
Thine and only Thine, I am;
O! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Long my yearning heart was striving
To obtain this precious rest:
But when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

IT was at Laurel Mount, Shipley, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Edward Holden, where I first met Dr. Wood. He had come over, he said, to share in the blessing of the mission which I was conducting, and to help us to praise God. What impressed me chiefly at that first meeting was his deep humility and the warmth and intensity of his evangelistic zeal. Before we separated he offered prayer for the evangelist and his work, such a prayer as can never be forgotten. It filled me with larger hopes, and inspired me with new

courage to face the responsibilities of my appointment to the larger sphere of a Connexional Evangelist. A cordial friendship was at once established between us, which not only remained unbroken, but increased in intimacy to the day of his death. The benefit of that true and great friendship can never be told. It was ever kindling aspirations and hopes, starting impulses for good, inspiring to the best and noblest service, and shedding all manner of benign influences upon my spirit and life. Among earth's richest and best blessings there are few that stand out more conspicuous in my life than the love, confidence, and friendship of James Wood. His thoughtfulness and ready sympathy, his wise counsel, his firmness, his conscientiousness, his manifest purity of motive, and his "other-worldliness" won alike my admiration and esteem. From the path of loyalty and trusty friendship he never deviated. Differences of opinion caused no breach. However others might act he could always be relied upon.

Outsiders sometimes misjudged his determination of character as harshness, but those who knew him best knew him to be one of the most sensitive, sympathetic, and loving natures God ever made. He had, as all strong men have, the defects of his excellences and the weaknesses of his strength. To a marked degree he had the courage of his opinion. Never did he hesitate to

champion a cause because it happened to be unpopular. Not of him could it be said, as an Edinburgh reviewer said of the late Lord Lyndhurst: "He played the game of life with spirit and success, but without earnestness and without convictions." Dr. Wood had convictions and, more than that, he had moral courage enough to declare them. He "never sold the truth to serve the hour." Once assured that a course was right, he swerved not a hair's-breadth in the discharge of duty. "What he had to say he said, and what he meant he said, and what he said he meant." He would rather have died than be unfaithful to what he believed to be right. If ever there was a man who lived as seeing Him who is invisible, to whom sense was less than faith, and the realities behind the veil were the nearest realities, our friend was such. He believed "principles are the paths in which God walks, and he who walks in those paths has God on his side."

As a Methodist Dr. Wood was greatly devoted to his Church. He loved the class and prayer-meetings, and reverenced the Sabbath and the sanctuary. But though he loved Methodism, he viewed with dismay much of the modern trend; and to preserve inviolate within himself the answer of a good conscience, he unflinchingly denounced what he believed to be wrong, and separated himself from movements which he could

not conscientiously support. His uncompromising insistence upon what he was convinced was right occasionally brought him into contact with those who thought differently, but even those who differed from him respected his motives, and in the minds and hearts of his friends nothing is left but the recognition that in him we had one who bore many of the lineaments of the saints of old. This man "reverenced his conscience as a king."

He had been reared among the best Christian influences. Religion was a reality in the atmosphere in which he was trained. Carlyle has said that the environment of one's childhood is the inarticulate history, while of articulate there is none. Of his mother and her prayers Dr. Wood always spoke with deep emotion, he seemed to inherit from her that intercessory gift which was a marked characteristic of his later years. His prayers were the outpouring of a full soul. Some of us have strange heart-thrills as we think of blessed and memorable gatherings in his study, when it was often verified—

> Every knight beheld his fellow's face
> As in a glory.

Dr. Wood believed that no man could give what he did not possess, or if a man had grace but had it in a small degree, he might, in dispensing to others, impart to them what was necessary for himself. With Dr. Vaughan he agreed—"Many

a worker's activity is the grave of his spiritual life." His dread lest his soul should run thin in incessant action led him often to seek isolation from the world, times of loneliness for feeding his spirit and waiting upon God. He would write and ask if I could join him in some quiet spot which would afford facilities for spiritual communion, and where we could renew our wasted strength as a preparation for further usefulness and service. It was in these times of retirement with God that he cultivated his devotional spirit, and learned to draw strength and life from the fountain of life in God.

Someone spoke to John Nelson, making unfavourable comparison of John Wesley with a prominent religious teacher of the day; Nelson replied: "He has not stayed in the upper room like John Wesley." It was there where Dr. Wood got his message, and where he was "prepared unto every good work." "What we need is more prayer" was a sentence he frequently repeated in private and in public. So convinced was he of the greatness of this need that prayer became a sort of keynote of his later addresses, and most appropriately this was the subject on which he spoke at the service which closed his public ministration on earth. It was at the monthly meeting of the "Out and Out" Band at Mornington Road Chapel, Southport, of which he was president. One of the Rev. C. Garrett's

missionaries gave an address on the Syrophenician woman's prayer, after which Dr. Wood asked to be allowed to speak. Those who were present will never forget the earnestness with which he appealed to them to "continue in prayer"—to remember the gracious answers which had been given to special petitions in the past, and how he called upon that little company then and there to bow before God in faith and thanksgiving while they sang—

> I believe God answers prayer,
> I am sure God answers prayer,
> I have proved God answers prayer,
> Glory to His name!

Dr. Wood's devotion never displaced duty. His "silent times" led to further consecration, which he understood to mean increased toil for the world's good and God's glory. Whilst he enjoyed the blessedness of fellowship with God in the closet, his ears were not closed to the cries of human need and sorrow outside. He was prayerful that he might be useful, and that he might be prepared to respond effectively to the call of weary and burdened hearts waiting without. He knew that the deepened emotions, the strengthened convictions, and the clearer vision of the Mount were necessary to fit him to carry comfort and healing to the sin-stricken multitude down at the mountain's base. He sought blessing that he might bless the sinning, suffering crowd of

humanity by which he was surrounded. For the poor, the weak, the ignorant and sinful, he had ever a sympathetic voice and a helping hand. If it be true "the greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children," then Dr. Wood did the "greatest thing" and did it nobly. He spent his life in doing kindnesses. He placed before himself the needs of the people, devoting constantly his money, his influence, and his time to their interest. Neither to God nor to man did he offer what cost him nothing. His was literally a lavished life. Certain moralists speak as if it were a higher thing to do one's duty with a cold heart, by virtue of moral choice alone, than to find joy in helping others, but where humanity is enlarged and ennobled by the love of Christ it takes pleasure in sacrificing itself.

But great as were his services as a humanitarian, it was in the sphere of religion that his best energies were ever directed. He was first and foremost an evangelist. What David Brainerd, the missionary, once said, was fully embodied in the creed and life of Dr. Wood: "I long to be a flame of fire continually glowing in the divine service, preaching and building up Christ's kingdom to my latest, my dying hour." He was never happier than when preaching to men the hope and gladness of the gospel, or when rejoicing over some wanderer reclaimed. The feet of

Jesus were ever hastening towards lost men. His great heart was ever yearning over the spiritually blind and dead. Dr. Wood was so in sympathy with his Master in this dominant passion that his footsteps were always towards those who were perishing in their sins around him. No work had a warmer place in his heart, and none did he consider of such vital importance. When I congratulated him after the decision of the Southport Council to bestow upon him the crowning honour of his civic life—the presentation of the Freedom of the Borough—he made a thoroughly characteristic reply. He appreciated the goodwill of his townsmen, "but," said he, "there is something I covet more than any earthly honour; I want to live to save souls. There is nothing I would not sacrifice to accomplish this." This desire was a passion with him, and was undoubtedly one of the secrets of his success. The pathos of a soul on fire from above, speaking through tears and sobs, prayers and entreaties, who can resist? One kind of glass will spread the rays over a large surface, another concentrate their heat upon a single point. Dr. Wood seemed to me to be like the burning glass. His enthusiasm was at such white heat that his speech was always effective. Few excelled him in power of utterance, and fewer still knew better how to reach the hearts of working men. He had mastered their temptations, he knew the secrets of their failures, he

sympathised with their reverses and sorrows, and did not hesitate to denounce their sins. When he accompanied me to help in my missions, as he often did before his marriage, I hardly knew which to admire most, his faithful, manly outspokenness in dealing with sin, or his tender yearning exhortations when he pleaded with men to accept Christ as their personal Saviour.

But it was as a worker in the inquiry room that he most excelled. No Christian work requires more talent, tact, and resource, but he knew how to point the way without getting between the seeker and the Saviour. He never sacrificed depth and permanency for superficial and immediate results, but took time and dealt with each case thoroughly. Always courteous and ready to help, his services were in great demand by perplexed and anxious workers. The manner in which he diagnosed and prescribed for souls indicated a spirit of discernment extremely rare. He seemed to be able to feel the spiritual pulse in a moment, and in a few words to give just the particular message the troubled one needed. It was the possession of this faculty of spiritual apprehension, combined with unusual wisdom, patience, and sympathy, that made Dr. Wood to have but few equals as an inquiry-room worker. These gifts, supplemented by a thorough acquaintance with the *rationale* of conversion, and his own clearly defined experience, qualified him above most men for guiding anxious

souls into the way of peace. In no other work for the Master did he find more congenial employment, and in none did he do better service. His own conversion was so clear and satisfactory that he could never doubt its reality. At meetings when we have spoken together I have often heard him refer to it as occurring when he was a boy at school. "Although other parts of my life may be fiction, that was true," were the emphatic words he used in describing the change which was effected. In speaking of the beginnings of this life of loyalty to God he always made particular mention of the assurance he received of the divine favour. But though soundly converted and an earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard, his Christian life was unsatisfactory—at least to himself. Happily we are able to give his personal testimony, as many of us heard it in Wesley Chapel, Bolton, on Good Friday 1886. Although truly converted, he said he had not given up everything; and though engaged in God's work he had many misgivings, and was conscious of inbred sin. He went on to describe the struggle he had to obtain freedom from sin. Because he had not made full surrender, God thwarted all his plans and purposes and reduced him to nothing. It was of no use either praying, or scheming, or planning; and it came to this, as a drowning man would catch at a straw, so he took hold of God's promises, and said—"I believe

this promise; I do believe, I will believe." He ventured on God's promises, and was able to say—

'Tis done, the great transaction's done.

He could not say that he had any great joy. He had to hold on for months; but he thanked God that since then he had had some glorious times. The Lord had opened out his path, led him by the hand, made the reckoning good, and given him a lot of presents besides. That afternoon, he was glad to say, though he felt somewhat tired, he was among the happiest of men.

None who knew him will doubt that the power of his Christian life took a new and higher departure from the time when, not without struggle, he yielded himself decisively and absolutely to God. Spurgeon says: "There is a point of grace as much above the ordinary Christian as the ordinary Christian is above the world." Of such he says: "Their place is with the eagle in the eyrie, high aloft. They are rejoicing Christians, holy and devout men, doing service for the Master all over the world, and everywhere conquerors through Him that loved them." The experience to which Mr. Spurgeon refers was that to which our friend's surrender and faith introduced him. He had not reached the goal of Christian life, but a new starting-point on a higher plane. The transformation in Dr. Wood's experience was very marked.

One of the most astonishing results was the triumph of grace over a temperament naturally melancholic, introspective, and self-accusing. Previously he had walked much amid the shadows, with occasionally darkness that could be felt, but now he enjoyed the highest tranquillity, serenity, and peace of mind, and such a firm confidence toward God and persuasion of His favour that he could sing—

> I know not what it is to doubt,
> My heart is ever gay.

This was certainly his experience during the three weeks we travelled and worked together in Norway, soon after he commenced to walk on the higher path. "Doubting Castle is clear out of sight," he would exultingly exclaim. Faith from that time became a steady, living principle, in marked contrast with the spasmodic efforts of former days. None of his friends had noticed in him any inordinate desire for self-promotion or aggrandisement; but he told us afterwards how that had been one of his temptations, existing as an uneasy tenant in his bosom, and mingling as a motive with his aspirations to serve God. The fulness of Christ's love had, however, brought about the death of personal ambition, and left him with but one desire, to do the will of God. He agreed entirely with Thomas à Kempis: "My son, thou canst not have perfect liberty unless thou wholly

renounce thyself. They are but in fetters all who merely seek their own interest and are lovers of themselves. . . . Keep this short and complete saying: Forsake all and thou shalt find all. Leave concupiscence and thou shalt find rest." He knew from experience that the faith which is the condition of this spiritual uplifting is possible only to a soul whose obedience has reached the point of entire surrender to the will of God. As the self-life expired, the fulness of blessing came in. When he appeared before God with perfect willingness to follow unhesitatingly wherever the truth led, faith sprang up spontaneously in his heart. For this reason, in all his addresses to Christians, the point he emphasised was not faith but surrender. The difficulty he knew was not with our faculties, not with the evidences, but with our moral state, our wills. Nearly all the delay in his own case had been at this point, a reluctance to part with all things. But when he did surrender, victory followed. The place where the self-seeking Jacob died was the place where the prevailing Israel was begotten; so from the ashes of our dead self-life comes the prevailing life. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you to the one by the other.

How many were helped nearer to God and brought into Christ's kingdom through our friend's labours only the Great Day will reveal.

At the close of our missions I have seen scores grasp his hand and bless him with tears in their eyes for the sunshine he had brought into their hearts and homes. One face especially rises up before me as I write. It is the face of a woman whom he led to the Saviour when we were in Norway. The last night of the mission has come, bringing with it a wrenching asunder of ties which, though but lately formed, have grown both strong and tender. She is holding his hand firmly, with tears streaming down her cheeks, hardly knowing what to say. At length she breaks out in broken English, and with unutterable pathos says: "My heart was sore and sad, you lead me to Jesus, and He make my heart glad"; and, pointing upwards, "I will meet you up there." Many such will be the crown of his rejoicing for ever.

He died, as it seemed to us, before his time, but our time-tables are wrong when we use them to calculate things spiritual and eternal. The longest life ever lived lasted only thirty-three years. Those put most into life who put most soul for God and man and least for self. "Broken columns" should not be mentioned over such a life as our friend lived. It is true that before the shadow of night closed round he went home, but he accomplished his mission, and he has gone to his reward. Men speak of death as night, but to the Christian it is dawn; not sunset, but sunrise. We may want him here, but God

needs him yonder, and what God decides is best. We shall know His reasons when the day breaketh.

> Those live not long nor die too soon,
> Who live till life's great work is done.

We close our testimony of the blessed dead, not sorrowing as those who have no hope. "If we grieve at all it is that our love was so sparing of the spikenard with which we should have anointed him to his burial." Our thoughts follow him to where he has passed from among us to join those of the "great multitude" who serve God day and night in His temple; and with radiant expectation we anticipate the time when once more together—together in Him whom we love and serve—before us all will be infinite length and breadth, and depths and heights beyond, and no darkness anywhere. So shall we be with him "for ever with the Lord."

> So not alone we land upon that shore;
> 'Twill be as though we had been there before;
> We shall meet more we know
> Than we can meet below,
> And find our rest like some returning dove,
> And be at home at once with our Eternal Love.

CHAPTER XV

FAILING HEALTH AND TOUR IN CANADA

It is a goodly thing to die with the blessed consciousness of never having taken advantage of another's infirmity, or poverty, or ignorance; . . . to die able to say that one has not extended the empire of evil on the earth by one hair's-breadth; but that, on the other hand, one has enlarged the sacred borders of that which is good; that one has expended mind, fortune, years and strength on behalf of the kingdom of truth and justice.—HENRI PERREYVE.

AFTER the prodigious amount of energy and strength which had been given to municipal and other public duties during the immediately preceding years, we are not surprised to find that in 1897 Dr. Wood began to suffer from exhaustion. In July he took a house at Askrigg, in Yorkshire, and stayed there with his family; taking excursions into the neighbourhood and enjoying the scenery of that lovely dale. He went to Scotland in the middle of August, sailing to Oban, Stromness, Lerwick, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and returned home with some benefit to his health. The "Million Scheme," as we have seen, occupied much of his time and thought.

He stated at a temperance meeting in Mornington Road, in November, that he would speak on its behalf, "yes, even until he quivered from fatigue." And so he did; nor thought how much that exertion would cost him. Early in 1898 the symptoms of exhaustion returned more definitely upon him. He had engaged to preach and otherwise to help the Rev. J. H. Hopkins at the South London Mission during Easter, but this arrangement had to be relinquished, greatly to their mutual disappointment. He was at Shap Wells in April, and benefited from that fine air and from the rest. Here he spent Easter Sunday, "the most joyous day of all the year," as he wrote of it to one of his sisters. He came home to attend the funeral of Mrs. Howard, one of his earliest scholars at Blowick, and later one of his Sunday-school teachers, members, and co-workers. She had lived a most consistent, upright life, and died in great peace. Dr. Wood preached her funeral sermon, 8th May, from Matthew xxv. 22, 23; beseeching all who listened to him so to fulfil the work which the Master had apportioned to them that they too might hear the commendation which he knew Margaret Howard would receive — "Well done, good and faithful servant," etc.

On the 18th of May the King, who was then Prince of Wales, visited Southport to inspect the Lancashire Hussars under the command of Lord

Gerard. Dr. Wood was present at the luncheon, and was much impressed with the affability of His Royal Highness.

In June Dr. Wood visited the north-west of Scotland, sailing in the *Princess Victoria* steamer to Tobermory, Gairloch, Ullapool, etc. Returning to Oban he went up the Caledonian Canal to Fort William, Banavie, Glen Affarick, thence to Forres, and on to Grantown, where he rested for three or four days. From Grantown he made his way south by Tomintoul, Glen Tilt, and Perth to Carlisle and Hexham. At the latter place he remained nearly a week, and came home in improved health to attend the Southport Convention. But the improvement was not of long continuance. At the beginning of July, in answer to the remark from one of his sisters that he did not seem well, he said, "No, I feel very low." "You will feel better no doubt after you have been to Harrogate," it was replied. "Yes, I may do; I hope so; but I feel persuaded that my work is done." "No, surely not." Yes," he answered with emphasis; "at least my public work."

July 14 he set sail in the *Princess Victoria* from Liverpool to the Orkneys, where he changed to another steamer which took him on to the Shetland Isles, and thence to Edinburgh; from whence he visited Berwick, Durham, and Harrogate. Whilst he was in Yorkshire he went over to Easingwold, to see Dr. Newton's monument

and the room in which this beloved minister died. At Harrogate Dr. Wood took the water and the baths, and on his return he stated that he had derived much benefit from the treatment. A trip to Canada it was hoped would complete recovery by restoring lost strength and vitality. His friend, the Rev. G. Brown, who had been resident in Birkdale for two years, and had united with him in Christian work, lived at Toronto, and was most anxious to give him a hearty welcome on the other side of the Atlantic. Arrangements for the voyage were made, and on 25th August Dr. Wood sailed from Liverpool in the s.s. *Parisian*, Allan line of steamers, for Montreal.

From the Journal letter which he sent home we have an amusing account of his first night's experiences on board.

"Pretty fair night; felt the engines, of course, but shall get accustomed to them, but not to a baby in the next cabin, crowing and crying! 'Did it then, poor thing, scratch its nose,' etc. etc. The 'poor thing' started a new diversion this morning at five o'clock, rattling a chain against my partition, and then hammering with a box or boot; outside the cabin is a regular chemist's shop! Oh, these babies! *September* 3.—Arrived off Quebec about 10 a.m.; walked down the pier past the grain elevator, etc., to l'Ascenseur, or lift, which took us up to the Dufferin Terrace; from there I walked up the

steps to the fortifications, where there was a fine view, and down the main streets back to the ship." Montreal was reached the next day, Sunday, the weather being very hot. September 5 he ascended the hill or mountain at the back of Montreal, the French called it "Mont Royal," Montreal being a corruption of that term. "*Tuesday, 6th September.* — I am just off by what they call 'The Richelieu Navigation' to Toronto. It is still very fine and warm, but not such fearful heat as on Sunday. It got colder as we went up the lochs; and this Wednesday morning there was mist and close rain all the time we were passing through the Thousand Islands, and afterwards the cold current of wind was so strong that it blew the chairs over on deck. . . . [A lady] on board asked if I remembered her. I said by face, but did not know her name. She was [formerly] Miss Ada Leigh, whom I often met in Paris at the McAll Mission."

To his eldest daughter he writes, 7th September:—

"We are sailing up the St. Lawrence to Toronto, where we hope to arrive to-morrow morning; it is a cold, damp, disagreeable day, too wet to be outside on deck, so I am trying to write you a letter. . . . The St. Lawrence is a wonderful river; it is more than two thousand miles long, and drains half a million square miles of land, and pours more fresh water into the ocean

than any river except the Amazon. Sometimes it is like a wide river, sometimes like a lake, and sometimes like a great sea. In places it is two or three miles wide, and in other parts twenty to thirty miles! Just where we are passing now there are a great many islands, and it is called 'The Thousand Islands.' Very soon we shall come to 'The Thousand Islands Park,' where a great many Methodists go for summer holidays and camp-meetings; season over now, I think. After that we shall come to Kingston, and then enter Lake Ontario and steam on day and night to Toronto, where I hope to meet the Rev. George Brown and to stay at his house; and shan't I be glad to receive letters from home; it seems so long since I heard from you all.

"In winter the St. Lawrence is frozen over for three or four months, and a year or two ago the ice was so thick that they laid sleepers down, put rails on, and took trains over the ice!! The Victoria Bridge could not take all the traffic then, it had only one set of rails; now they are putting on new girders to make it much wider, and in a short time two trains will be able to cross at once. . . . I think I told you in a former letter before leaving Montreal I went out by electric car to Lachine, and then got on a large steamer and went down the rapids. These electric cars go at great speed down the street, across the fields, across railway lines, no pointsman or gate,

on they go at full speed! I thought as I was going, suppose a train were to come along just as we are crossing the line, there is no protection. Well, do you know the very next morning I bought a paper;—'Terrible Accident.' As a trolly car was crossing the railway lines, an express train came up and dashed it all to pieces. . . . The car was laden with people returning from the processions on 'Labour Day,' and nearly all of them were smashed to pieces, so that I fear many cannot be identified at all, and many only by their clothes.

"As we came from Kingston there was beautiful lightning, and it blew very hard; we had a rough passage [across Lake Ontario], but arrived safely at Toronto at 8.30 this morning."

Home letter resumed. "*Toronto, 10th September.*—Yesterday afternoon I was presented to the Candian Conference now meeting at Toronto. Since the union of all the Methodist Churches of Canada it is of course a large affair; it is held in one of the great Methodist Churches in Toronto, which will hold say 2500 people, and the building of which was suggested by Dr. Punshon. . . . They pressed me to go to the banquet at night, but I did not go; the distances are great here, three miles from this house to the Conference Chapel, four miles to the banquet. . . . *Sunday.*—I went with Mr. Brown to a nice class at 10 a.m. Service in a beautiful Methodist

Church at 11, Bible class at 3 p.m., Sunday-school address at 4. Then came home, had tea, rested, and went to bed. *Monday.*—. . . We are now going to Niagara. . . .

"*Oban Hotel, Niagara on the Lake, 12th September.*—Here we are at Niagara and Chatauqua, and yet we are at neither! The falls are 14 miles away, and the real Chatauqua is 120 miles from Buffalo. . . . There is a fort in front of the house called Fort Niagara, and another on the left called Fort Mississaugua. The Queen's Hotel and the (Bible) Conference Pavilion are closed (for the season). . . . The Oban Hotel is just the place to suit me; clean, quiet, plainly furnished, just like a Swiss boarding-house; there are few people here now. If it were nearer Southport! It would just suit the children; beautiful lanes, villa residences, a wide common, and a grand lake like a sea. The lake was very rough as we came across from Toronto this afternoon, and most of the passengers were ill. *September* 13.—We have had a *glorious* day at NIAGARA; clear, bright, and warm. We went up the Canadian side by electric car and came back by the gorge on the American side. We visited the Whirlpool, Canadian Rapids, Horse-Shoe Fall; then crossed to the American side and went to Goat Island, Luna Island, the Three Sisters, the American Rapids, and the American Fall. I also sailed in the *Maid of the Mist* as

near [below] the falls as the ship could go; it is quite safe; and I also went down into the little 'Cave of the Winds' on the Canadian side. . . . *P.S.*—I am wonderfully better to day.

"*Toronto*, 15*th September*.— . . . Have just returned [from Niagara]; I had a pleasant sail across Lake Ontario this morning, and (*D.V.*) am going to a meeting in a gentleman's private house to-night. . . . *September* 16.—We had a nice drawing-room meeting on Thursday (yesterday), just like those which we used to hold at Woodbank, at a gentleman's house across the way, and we are to have another on Sunday afternoon. . . . On Monday I leave Toronto for Niagara, Buffalo, New York, etc. . . . I should not come by the St. Lawrence another time, it is so slow! And the New York boats are better. . . .

"*Sunday evening*, 18*th*.—I went with Mr. Brown to class this morning; we had a good time. I like their class-meetings, except for one thing, most of them seem to be met on Sunday morning in different classrooms, and when they all sing and *play* together, the result is not exactly harmonious! This afternoon we had another meeting in Mr. S——'s house; it was crowded, and we had a good time. . . . To-morrow I must pack again. I shall be sorry to leave; they have been very kind.

"*Hotel Bradford, New York City*, 22*nd September*.—I left Niagara yesterday afternoon [his second

NIAGARA FALLS. *20th September 1898.*

(*Photographed by J. W.*)

visit], and travelled delightfully in an electric car to Buffalo. Tell J—— an Indian's description of one of these cars was to the following effect: 'No one pullee, pullee, and no one pushee, pushee, yet go like winking all de time!!' In parts where the road was straight and no traffic in sight we literally flew. It was like being on a racehorse. I wish I had had some of the boys with me! Then I had a fight for hours to get a ticket for the night train, and a fight it was. You need all your wits here; but I got a sleeping-car at last, and had a comfortable journey to New York. To-day I have been over Broadway, Post Office, Cook's Office, Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, the harbour; and in a steamer to the great Statue of Liberty which I saw being made in Paris years ago. To-morrow I start up the Hudson on my return journey to Montreal. . . . I was very fortunate at Niagara; the electric cars on the Canadian Cliffs and the American Gorge were delightful and exhilarating; I could have ridden all day; and after examining all I could for three days or more, I took a second trip on *The Maid of the Mist*, with the sun in the right position and when the mist was low; I expended all my photo plates. I hope some of them will turn out well. I hope to be in Montreal for Sunday 25th. . . . I am very well, but of course tired with travelling all night.

"*Hotel Champlain, 24th September.*—I left New York yesterday morning, and sailed all day in one

of the river Hudson boats to Albany, one of the oldest cities in the U.S.A., with a population of 100,000. . . . Leaving again this morning at 6.50, I intended to sail up Lake George and Lake Champlain, but the weather was so stormy—heavy thunderclouds and rain—that I decided to keep my seat in the through train to Montreal; at Plattsburgh about 12.30 we were told lunch was ready at the station and plenty of time. I ordered some coffee and sandwich; it had just arrived, and I had a sip, when I saw the train quietly go out of the station and leave me behind! I found an electric car going to the celebrated Hotel Champlain. I jumped in and came here to lunch."

To Rev. G. Brown

"Montreal, *Sunday evening, 25th.*

"Your letter, which arrived here this afternoon, was like a refreshing breeze to a weary traveller. Yes, I am here safely. Praise the Lord! . . . I wanted to be in Montreal, if possible, on Sunday to see and attend the big Methodist Church. I was very tired this morning, but managed to walk there, and was much pleased. The service thoroughly good; the minister pleaded for revival, and told how very many were praying for the conversion of souls in that place. He gave a fine temperance address on 'He that overcometh is

temperate in all things,' and promised to continue the subject to-night. I had just had tea and prepared to go when tropical rain came on and I regret I must stay in. I longed to attend another service there. The minister announced a Sunday-school Review, and I went in the afternoon and found it. . . . *Monday night.*—The *Numidian* has arrived; they say they had a clear passage, but not a quick one. . . . Please thank the minister and all the friends, including Dr. Potts. Providence has, I feel sure, guided me aright. I believe some little ceremony awaits my return; if it comes off I will try to send you some notice of it. I am getting more and more interested in your Prohibition vote, and I shall wait anxiously for the result. I wonder how soon it will be known, and what the result will be? If favourable, it will be felt through the civilised world!"

On Tuesday 27th Dr. Wood again visited Lachine, and for the second time shot the rapids, a trip which he much enjoyed. The next day, his last in Canada, he still further explored the city and suburbs of Montreal. On the morrow, 29th September, he went on board the s.s. *Numidian*, and after a favourable passage landed in Liverpool on Monday morning, 10th October. The previous day being Sunday, and the steamer nearing the coast of Ireland, the captain could not leave his

post to come down and conduct divine service as usual. He invited Dr. Wood to take his place, and this he did to the satisfaction of all parties. Interesting reminiscences of this visit to Canada are furnished by the Rev. G. Brown of *Toronto*, who writes:—

"The visit of Dr. Wood, J.P., of Grove House, Southport, to this country in the month of September 1898, is remembered with more than ordinary pleasure by those who had the privilege of forming his acquaintance and listening to his heart-stirring words. True, his name and fame had preceded him as being a prominent member of a family well known in English Methodism; and as connected by marriage with the Rev. Dr. Jenkins and the Rev. C. Garrett, the zealous and untiring friend of sin-crushed and down-trodden humanity. With such associations Dr. Wood required no testimonials nor letters of introduction to his brethren in Canada. Whether coming officially or unofficially, whether in robust health or for rest and recuperation, as was the case, he was certain of a cordial welcome, and he received it.

"His visit was opportune, inasmuch as the General Conference of Methodism, representing eleven Annual Conferences throughout the Dominion, was in Session in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. On his first appearance upon the platform of the Conference business was suspended for the time being, while he was introduced

to the President, the Rev. Dr. Carman, by the Rev. Dr. Potts. In announcing his name appropriate words were used, to which the members of Conference responded by standing up and welcoming Dr. Wood with hearty applause. An address was called for, and in one of his happiest moods he spoke of the mighty bond binding the Methodist family together in all parts of the world. He rejoiced in the prosperity attending the portion of the work known as Canadian Methodism. The signal approval of the great Head of the Church had been realised from the beginning, and Mr. Wesley made no mistake when he said, 'The world is my parish.' He dwelt on the doctrines and hymnology of Methodism, and expressed his deep sense of the importance of adhering firmly to the old landmarks. He emphasised the value of the prayer-meeting and class-meeting, as a means of promoting a high state of spiritual life and of training and enriching the experience of those who are young in the service of the Lord. He dreaded the tendency to depend on wealth and position and amplitude of machinery, and craved for Methodism everywhere a rich baptism of divine power, and a sweeping revival of scriptural holiness in all lands. Dr. Wood's address was received with the most earnest attention and appreciation. It was a word in season, to be carried home both by ministers and laymen to their respective fields of toil and triumph.

"He admired Toronto as a city beyond the ordinary type. He visited some of its public buildings and parks, and was a keen observer of the facilities presenting themselves for the promotion of industry and the advancement of moral and religious prosperity. His trip of two days and nights from Montreal to Toronto by one of the magnificent vessels of the 'Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.' was much enjoyed. During this trip he witnessed the far-famed 'Rapids' of the river St. Lawrence, and the 'Thousand Islands.' He had a view of Kingston, also Brockville, Cornwall, Cobourg, Port Hope, Oshawa, and other places *en route*. Later on he sailed in one of the palace steamers on the 'Hudson River,' in the State of New York; but perhaps his most enjoyable outing was when crossing Lake Ontario from Toronto and viewing the 'Falls of Niagara.' He had been anticipating this with considerable expectation, and had resolved to carry with him in memory, and by photography, as many impressions as possible of this wonder of wonders. Accompanied by the Rev. G. and Mrs. Brown and Miss E. Brown, whose honoured and beloved guest he was, Dr. Wood sailed from Toronto to Lewiston; thence by electric line of cars to the Falls. Tourists from all lands; poets grave and gay; writers in many languages have attempted to describe the variety of scene here opening to the eye, but it is beyond human

description. Perhaps in no place has the mighty element of water wrought such majestic marvels of picturesqueness, or displayed such varied beauty, as at Niagara Falls. Dr. Wood expected much; his expectations were more than met. The more he saw the more anxious he became to see. Few of the numerous points of interest were overlooked. From the American side and the Canadian side; from Goat Island and the Terrapin Tower above; and from the deck of the steamboat *The Maid of the Mist* below, he witnessed the mighty scene. He would gladly have gone a long distance up the bank of the river and watched the increase of turmoil as it wends its way from the depths of Lake Erie, but this would have involved a heavy tax on physical strength; he went far enough, however, to form some idea of the vast volume of water as it gathers strength and force preparatory to making the final plunge. From Street's Mill, from the island known as 'The Three Sisters,' from the bridge leading to Goat Island, there was before his vision the resistless sweep of the current racing like a maddened steed towards destruction. It was a never-to-be-forgotten lesson to cast a glance at his bright, sparkling eye, and his beaming countenance, while every movement of hand and foot and form seemed to say, 'I am taking in the wonders of Niagara Falls.'

While Dr. Wood was marvellously moved by what he beheld from the various points of view, the

great 'Horse-Shoe Fall' won his most profound admiration. Nor has he been alone in this. Here the volume of water is greatest, and the curve of the shoe makes the waters converge into one seething abyss from which ascends evermore an immense cloud of spray and mist. He did not fail to take notice of the vast gorge as the foaming, winding waters rush down to the point known as the 'Whirlpool,' three miles below the Falls, and eventually become peaceful on the bosom of Lake Ontario. The river adjacent to the Whirlpool is estimated by engineers to be about 12 feet higher in the centre than at either shore. The bridges, especially the new Suspension Bridge, attracted his attention, and he crossed and re-crossed it. This bridge is 1268 feet long. It seems to float in air at the dizzy height of 250 feet above the seething flood. The heaviest railway trains and conveyances of different kinds are continually in motion on these bridges, as they pass to and fro between Canada and the United States.

"In more private and social and religious circles Dr. Wood won for himself golden opinions by his freedom and ease in conversation, especially on subjects relating to the exalted privileges, in experience and usefulness, of believers in Christ Jesus. His grasp of the adaptation of divine truth to the human heart and conscience was strong and firm. He believed in the terrible

destruction for time and eternity wrought by sin; and he believed as firmly in the all-conquering power of the Holy Spirit, and the infallible Word, to destroy it. He took part whilst with us in a number of religious services, and in each case spoke with much profit to his hearers. He preached the gospel, and to preach the gospel is to preach Christ. No uncertain sound was given in the declaration of the counsel of God. On one of the Sabbaths spent in Toronto he took an afternoon service, which was crowned with great blessing. He chose for a text 1 Corinthians i. 23: 'We preach Christ crucified.' Preaching he looked upon as the highest, noblest work of God, as the appointment of Heaven. That which the cultured Greek regarded as foolishness, and the bigoted Jew as a stumbling-block, has been chosen by God to be the special agency employed by the Holy Ghost for the salvation of man. The first ambassadors of Christ did not waste precious time in dwelling upon higher criticism, or philosophical progress, or scientific achievement. They had a living voice to use, and they used it. They had a message to proclaim, and they proclaimed it. Brief, fervent, pungent, potent sermons were those delivered by the first ambassadors. They felt that they were heralds, and therefore their business was to proclaim the kingdom of God and to publish glad tidings. Peter at Jerusalem, Paul at Rome, Stephen before the Jewish council,

and Philip in Samaria proclaimed the same gospel and lifted up Jesus. Dr. Wood forcibly and earnestly presented the fact that apostolic preaching, in the same sense, is still needed. He regarded 'Christ crucified' as the keystone of Christian doctrine; and repentance, faith, conversion, sanctification—in their relations on the one hand to human depravity and renovation, and on the other hand to the Father's love, the Saviour's propitiation, and the Spirit's mission—as the cardinal verities of our holy religion. Without apology he dealt unsparingly with the theory that the times are altered and the world is growing out of Christianity in its old presentations and forms. This theory flaunts forth a dangerous and destructive heresy. Man everywhere, and in all ages is diseased, and the only one healing balm is the blood of the Son of God.

"During the sermon there was a marked sense of the movement of the Holy Spirit in applying the truth to the consciences of the hearers. At the close a hymn was sung, and the after service was thoroughly evangelistic. Seekers after God for cleansing and for pardon came out freely from the congregation, and in kneeling posture offered earnest, believing prayer in their own behalf, whilst others prayed for them. Then followed many testimonies in honour of Christ, who saves to the uttermost and implants joy and gladness in hearts previously burdened by sin. It was one of

those remarkable services which send out a refreshing influence and draw the people nearer to the great centre of light and truth. In walking home from it, Dr. Wood said with strong emphasis: 'I wish we could spend the winter together in such blessed work!' And my heart silently said 'Amen!' But it was not so to be. Home, sweet home, with its loved and loving attractions, called him. Duties and privileges, which only his own hand could deal with, awaited his return: and then, in our estimation all too soon, a release from the domestic altar; from the innumerable claims of the Church he loved so well; from the eyes and hearts looking to him for counsel and aid; and a translation to the heavenly state.

"In the crush of a great sorrow and blinding tears we have tried to look up and say—

> Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
> Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
> He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
> And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

CHAPTER XVI

LAST DAYS

We sadly watched the close of all,
  Life balanced on a breath ;
We saw upon his features fall
  The awful shade of Death ;
All dark and desolate we were,
  And Nature murmuring, cried—
" Ah, Lord ! if Thou hadst but been here,
  Our brother had not died."

But when its glance the Memory cast
  On all that Grace had done,
And thought of life's long warfare past,
  And endless victories won,
Then Faith prevailing wiped the tear,
  And looking upward cried—
" Ah, Lord ! Thou surely hast been here,
  Our brother has not died ! "

ALL his friends were delighted to see Dr. Wood on his return from Canada in restored health. He at once entered upon the routine of his accustomed duties and engagements with his old energy. It was remarked that he had renewed his strength, and now we hoped he would no longer feel that his work was done.

"Yes," he replied, "I am very thankful that I am so much stronger than I was, and I will do all I can whilst I can." Evidently the presentiment of an early close to his work was not forgotten.

As we have already noticed, he landed in Liverpool on 10th October. The third Sunday in the month is observed through the Connexion as "The Children's Day." For many years on this special Sabbath he had addressed the Mornington Road Sunday School in the afternoon. He was invited to do so again on this occasion, in conjunction with the Rev. Owen Davies. Of this service Mr. Davies writes:—

"On Children's Sunday, 16th October 1898, Dr. Wood gave an address full of power, and inexpressibly tender, to the teachers and scholars of the Mornington Road Sunday School. He had recently returned from America, and in the course of his remarks he told of a meeting which he had attended in one of the large towns of Canada, when the Chairman asked the crowded audience who among them went for Prohibition with respect to intoxicating drink. 'Be good enough to stand up,' he said. Immediately the entire congregation—men, women, and children—rose to their feet. 'Now,' said Dr. Wood, 'I want those of you who mean to love the Lord Jesus Christ, the Friend of children, to stand up, and thus give proof of your intention.' There was no hesitation. Instantly the elder boys and

girls stood, and they were followed in their testimony by the younger children.

"It was a very impressive scene. Dr. Wood himself was greatly moved. His face beamed with delight. It was fitting that a hymn of praise should be sung, and this was done with considerable heartiness."

Early in November he was called to take part in a Home Missionary Meeting at Bolton. The Rev. H. T. Meakin of the South London Mission, who was one of the deputation, mentions a little incident which was highly characteristic. "I have a most pleasing recollection of my last meeting with your deceased brother. We were at Bolton together in November [1898]. We had some delightful spiritual talk, and he took me away from some distinguished company to a vestry at the chapel, and there we spent an interval in prayer together. I shall never forget that prayer-meeting of two. It was wholly his suggestion."

The end of the month brought the subject of Temperance to the front. At the Out and Out meeting on the 25th, and at the Band of Hope meeting on the 28th, Dr. Wood spoke strongly on the recommendation of the Wesleyan Conference, that all Methodists should keep free from all complicity with the drink traffic, and that they should be unremitting in their efforts to secure the closing of public-houses on the Lord's

Day throughout the United Kingdom. If all Christians were sincere, and made up their minds to agree together, the Sunday Closing Bill would be passed in six months. Methodists alone could do it if all were united and enthusiastic in this matter. He referred to Canada, where he found temperance sentiment and legislation much more advanced than in England. Drunkards are no good out there! It is only sober, thrifty, industrious men who emigrate and prosper. Then came the great question of personal responsibility. "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" And he left the point to be settled between God and the individual conscience.

In Dr. Wood's letter to the Rev. G. Brown, written when the former was leaving Canada, he referred to some little ceremony which was awaiting his return to Southport. He had received the intimation that the freedom of the Borough would be bestowed upon him at an early date after his arrival at home. The day fixed was 12th December. At a large gathering in the Town Hall of the members of the Municipal Corporation and other officials, the leading residents, clergymen, ministers, and friends, the honorary freedom of the Borough was conferred upon him in recognition of his eminent services to the town. This was the highest honour at the disposal of his colleagues in office, and it was given to him by a unanimous and enthusiastic

vote. A high tribute of esteem for his character and the services which he had rendered was paid by the councillors who moved and supported the resolution; and equally gratifying were the appreciative words spoken by those who had known his father—"a true specimen of a courtly English gentleman." The parchment scroll which certified Dr. Wood's admission to the Roll of Freemen was enclosed in a silver-gilt casket in the Italian style, beautifully decorated and embellished. Dr. Wood, having signed the scroll, was greeted with a great burst of applause as he rose to address the meeting. He thanked them most heartily for the honour which had been conferred upon himself and Mrs. Wood; he had only one regret, that his father was not alive to see this day and to participate in the honour.

The second part of that day's programme was the presentation to the Council, for the purpose of being hung in the Council Chamber, of a large oil painting of Dr. Wood. This portrait had been subscribed for by the Municipal Corporation, and other residents and friends, including among the latter Lord Curzon. Dr. Wood, in acknowledging his indebtedness to Dr. Pollard and the other contributors for this additional handsome gift, said, which of the two favours bestowed upon him to place first he could not tell. The scroll and its casket would be the more public and coveted gift; but if the portrait were placed in

the Council Chamber by the side of his father's, and he looked up with an expression of loving reverence beaming from his countenance, a chord would then be touched in his heart which would vibrate as long as he lived. Afterwards Dr. Wood entertained two hundred guests at luncheon in the Cambridge Hall.

Wednesday, 14th December, his former schoolfellow at Wesley College, the Rev. M. G. Pearse, preached at Mornington Road Chapel on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Wood took the first part of the service, pending the arrival of the London train. Mr. Pearse's text was Psalm xc. 12. It was a beautiful and impressive discourse, one which was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the congregation. In the evening Mr. Pearse gave a lecture in the Cambridge Hall on "More Folks"; a continuation of the one on "Old Folks." Dr. Wood presided on the occasion with much pleasure.

It was at this date that the meetings convened by the President of the Conference (the Rev. H. P. Hughes) for the furtherance of the work of God in the Connexion were being held in Liverpool. Dr. Wood was present at these gatherings on Thursday, 15th December. In the evening of that day he was deputed to give an address to young people on Temperance, in Hope Hall. A few days later he received the following

letter from a lady who travelled from Liverpool on that Thursday evening:—

"DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that I ought to pass on a little incident which may be a token of many an unknown helper in your continuous labour for the Master. On Thursday evening I was returning from Liverpool when several, who had evidently been attending some Convention, entered the railway carriage I was in. One working man being particularly enthusiastic over the meetings he had attended, saying, 'It were grand! It were grand!!' He spoke broad Lancashire, and was very graphic in some of his descriptions, and though not a Wesleyan myself, I greatly admired his enthusiastic devotion to that cause and felt it did me good to hear him. Suddenly he said: 'Eh, but I did have a disappointment too. I thought Dr. Wood must be as broad and as big as his givings. I expected such a large heart must mean a great strappin' man, and there he were that little I could have knocked him over with my fist! Eh, but how I have *prayed* for that man, and how delighted I was to get to *see* him. I've said many a time—"Eh, Lord, bless yon Dr. Wood, and give him *more* and *more*, for he's allus giving it away to do good with." He does give his hundreds and his five hundreds; he must have given a little fortin'. God bless that man! I've prayed for him for *years*.'

"I thought such a true friend as that should not be lost on Dr. Wood, and though a stranger to both of you I venture to relate the little incident, for I know how my own husband values the intercession of others. I very heartily say 'Amen' to all I heard in that homeward journey. One member of Christ rejoices when another member is honoured.—Yours in service for the same Master, H—— R——."

On Sunday, 1st January 1899, Dr. Wood was at his place in Mornington Road Chapel. In the afternoon he solemnly and reverently renewed his covenant with God. In the evening he was present at the mission where the Rev. O. Davies was preaching. Two or three years previously the Circuit had taken over a little mission in London Street. It was worked for the benefit of persons who stood aloof from the ordinary services, and for others who had no settled place of worship. Dr. Wood's hearty co-operation was at once given to it. He hoped it might become a fold where many lost sheep would find the Saviour. A few weeks before his death he obtained the sanction of the Quarterly Meeting to his renting the large hall of the Temperance Institute, which stood opposite to the mission room, the latter being inconveniently crowded for the Sunday evening service. He took considerable pains to secure suitable persons to occupy

the pulpit, and drew out a plan of the services to the end of March. He began to organise a choir, he purchased a stock of hymn-books, and was full of heart and hope about a glorious ingathering of souls when his life and work suddenly terminated.

For several years Dr. Wood had given an address at a parochial meeting in Churchtown, by the invitation of the rector, Canon Thompson. This year (5th January) he was asked as usual to speak to the "Brotherhood." He acceded to the request with pleasure, and greeted his audience with his best wishes for "A happy New Year." His subject was, Hebrews vii. 25: "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." Christ our Hope—our Sacrifice—our Priest—our Guide. In clear, earnest words he put before his hearers the whole plan of salvation through Christ alone. In conclusion he entreated them to accept of Christ as a present, personal Saviour. "Christ went all the way to Calvary that He might lead you all the way to heaven. He is able to save you if you come to him. But you must come, each one for himself. Some come to Christ in the church, led of the Spirit during the service. Some come to Christ during a revival, when many are seeking and finding Jesus. Some come to Him in quietness and in solitude. Some in the fields, others in the schoolhouse. A stone in a certain street marks the

place where one found Christ and went on his way rejoicing. He is able to save *you* whatever your circumstances, difficulties, or peculiarities may be. He is an Ambassador on our behalf, a Plenipotentiary, a Mediator.

"When will you come? Will it be easier to come to Christ next year? When you are older? When sickness overtakes you? When Death lays his hand on you? Oh, that I could impress you with the fact that a deathbed is not the time to seek salvation! With some of you it may be late even now to come to Christ. But, blessed be God, it is not *too* late. '*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.' I *may never meet you again.* I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." And then he closed these his last words to that assembly by repeating two or three verses of the hymn beginning—

> Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come!

On the 18th instant Dr. Wood gave a lecture at Brighton Road Mission Chapel, in aid of the social and evangelistic work there carried on. The lecture was entitled "From Liverpool to the Falls of Niagara"; it was illustrated by sixty limelight views, including some photographs taken by himself. The evening was a highly instructive and interesting one. The lecture, with

the views, was repeated to a select party of friends at Grove House on the following night.

Sunday, 22nd January, Dr. Wood worshipped in the morning at his own chapel (Mornington Road), and much enjoyed the sermon delivered by the Rev. B. Bean from Hebrews xii. 1. In the evening he preached his last sermon at Brighton Road Chapel; his text was 1 Corinthians i. 18: "For the word of the cross is to them that are perishing foolishness; but unto us which are being saved it is the power of God" (R.V.).

"Our subject to-night is two-fold: Salvation on the one hand, Destruction on the other. There are two classes distinctly set before us: those who are in process of being saved, and those who are in process of perishing.

"We are sent into this world on trial for Eternity. This life is a state of probation. There are two gates set before us; two paths; two endings to the paths. One gate is Repentance; the other gate is Present Enjoyment. The first gate leads to an uphill, narrow path, but at the end of it is a triumphal procession and the Palace Beautiful; the second gate leads to a broad and downhill road, a flowery track to hell.

"To which class do you belong? Every one here is in process either of being saved or of being fitted for destruction.

"What pains God has taken to save some of

you! Parents have trained and restrained you; Sunday-school teachers have counselled and warned you; ministers have instructed and pleaded with you; every seventh day has been a Sabbath, a day of gracious influences and opportunities; a day of sacred rest and prayer; a day in which you might have been saved! Then there has been this mission established on purpose that you might hear the truth and find salvation. As if all these mercies were not enough, sorrow has followed sin; you have had affliction and losses; you have had Bibles, and testimonies from those who themselves have experienced salvation; you are now in God's house, a proof of His long-suffering,—yet you are not saved! Conscience, the voice of God, has spoken; the providence of God has spoken, but there has been no response on your part. The way to hell is an easy one. Not *your* way thither; God has put every obstacle which He could to keep you out of it! Let the time past suffice wherein you have wrought folly. Repent and live."

Dr. Wood continued by showing that the preaching of the Cross is the power of God unto salvation, and with it there is the infinite willingness of Christ to save all who come to Him. On the other hand the preacher set forth the folly and danger of rejecting God's offer of mercy. In conclusion he appealed to his congregation earnestly to consider the words which had been

addressed to them; and by illustration, narrative, testimony, and solemn warning he sought to give point and emphasis to the truths which they had heard—

> He preached as though he ne'er should preach again,
> And as a dying man to dying men.

A prayer-meeting followed this deeply impressive service, and then, as many still lingered in their pews, he asked for some testimonies to the grace of God, personally experienced, to be given. He much enjoyed the statements of those who responded to his request; and after pronouncing the benediction, he remarked, as he prepared for the walk home, "What a beautiful meeting we have had!"

Every day of this week was filled up with engagements either in the town or in the church. On Friday evening, 27th January, he presided at a meeting of the "Out and Out" Band in Mornington Road Committee Room. After Mr. Lee of the Liverpool Wesleyan Mission had given his address, Dr. Wood spoke a few very earnest words on "Prayer"; urging upon the members of the Band the necessity of continuing in supplication until they obtained the blessing which they sought; adding—

> I believe God answers prayer;
> I am sure God answers prayer;
> I have proved God answers prayer;
> Glory to His Name!

A hymn was sung, and then he offered up his last public supplication. At the close of the meeting he complained of feeling a little chilly, and thought he had taken cold. The next morning, though evidently far from well, he went to a meeting in the town. In the afternoon he was persuaded to send for the doctor. One of his little girls had the influenza, and he had taken the complaint. On Monday, 30th January, he was better; and the improvement in his condition being maintained, on Wednesday 1st February he was allowed to move into his study, which was a room close at hand, for a little change. He had been invited to preside at the Central Meeting for the Twentieth Century Fund to be held in Brunswick Street Chapel, Liverpool, 2nd February. This engagement he had now to decline. The following day Dr. Wood complained of pain in his chest, but not understanding the serious nature of such a symptom in his case, he continued to sit in his study. "Don't trifle with influenza," he had written to one of his clerks who was anxious to return to his desk. Alas! that he did not see the necessity for precaution in his own circumstances. On Friday, the 3rd instant, the pain in his chest increasing, he was obliged to relinquish his correspondence; laying down his pen, he said as he retired to his bedroom, "I must face the inevitable." He was now alarmingly ill; an additional medical man was called in, and

the case pronounced to be one of severe pneumonia.

Dr. Wood had very interesting associations with the Manchester City Mission. His friend, Mr. John Napier, had sat on its Board for many years; when the latter died he generously gave £500 "In Memoriam." On one or two occasions he had addressed the workers and their people at their annual gathering. In 1898, owing to his attack of illness, he had had most reluctantly to disappoint the meeting of its promised chairman. Special pains had been taken this year, on both sides, to ensure the certainty (if possible) of his presence in Manchester at the Free Trade Hall on 24th February. The secretary wrote to Dr. Wood: "The meeting will be wholly spiritual, and entirely in your own hands. There will be no other speaker. You will probably have between three thousand and four thousand people present, as the weather is favourable or otherwise. The whole mission is wearying to hear you once more." Mr. Faulkner, his secretary, wrote (7th February): "I am desired by Dr. Wood to express his deep and unfeigned regret that he will be unable, after all, to fulfil his engagement for 24th February. He has been looking forward to meeting the Missionaries and Deaconesses at the Free Trade Hall; but about ten days ago he took a severe cold which developed into bronchitis and pneumonia. Will you kindly state to your

THE STUDY, GROVE HOUSE. *15th February 1899.*

meeting Dr. Wood's keen disappointment that he is unable to be present, and his sincere and heart-felt wishes for the success of the agents of the City Mission in every department of their good work."

How uncertain are all human plans even when the aim and end of them is to promote the advancement of Christ's kingdom! When he for whose presence the working men of Manchester and their friends were "wearying" had passed away to higher service, and his voice was silent in the grave, the walls of the city were still placarded with his name as shortly to deliver one of his earnest addresses to her citizens.

Soon after the last date (7th February) delirium set in, and lucid intervals were brief and few. Our only hope was in prayer; and in this attitude of supplication we knew that not only was the whole town with us, but scores of friends and sympathisers in other places, wherever the sad tidings had reached. Could he be taken from us when so many hearts and lips were interceding for his precious life to be spared?

In the afternoon of Sunday the 12th, in a moment of consciousness, he said to his nurse: "If Jesus is calling me by this sickness to be His guest, it is all right." He had written down on a slip of paper a short time previously to his illness, —"Peace, the still music of a holy soul." That

peace was now filling his heart with heavenly melody.

The next day, the 13th, after expressing his deep thankfulness that he had been brought to the knowledge of his Saviour when he was young, he added: "I rest content in the arms of Jesus, perfectly content; and leave it [the issue of the affliction] to His wonderful love." In the following night he seemed to imagine he was speaking to a penitent, and with great emphasis he said: "'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;' that is enough for me, is it not enough for you?" And then, in his own definite and pointed style he urged the one he addressed to give up all sin and surrender himself to God. At another time he remarked: "Whenever the great catastrophe comes, it is all right."

After each visit of the doctors a bulletin was affixed to the door of Grove House, and a book and pencil were kept there for the entry of visitors' names; about a thousand were thus recorded. Through those last two or three days of dread suspense a long procession of persons of all ages and classes in society filed up to the door from early morning until late at night. As the bulletins became more serious the grief of the crowd outside became more evident; many walked away with tears in their eyes and prayers on their lips. On Wednesday morning, 15th February (the date of his father's decease in 1877), Dr. Wood

passed away calmly as an infant falls to sleep on its mother's bosom, aged fifty-five within a few days. Jesus promises—"If a man keep My word, he shall never see death." James Wood never saw death; he saw Christ, and heard the word of welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Disraeli once said that the secret of all success is constancy of purpose. Constancy of purpose in the pursuit of every noble aim was the key of James Wood's life.

A workman, hearing of Dr. Wood's death on that sad Wednesday morning, wept at the tidings. "Who will fill his place?" asked his companion. "No one," was the reply; "*three* men could not do it."

As we sat in the desolated home, one of the little ones remarked: "The town wanted father, and the church wanted father, and we wanted him; but the King wanted him most of all, so he went to be with the King." There we leave him until we too are uplifted into the King's presence. "*Toujours en avant! C'est l'avenir qui tout réparera!*"[1]

The funeral took place at the Southport Cemetery, on Saturday, 18th February. We give the account of it, taken from the columns of *The Methodist Recorder* (23rd February 1899).

[1] Professor Cairns.

A TOWN IN MOURNING

Last Saturday was a sad day for Southport, for one of its most distinguished citizens was that day laid to rest. Dr. Wood had only attained his fifty-fifth year, but, as Dr. Jenkins beautifully remarked in his funeral address, he died, if not full of days, yet full of deeds. Blest with talent, education, wealth, and leisure, he had unsparingly devoted them all to the service of God and his fellow-townsmen. Ample evidence of the esteem in which he was held by those among whom he lived, was given in the crowds that attended the funeral service at Mornington Road Chapel, and at the Borough Cemetery, and lined the streets through which the sad procession passed; in the marks of respect paid by the dwellers along the route, and in the official presence of the Mayor and many leading members of the Corporation at the last ceremonies. . . .

Saturday morning broke dull and chilly, and as the day drew on there were signs of moisture in the air, though little actual rain fell. Unfavourable atmospheric conditions, however, could not keep away the many hundreds who felt it a duty to pay their last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of a good man. By twelve o'clock the handsome Mornington Road Chapel was well filled, with the exception of the

seats, significantly blank, immediately before the pulpit. Both the Circuits and every Society — probably every church — of the town were represented. It had been found impossible to convey in the procession all the floral wreaths which had been sent; and most of these had been arranged about the pulpit, so as not only completely to hide it, but also to surround its base, and, moreover, to form a long line from end to end of the communion step. Ministers, too numerous to name, had come from all the three Lancashire Districts, a notable contingent being present from the Manchester Mission. The admirable choir was there to lead the singing, and the organist softly played a succession of sad, sweet strains ("O rest in the Lord") during the time of waiting.

Presently we heard the musical voice of the Rev. Owen Davies as he commenced to read the solemn opening sentences of the Burial Service at the church door. All rose as the group of ministers slowly advanced up the aisle, preceding the coffin, upon which were many more floral tributes, most notable of all a wreath of choice flowers at the head, and stretching above it two branches of green palm bending towards each other so as to form a victor's crown. Many an eye was wet as the venerable Charles Garrett led his widowed daughter up the aisle, followed by Dr. Wood's children, sisters and brother, Mr. E.

Holden, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Edge, and other mourners. Then up the other aisle came the municipal procession, headed by the Mayor; and they had hardly taken their seats when Dr. Waller announced the hymn, sung to the tune "Mylon," "Give me the wings of faith to rise." The Rev. J. Mellis (Presbyterian) offered a wonderfully comprehensive prayer, and the Rev. Owen Davies read Psalms xxxix. and xc., the responsive alternate verses being effectively led by his young colleague, the Rev. Benjamin Bean. The lesson from 1 Corinthians was given in powerful tones by the Chairman of the District (the Rev. T. J. Choate), and then Dr. Jenkins ascended the pulpit, and in a tremulous but perfectly audible voice, full of deep feeling, he gave out—

> Lord, it belongs not to my care,
> Whether I die or live.

The pathos of the poetry was almost too much for some of us, but we managed somehow to sing the verses, and then came

Dr. Jenkins' Address.

"Death is at any time an event of great solemnity, awakening sorrow and bringing desolation. When the dead at our feet is like a shock of corn gathered in its season, the promise

fulfilled, the produce abundant and matured, there is still a mournful sense of loss, and there is always the awe of an inseparable mystery which seems to pass from the dead to the living. But when life falls in the fulness and freshness of its powers, when its mission abruptly ends in the meridian of its influence and work, there is the shock of an abnormal incident that seems to want explanation, and the shock is not by any means abated by the frequency of its occurrence. As we stand here to-day we feel no less the sentiments of grief, of fear, and of surprise, because a similar bereavement may have happened yesterday.

"But James Wood died, if not full of days, full of deeds. His life was crowded with service, offered directly to God, and dedicated mediately to his fellow-man. We shall, therefore, glorify God for what His servant was enabled to do, and not murmur that he was not permitted to do more. The foundations of Dr. Wood's career were well laid. There was the sacred training of the happiest parental example. The influences of such a home are the seeds of greatness. He emulated the honourable course of his father, Dr. Peter Wood, and his reverence for his mother was little less than religion. His infant feet were in the narrow way long before he was able to realise its narrowness and straitness. The school and college life away from home is the first serious

trial of a youth. The new fellowships, the new duties, and the new temptations that awaited him in Wesley College, and afterwards in the Dublin University, found him well instructed in the fear of the Lord. He knew where his strength lay, and the high character of his private life, and the indomitable industry and brilliant success that marked his studies were the precious fruits of the home sowing. His religious life was not without conflict, and very severe conflict, but the struggle was not with doubt, but with those hesitations which so frequently intercept a complete surrender to Christ. When this battle with self was over it left Christ in undisputed possession of heart and life. I have seldom met with an instance of more absolute consecration. His faith, on its intellectual side, was singularly free from misgiving. He believed with the untutored simplicity of a child, and this early assurance was not affected by the attainments and knowledge of later years. He was acute enough to see where reasoning is vain, and the mystery which he could not unravel he accepted. This absence of all intellectual doubt gave a peculiar simplicity and strength to all his Christian work. It would be incorrect to say that he had no sympathy with those who are harassed by sceptical suggestions. Many a young man so perplexed found in Dr. Wood a wise counsellor and a strong helper. He lifted many a pilgrim from the Slough of Despond. In

respect of his many Christian gifts, and the happy temperament of his religion, his death is a heavy bereavement to his own Church, and to a large Christian community. He was Christ's witness, and that kind of testimony of which he was a master is what the Churches of this day demand: it was full of faith, full of courage, and eminently straightforward. He had studied the inner power of religion so intensely and continuously as to be comparatively indifferent to its external form. His taste was satisfied with the simplest, the barest ritual. As an evangelist he was at home with the masses of the people, and few excelled him in power of utterance. As a preacher to working men he was almost unrivalled. He addressed them as a man of the world, as a traveller, as a man of business. He had mastered their temptations, he knew the secret of their failures, he sympathised with their reverses and their sorrows, he fearlessly denounced their sins, but he preached to them the hope and the gladness of the gospel, and he is now inheriting the promises.

"His attitude towards the temperance movement gave him great power over the people. It strengthened the appeals of his religious exhortations, and guided largely the policy of his philanthropy. He had no narrow view of total abstinence. He studied it as a Christian, as a magistrate, and as a patriot. He considered that not only the

progress, but the safety both of the Church and of the nation was bound up with it, and these views he maintained with a rare union of cogency and passion. In the death of Dr. Wood the temperance cause has lost one of its foremost champions.

"Dr. Wood was a profound student of social life. His philanthropy touched nearly every class of need. It was not an official sentiment following the tradition of some department assigned to him. It was a humanity ennobled by his love to Christ. He devoted himself to the wants of the community as he interpreted them. The poor came in for a very large share both of his wealth and work. His charity was not a mere relief of conscience. To a man in his position time is more precious than money, and he gave this without stint. Nor did he dispense his gifts with the narrowness and eccentricity of a faddist; if he favoured one object more than another his discrimination was based on principle, not on prejudice.

"But he believed that the great remedy for poverty was not the relief of families, but the education of children. He was an educationist by training. He believed that all the schools of the nation should represent the Bible of the nation.

"A man of this character is a great gift to a town: and it is impossible to recite what South-

port owes to the public spirit, the patriotism, and the generosity of Dr. Wood. He did not eagerly covet municipal honours, but his conspicuous fitness for civic distinction arrested the attention of his fellow-citizens. And when he was entrusted with the administration of the Borough in view of the visit of the British Association to Southport in 1883, it was felt that the talents, the tact, and the resources of a comparative youth would be submitted to a test of uncommon severity. How admirably that test was sustained, how completely the public confidence was justified, those of us will remember who were associated with the Mayor on that occasion. His learning, his scientific sympathies, his unfailing address, and his munificent hospitality not only upheld the dignity of the mayoralty, but adorned it. From that time his career in Southport was a course of continual advancement. He was elected to the Chair of the Corporation four times, and a few weeks ago the Council conferred upon their distinguished and popular friend the crowning honour of his civic life in the presentation of the freedom of the Borough. No municipality ever had a more faithful servant, no Bench ever possessed a more diligent and conscientious magistrate. He neglected no interest, he was the leader or supporter of the chief philanthropic institutions of Southport. He placed before himself the wants of the people and

the progress of the town; and to these, irrespective of party or creed, he devoted his influence, his money, and his time.

"The end of all this intellectual and moral activity is something more than the outward finish of a career. The first audible note in the harmony of this beautiful life was Christ; the last we were permitted to hear was Christ. In the midst of the delirious throes of sickness there were moments of exquisite serenity, and in one of these our dear brother said: 'How glad I am that I was brought to the knowledge of my Saviour's love when young. There have been many crosses, trials, temptations, and sins since then. But, thank God, I have never lost my hold of the Rock.' Last Sunday morning, about three o'clock, he said to those who were standing round his bed watching him, 'Can you sing a hymn?' and began himself with a broken voice, but with deep feeling—

> Take my poor heart, and let it be
> For ever closed to all but Thee;
> Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
> That pledge of love for ever there.
>
> I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
> To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
> To dwell within Thy wounds, then pain
> Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

"Then he offered a brief prayer—

"'We thirst, O Thou Lamb of God, to get close to Thy wounded——' they heard no more.

"The everlasting Sabbath into which he found an abundant entrance seemed to enclose him before he passed away; even his body shared it. So profound was the stillness of the last hour that he was gone when we thought he was here.

"May the wings that carried him to heaven return, and overshadow the beloved widow and the fatherless ones, according to the promise, 'I will not leave you desolate, I will come again to you.'"

The address was delivered in excellent voice by the venerable Doctor, and was heard in a most profound stillness, only broken now and then by subdued ejaculations of approval or thanksgiving. Such ejaculations marked the passages I have quoted above — and others. Members of the Corporation noticeably emphasised the statement, "He not only upheld the dignity of the mayoralty, but adorned it." And to the prayer of the final sentence there were hundreds of Amens.

The Rev. W. H. Tindall gave out the concluding hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and for the first time in the service we had a substantial volume of congregational song. It may have

been that the hymn itself stimulated this, or it may have been—I think it was—that the tone of the service, and especially of the address, had tended to soothe troubled hearts and cheer drooping spirits. The morning, which had begun with heavy clouds, had grown brighter. A gleam of sunshine crept into the building, and Mr. Tindall's concluding prayer reflected it. The saddest word in the whole petition was a reference to "this dark shadow," and from beginning to end it was pervaded by a bright and comforting Christian optimism. We left the chapel with lifted hearts.

At the close of the service the sad procession wended its way to the cemetery. The representatives of the Wesleyan Churches walked before the hearse, the members of the Corporation and other delegates and general mourners followed it. A large number of persons were already collected at the graveside and lining all the way to it. The Committal Service was taken by the Rev. O. Davies, and then the Rev. J. S. Harris gave out the hymn, "There is sweet rest in heaven," which was sung by the choir of the London Street Mission; the people who stood around joining in and swelling the chorus. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. T. J. Choate.

THE GRAVE, SOUTHPORT CEMETERY.

18th February 1899.

In Memoriam

FEBRUARY 15TH, 1899

REST, Brother much beloved, for ever rest!
'Twas Jesus call'd thee home to be His guest;
Already hast thou heard the glad "Well done!"
Thy life of "deathless triumph" has begun.

Heaven's gates "abundant entrance" gave to thee,
Its music pealed across the crystal sea;
Sweet sounds were wafted to this world of woe,
Sure token of the glory thou shouldst know.

The fight is fought, the soldier's arms laid down—
Instead, the raiment white, the victor's crown,
The freedom of the heavenly world is thine,
And with immortal honours thou dost shine!

No longer may we grasp thy hand on earth,
That clear, full voice of thine is hush'd in death,
But righteous words and deeds can never die,
Thy works do follow with thee to the sky.

How shall we give thee up? strange mystery!
The Home, the Church, the World had need of thee!
But He who lent thee for a little space,
Would fain speak with His servant face to face.

Promoted to a higher, nobler sphere,
Thou in thy Saviour's presence dost appear,
A spirit minist'ring, and ready still
With loyal, zealous haste to do His will.

Who, who will fill the gap?—for God and Truth
Stand brave and firm, in consecrated youth?
On sons and daughters may his mantle fall,
And each to lifelong service hear the call.

Thus being dead, he yet to all shall speak
In living words, "Seek first the kingdom, seek"—
Upward in prayer and faith he led the way,
Brother beloved! farewell, "until that day"!

F. H. WOOD.

On Sunday, 19th February, tributes were paid to the memory of Dr. Wood by almost every pulpit in the town and by some in the suburbs. Mornington Road Chapel was filled with a very large and deeply sympathetic congregation; at some points in the service the feeling was so intense, particularly when the hymn, commencing "There is a land of pure delight," was sung, that it was almost impossible to prevent an outburst of emotion. The Rev. Owen Davies preached most appropriately from the words: "Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel" (2 Tim. i. 10). In the course of his sermon, referring to Dr. Wood's decease, he said: "A popular writer has remarked—'If Christ had done nothing more for humanity than give to it this word "sleep," in place of "death," He would have been the greatest of benefactors.' Christ gave the word because it represented the truth. I should like to say at this point that whilst I have seen many people die,—aged persons who had done their life's work and gladly laid down the burden of years, and young children innocent of actual sin,—I have never witnessed so tranquil a passage to glory as that of Dr. Wood. It can only be described as a translation. . . . We are indebted to the man who wrote—

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

"We cannot tell what problems will be given to the freed soul to solve. We do not know to what height it will raise its rapturous note. But life, intense, painless, ecstatic, that is the state to which, through the mercy of God and the work of the Saviour, we are introduced by death. Only two months ago—it is a very pleasant memory to us to-day—the freedom of Southport was conferred upon our beloved friend. We were proud witnesses of that ceremony. We cheered every word of appreciation that was spoken. The symbol and certificate of enfranchisement and citizenship was presented in a beautiful and valuable casket—the choice gift of the town to a choice son. I thought the other day that death was a casket which held another roll of freedom that gave our friend permission to walk among the Redeemed in Glory, and to listen to the songs of Seraphim. . . .

"The death of any prominent citizen leaves a blank in the community. But Dr. Wood was more than a prominent citizen, he was 'a man greatly beloved.' . . . Yesterday all Southport was moved. Rich men and poor men felt that they had lost a friend. He was a Methodist, but he was not ecclesiastically a narrow man. He saw

much that was good and praiseworthy outside his own fold. . . . He was primarily and chiefly an evangelist. He had a passion for souls. He was at times a little impatient with church order and church caution. He wanted to be doing; he wanted to be saving souls. We have lost a friend. We could shed tears more easily than we can pronounce a studied eulogy.

> For him the silver ladder shall be set,
> His Saviour shall receive his latest breath;
> He walketh to a fadeless coronet,
> Up through the gate of death."

Blowick Victoria Wesleyan Church

MEMORIAL TABLET TO ALDERMAN DR. WOOD UNVEILED

The Anniversary of the Blowick Victoria Wesleyan Church and Sunday School was celebrated on Sunday, 9th July 1899. The preacher at both the morning and evening services was the Rev. Trevor H. Davies. At the close of the morning service a tablet was unveiled to the memory of the late Dr. James Wood, who was closely identified with the Wesleyan cause at Blowick. After the singing of the hymn, beginning "Give me the wings of faith to rise," by the congregation, and a prayer by the Rev. W. H. Cave, the Rev. T. H. Davies said: "They

had stayed behind that morning to honour the memory of a good man and a very noble worker for God. He would not detain them with any attempt at an appreciation of the character and the services of Dr. Wood. He would like to remind them that that church was poorer by his loss; while the town of Southport, and the Methodism in Southport especially, was still in mourning for his departure. They at Blowick lost in him one to whom they owed a debt of gratitude they could never repay, and one on whose sympathy and support they were always able to rely. The name of Dr. Wood must ever be connected with that of the Wesleyan Church at Blowick; and what was of far more importance, the spirit of Dr. Wood would ever live in all the institutions that were connected with their Church there. For very many years he laboured in connection with their Sunday school, and he (the speaker) thought Dr. Wood then occupied every position that was possible to him. Many times Dr. Wood had spoken to him of those years having been the happiest years of his Christian service. Of his work in connection with their church and Society there, it was impossible for one to speak. He laboured there under the overpowering enthusiasm which he had for the cause of Jesus Christ. Indeed he had always felt that in the character and the work of their dear friend he was everything else that he was, because

he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, animated by that spirit, he initiated the work at Blowick which by the grace of God they had been able to sustain right up to now. He knew that he spoke the feelings of all the workers there when he said they found additional pleasure in their work for Christ because they followed in the footsteps and continued the labour of Dr. Wood. Although taken away in the prime of his life, Dr. Wood was not dead. He lived in the great heaven above them, and also in the present world in all the movements which made for righteousness, justice, and goodness. It was fitting that the work of unveiling that tablet should be committed to one who for many years laboured as a co-worker with their departed friend, one who was in deepest sympathy with him in all his work, and who now cherishes his memory."

Mrs. Sutton then came forward and, after a few appropriate remarks, unveiled the tablet, which is in best statuary marble, with slate enamelled back and chased grey granite columns. It bears the inscription—

"In loving memory of Alderman James Wood, J.P., LL.D., who changed mortality for life, February 15, 1899, in his 55th year. He was connected with this Sunday School as a Teacher, Superintendent, and Class-leader from 1864 to 1886. Until his death he rendered

invaluable service as Trustee, also assisting in the growth of the Church. He was an evangelist and an able expositor of Holy Scripture. By his unfailing courtesy and Christian piety he endeared himself to a large circle of friends. This Tablet is erected to his memory by the Teachers, Scholars, and Friends, as a tribute of affectionate regard. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"—(Extracted from the *Blowick Wesleyan Magazine*, August 1899.)

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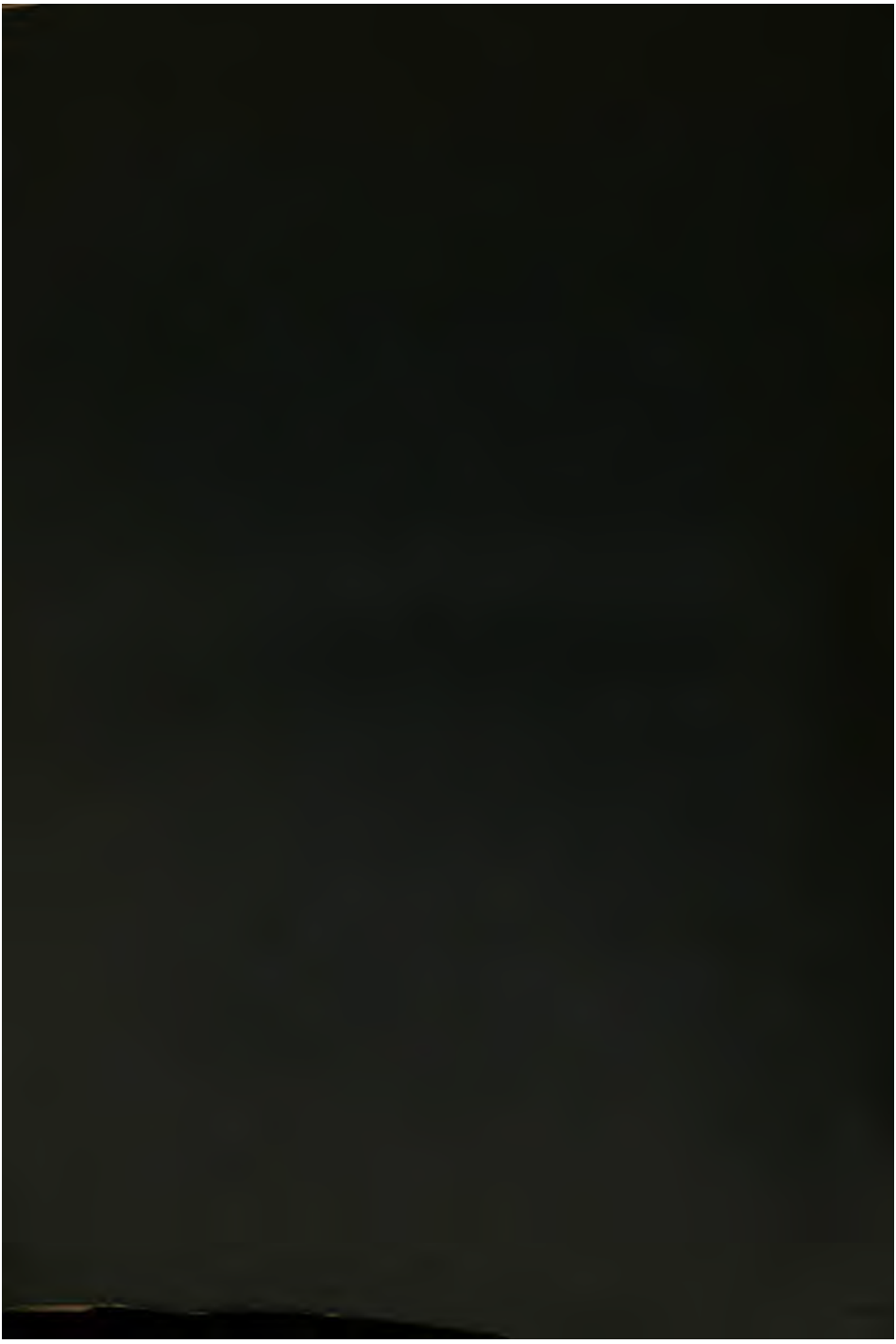

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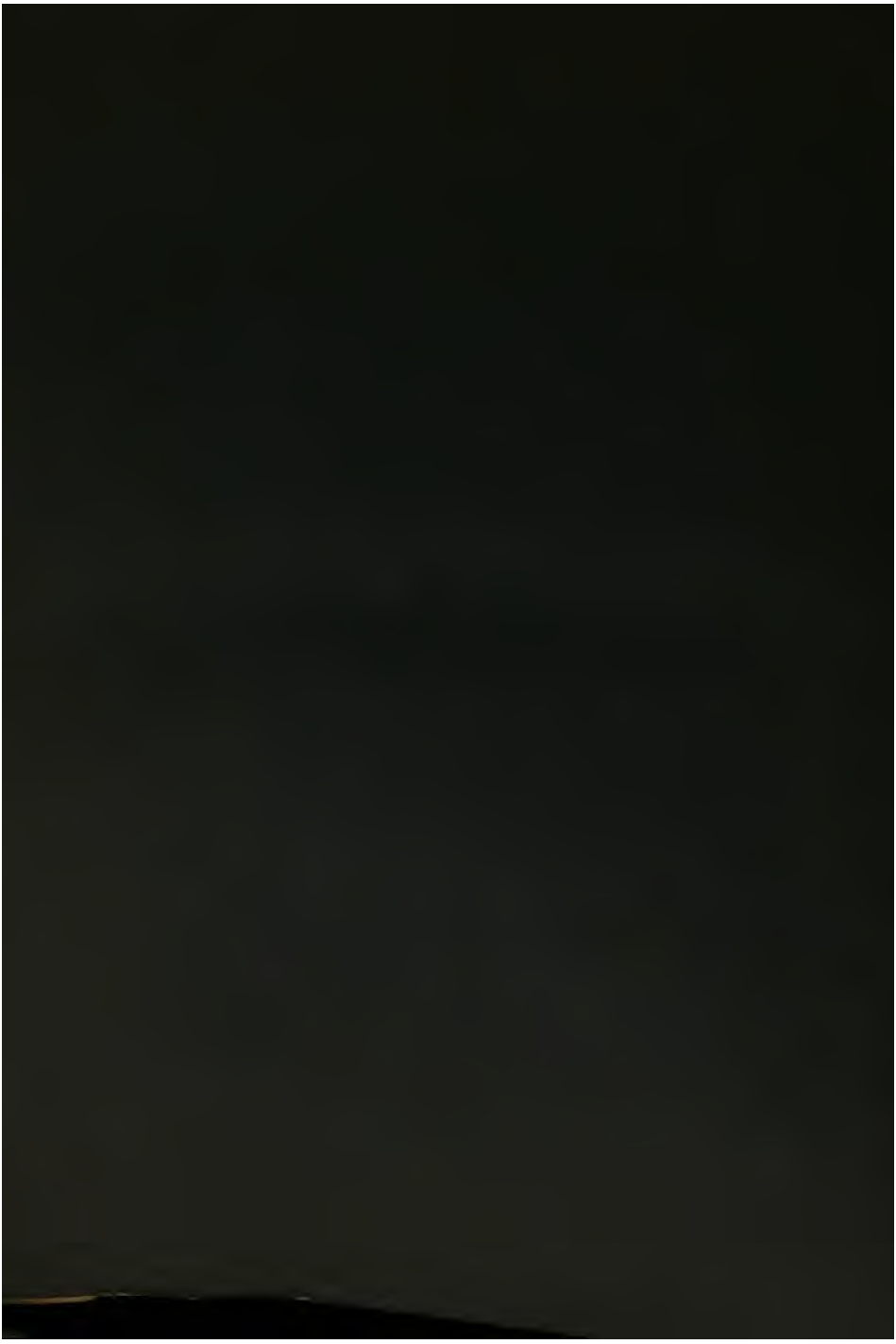

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